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9

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



**TELEVISION
PREVIEW:**
See pages 39-47

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SEPTEMBER 5, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 14

THE HAPPIEST SEASON

SPRING has come again, and hearts everywhere are lighter.

It is the time of hope and of infinite promise, of unfounded expectations and unreasonable optimism.

Girls who can barely sew a seam buy paper patterns and flowery dress material. Normally staid matrons study instructions for rinsing their hair mauve, blue, or ash. Fathers draw up ambitious plans for building fish ponds and caravans.

Holiday-resort prospectuses litter the dining-room table and new tins of paint are stacked on the back verandah.

City parks at lunchtime are once again gay with boys and girls eating their lunch out of paper packets; city pigeons parade on the grass and rest on sunny window ledges.

The shops are full of dream-hats, such hats, this year, as haven't been seen for decades. Confections of tulle and roses, they are at once beautiful and absurd—and altogether spring-like.

In the suburbs canaries splash with a new recklessness in their morning bath and romance blossoms in every street. Weekend artists get out their watercolors and the milkman once again whistles on his rounds.

In the country the monotone of winter-brown landscape is broken by the upthrust of green shoots. Flowering herbage creeps up the bank to every railway line and the new season's lambs play in the paddocks.

The wonderful thing about spring is that it always seems new.

You never quite remember from one year to the next the exact quality of the tender young leaves or the heart-lifting beauty of a blossom tree in the morning sunlight.

Suddenly everything, everywhere, looks better—including the future. And this, perhaps, is spring's best gift.

Our cover:

● The surfing season opens next month, and the swimsuit on our cover, called "Flower Show," is one of those that will be seen on Australian beaches. The girl wearing it is Sydney model Jean Newington, who posed for the picture before she went abroad. Jean's mother, Mrs. E. L. Newington, tells us that she is at present modelling fashions in Rome after a season in Paris, where she worked for Christian Dior and Balmain, as well as couturier Albert Lempereur, who gave her her first overseas engagement. From Rome she will return to Paris, and when she eventually heads for home she will take in TV engagements in London and Los Angeles.

In her last letter to her mother, written from Paris, she mentioned that black is very seldom worn at present, but that red and white, navy, and grey are the popular colors. The average Parisian working girl lives in sweaters and skirts and a head scarf.

This week:

● Our Television Preview in the middle of the paper gives you a glimpse of things to come. The color pages present stars from popular American shows booked for Australia. These shows will be seen in Victoria on HSV Channel 7 programmes, and in Sydney on TCN Channel 9.

● "Remember the Last One" (see pages 8 and 9) is a specially appropriate title for our new Dorothy Eden serial. Of all the mystery writers we feature, Dorothy Eden stands among the most popular, and we find that many readers do, in fact, "remember the last one," which was "Darling Clementine." Some years before that we published "The Voice of a Dove," and it, too, stayed in readers' memories for a long time. In trying to analyse what is Dorothy Eden's special quality, we have come to the conclusion that it is the naturalness of her characters. They are the kind of people anyone could know—and that, in mystery writing, always makes for the strongest effects.

Next week:

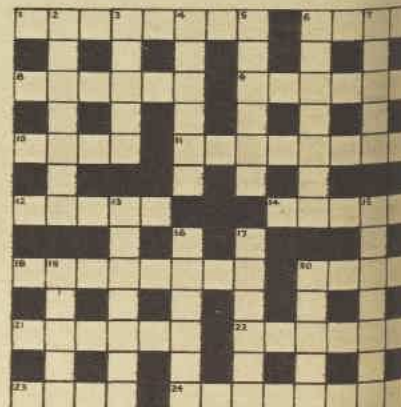
● Perhaps you've never tried to make your own dresses, but you'd like to make a start. You'll find just what you're looking for in next week's paper—an eight-page feature on spring dressmaking. It contains comprehensive advice on cutting and sewing. If you're already an old hand at dressmaking, you'll be interested in the color pages showing styles for which patterns are available.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- The perfect arrangement in a pastry-dish (5-3).
- Swift rush in a group coming from a common stock (4).
- A broken soar in a manuscript leads to a bog (6).
- Hollow place at a warning which suspends legal procedure (6).
- Missile ends with high temperature (4).
- Outer garment to make the land fertile on the surface (3-3).
- Plugs an upturned vessel in a steamer (5).
- Improves by placing the end in the middle (5).
- Cuter lie (Anagr. 8).
- Stir in a requiem overture (4).
- Colloquial short chat you must study first (6).
- Write with a tin die (6).
- A repulsive sound (4).
- Under obligation of gratitude (6).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Jeremiah, Ezekiel or Mohammed, for instance (7).
- Smallest mostly in the Orient (5).
- Assumes as fact (6).
- To evade have torn caps in ease (6).
- Back to front about a metrical line (7).
- Set of students with one girl even if they are all boys (5).
- A lip fun. (This anagram will be laborious, 7.)
- An enthusiast carries his vote in his heart (7).
- Uproar brings the central part of a wheel to the top (6).
- Wither the turned progenitor in the centre (6).
- Place the ship's diary in case to get a panegyric (5).
- This standard is usually well shaped (5).

Solution of last week's crossword

FOOLSCAPS BAR
R R C M R R O
ADIEU EVEREST
M N T N V A
EXODUS ADVENT
C M A L T E
TROT BUT TAWS
R OVAL V
URGENT RABIES
M O T V A I
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87% OF ALL INFECTIONS INITIALLY ATTACK THE BODY ORALLY.

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold

A complete short story
by JEAN M. BOULTER

WIFE HUNTER

BILL MEREDITH sat at his desk and gazed unseeingly before him. His forehead was beaded with perspiration, his hands were damp, and he was tense with expectation.

In fact, he showed all the signs of a man about to ask a girl for a date for the first time, which was exactly what he was contemplating.

And to think, he mourned briefly, that at this time yesterday he had been a confirmed bachelor of twenty-eight.

This dating business had started last night when he had dined with his friends Julie and Tim Masters in their little flat and he had enjoyed to the full, perhaps too full, Julie's beautifully cooked dinner and compared it with the miserable affairs to which his housekeeper treated him.

"I wish they had housekeepers like you, Julie," he told her as, replete and full of affection for her, he at last pushed himself away from the table.

"If you'll take my advice," Julie said firmly, "you'll find yourself a wife."

Bill stared at her morosely for a moment, shuddered slightly, and turned to Julie's husband, Tim, who was cleaning up a plate of apple pie with wolfish enjoyment.

"All jokes aside," he said. "What do you advise, Tim? I don't believe I can take much more of old mother Bates' inept ministrations. If I go home to one more greasy chop and watery veg I'll explode. If there's anything left of me to explode."

"It won't hurt you to lose a bit of weight," Julie told him callously. "You'll have that long, lean look that women adore. And it so happens I wasn't joking about the wife. What could be more ridiculous than you trying to run that perfectly lovely old cottage of yours on your own."

"You've forgotten Mrs. Bates," Bill reminded her feelingly. He scowled thoughtfully at his friend. "Tim," he begged, "take your face out of that apple pie and let's have a few sensible suggestions."

Tim grinned, gave a last wistful glance at his empty plate, and opened his cigarette-case.

"Julie gave you the best advice," he said at last, offering the case to his friend. "Look, Bill, there're lots of decent girls in the world. Good cooks, too, since you seem to dwell on that aspect. All you have to do is find one."

"But MARRIAGE," Bill sounded as horrified as though his friends had suggested he contemplate murder or arson. "Besides," he argued, "one just doesn't marry a girl because

she happens to be a good cook. Or does one?" he added cautiously, glancing at Julie's shapely back view as she departed kitchenwards.

Tim laughed. "Oh, there were other reasons why I married Julie. But seriously, Bill, every man needs a wife. There must be dozens of nice girls who'd suit you wonderfully. What you want to do is think of all the good points you want in a wife and then find a girl to fit the bill. Simple, eh?"

"Oh, extremely simple," Bill retorted. "All right then, just supposing I were to agree. Let's hear an old married man's views on what a man needs in a wife."

"Well, since we've been talking about good cooks, I suppose you'd better put that first on the list," Tim suggested, and looked up grinning as Julie returned with a pad and pencil, which she put in front of Bill.

"There you are," she said. "Make a list for reference. Then if you ever meet a suitable girl you can check her with the list, just to make sure she'd really suit."

Bill frowned at this levity, but pulled the paper towards him and wrote down gravely: "Good cook."

"What next?" he asked.

"Sense of humor," suggested Tim. "Good looks, smart dresser. Able to make her own clothes. Intelligent."

"I think it's important to agree on things like politics and religion," Julie put in thoughtfully, "and how many children you intend to have. Then, of course, there's being a good manager and housekeeper, and . . ."

"Here, hold on a minute," Bill was writing furiously. He read through the list and raised his eyebrows in dismay. "She doesn't exist," he stated firmly. "And even if she did, where on earth am I to find this paragon?"

"Start with your office," Tim suggested. "I noticed lots of pretty girls there when I called on you once. You could take them in alphabetical order."

"Good grief, what would they all think of me if I started taking the office staff out one by one?" Bill asked wildly.

Julie and Tim dissolved into laughter and Bill, after a rueful smile, joined in. But he tore the list off the pad and thrust it into his pocket, and later, in the privacy of his own home, he took it out again and read it through intently.

He lay in bed later, hands clasped beneath his head, and in imagination inspected the regiment of office girls he encountered in

daily life. Hastily he checked off one or two impossibles, and then allowed his mind to wander over the possibilities of the remainder.

There was Miss Daly, who did his letters, neat, quite pretty, and with a rather nice smile. But whether she could cook and what her views were on politics, religion, or children he hadn't the faintest idea. It was the same with the other images who floated before him. Pleasant Miss Atkins in filing, glamorous Miss Brent on the switch, Miss Lewis, Miss Evans, and a curly-headed moppet in the typists' room whom he checked off a little regretfully because of her youth.

They were all nice girls, as far as he knew, but he could see that in order to investigate their suitability further he would have to get to know them a whole lot better than he did now.

The next morning found him striding purposefully into the office with the fixed intention of asking Miss Brent on the switch for a date one night that week. But as he neared her glassed-in cubicle he was disconcerted by the sight of the curly-headed junior typist standing there engaging the switch girl in a spirited conversation.

Feeling slightly irritated by this temporary defeat, he threw them a combined "Good morning" and strode off, covering his confusion by dragging out his handkerchief and pretending to blow his nose.

Setback number one. Oh, well, there was plenty of time. He would ask Miss Daly to go out with him instead. Come to think of it, she was much the nicer of the two, and

To page 48

Bill decided that although Susan was a wonderful dancer she didn't have much intelligent conversation.

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FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



The mist and the stars

A romantic short story
BY CATHLEEN ROGERS

NO man is born a hero. Least of all Timothy Knowles, sitting uneasily in the 6.20 from Lenfield Junction to Burcham Sands, a three-coach train with no corridors. The girl with the silky hair was in the next compartment but one. When he got out at Hurst Wymeaux he would probably wave a last farewell, but that was all.

Life's tough, he thought grimly. But it was better that way. He was meeting Irma at Hurst Wymeaux. Already the silky-haired girl had started him wishing he'd never seen Irma, and that wouldn't do at all.

So, discretion being the better part of valor, he had given her the slip at Lenfield. Callous, when you thought of the way they'd talked coming down from Paddington. And the struggle she'd had at Lenfield to get him a cup of tea while he was inquiring about the connection. But a fond farewell at Hurst Wymeaux under Irma's cool, amused eye would have been too much.

A lot of people seemed to be getting out here. He looked through the window, wondering where they were. Misty darkness enveloped the platform. The guard tapped on the glass, and Timothy put his head out. "All change," the guard said. "Everybody out, please."

"What's wrong?" Timothy asked curiously. "Engine broken down?"

"Not as bad as that, sir. They're working on a bridge lower down so we're transferring you to a bus. There'll be another train waiting at Flaxbridge."

Timothy stepped warily on to the platform. But the girl next door but one was still there. "Oh, it's you!" she said. "Don't let them go without me. I've dropped my ticket between the cushions."

"You'd better let me find it," he said, bowing to Fate.

He fumbled, lifted, and explored. "Here we are . . . Better hurry, I'll take care of the bags."

The other passengers had shuffled out of sight into the thickening mist. "He said out of the gate and turn to the right," she said. "Look, it's waiting for us."

She took a short cut through the goods entrance, Timothy following. A bus was parked in the gravelled yard. They climbed in and pushed their way to the back seat. It was a small bus with steamy windows. The driver got behind the wheel. Everybody seemed to know him. Some of them called him Joe, and some Mr. Dolly. "Everybody on?" he shouted lustily.

He pulled a lever that shut the door and they were lurching through the mist, out of the station yard and through the narrow old-fashioned streets of a small town.

They left the lights behind at a steep, winding hill. Timothy Knowles sat and looked sideways at the girl beside him. Till, with an effort, he dutifully turned his thoughts towards Irma. He thought how beautiful Irma was, and how lucky he was.

And how weary, stale, and unprofitable life seemed.

"You should keep tickets in your purse," he said to her reprovingly.

"I know, I'm always misplacing things." She smiled enchantingly. "I've a positive genius for making silly mistakes."

"Like giving chocolate to that fat, overfed baby in the other train and nearly choking it."

"But it was such a huge baby. It looked at least three."

"And then calling it her instead of him. And putting four lumps of sugar in my tea at Lenfield when I distinctly said I don't take sugar."

"Most men like sweet things," she said defensively.

"I like some sweet things." He glanced at her small straight nose and that silky fair hair. "But not dissolved in tea."

During the next five minutes he discovered her name was Lana Ross and she worked in an accountant's office at Holborn. Her sister lived at Burcham Sands and she was making a long weekend of it.

"You're lucky," Timothy said. "This isn't a holiday for me. I'm going to be socially inspected."

She looked up at him doubtfully. He liked girls who had to look up at him — slightly. Irma was practically his own height.

He told her that he, too, worked in an office. He was assistant manager of a Piccadilly travel agency, having graduated to that position from being a mere representative at Nice. He told her, too, that his name was Timothy Knowles.

"I should have thought Nice was more fun than Piccadilly," Lana said.

"More money here," he said briefly, and went on to explain that the general manager was a terrifying man known to the staff as the Mad Colonel.

"Though whether he's really mad is probably a closely guarded military secret. I'm going to marry his daughter Irma."

"But how terrible!" Lana said. "So one day you'll be general manager, too?"

"That part won't be terrible at all. If it comes off."

"But marrying like that! For money!"

"I am not marrying for money!" he said rather stiffly. "We're in love with each other. At least, I think we are. But that doesn't alter the fact that I'm going to be inspected. You can think of me tomorrow morning, laying out my kit on the bed while the colonel tries to think up an excuse to kick me out."

She smiled again, and he thought how pleasant and friendly a smile can be, and how unaffected she was.

"Irma's dark and taller than you," he said.

"I'm not really small. I'm five foot three."

He thought that was delightful, too. He couldn't imagine Irma discussing her height with a comparative stranger. It seemed ironical, after Fate had thrown them together a second time, that in half an hour or so he would be leaving her and they might never meet again.

Nobody in their senses, of course, marries for money. Lana, the forgetful child with the silky hair, was dead right there.

But it's very pleasant, Timothy thought, if love and money happen to be found in the same street. Not that the colonel would bestow half the family fortune on him, not that he wanted the stiff-necked old cockerel to die . . . Not a bit of it. But advancement would be smooth and automatic. The future was rosy as a mountain dawn.

He glanced at his watch, hoping he wasn't going to be late. Irma's father was a stickler for punctuality. "Dinner at eight sharp," he had said last night. "Irma will be at the station with the car. Leaves you half an hour to clean up."

He was so wrapped in thought that the frequent stoppings, jerkings, and startings of the bus made no impressions. Lana was nearly asleep. Her head kept nodding sideways, quite close to his shoulder. With a bit of luck it would come to rest there eventually.

He sat and prayed. He'd tried once to be noble, hadn't he? No harm, surely, in liking a pretty girl's head on your shoulder, even though you're about to take the first determined step on the road to matrimony.

So when Joe Dolly turned round and said, "We're there," he only smiled benignly.

"Where?" he asked.

"There."

He gently shook Lana's shoulder. "We're there," he said, and rubbing her eyes she followed him towards the door.

"Where's the train?" Timothy asked. Joe Dolly stared. "Train?" he repeated.

"And the other passengers?" Lana said, awake now.

"Oh, the passengers!" Timothy realised they must have got out, singly, unobserved, during his fatuous prayers.

"If you're looking for a train up here," Joe Dolly said, "you've 'ad it."

Lana put her head outside. The night was very dark, and the mist was a grey curtain making it darker still.

"We've made a mistake!" she said in a small voice. "We've come on the wrong bus, that's it."

"I'd like your fares if you don't mind," Joe said.

"We turned to the right outside the



"Oh, it's you!" said the girl with the silky hair as Timothy stepped warily on to the platform.

station instead of the left," Lana said. "That's what we did."

"You said we turned to the right," Timothy remarked stonily.

"Why didn't you tell us?" she asked Joe Dolly.

"Me? What do you think I am, a crystal-gazer? I don't know what you're talking about, miss, but I want one-and-fourpence for two tickets."

"What's the name of this village?" asked Timothy, quite deadly now.

"No village here, sir. Five Cross Lanes. Pick-up place for a lot of outlying farms and that's about all."

"Then it's simple. We'll go back with you."

"I'm not going back. I leave the old bus and pick her up for the first trip next morning, see? I run her in there." He pointed to a dilapidated structure of galvanised iron supported on tree-trunks. "Then I go home on my bike."

He drove the bus under the galvanised iron, got out, and produced a bicycle from under a truss of hay. "I'd like that one-and-fourpence," he said.

Timothy helped Lana down the steps, then grimly counted one-and-fourpence into Joe's outstretched hand. "I'll give you ten shillings to drive us back."

"You'll be lucky," Joe Dolly said.

"A pound."

"Not a hope!"

Timothy had visions of Irma, waiting at the station. Of the colonel. "A fiver!" he said in desperation.

Joe shook his head. "These trips, they're

licensed, sir. Can't go driving a bus around the countryside ad lib, even if it's only pro tem."

"So what do we do?" Lana asked.

"Walk back, miss." He grinned cheerfully.

"I'll think of you while I'm having my supper, miss."

They watched his bicycle light wobble down the road till it was lost in the mist. And with it, Timothy thought, vanished most of his future.

It was a long time before he realised that Lana's fingers were on his arm.

"I'm most dreadfully sorry," she said con-

tritely. "I'm always making mistakes like that. I told you, didn't I?"

She looked at Timothy appealingly. "Are you terribly angry with me?"

"I wonder why I had to run into you again?" he said. "Ten minutes from now a car will be waiting for me at Hurst Wyneaux station and I'm here with a blonde."

"I'm not a blonde," Lana said. "Not that sort, anyway."

"Did I say which sort? I'm hungry, too."

"I've got lots of sandwiches in my bag. You can have them all."

"I'll leave one for you. A small one . . . and don't start looking for the bag. You put it down — it's by your coat."

"Yes . . . Thank goodness for that! For a second I thought I'd lost it. I'm always losing things . . ."

Her voice trailed away, and Timothy gave her a sharp glance. "What's wrong? More than we already know, that is?"

"Nothing much. But I don't think this is my bag."

Timothy produced a small torch. "Better

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13'6 EACH

Toni GIVES A NATURAL CURL THAT LASTS TILL IT GROWS OUT

Glamour

A short story complete on
this page

By LOUIS
ARTHUR
CUNNINGHAM

I was one of those mornings when everything went wrong. First, Liz burned Fred's oatmeal—why did he want oatmeal for breakfast, anyway!

Then the coffee boiled over like Vesuvius and scalded her finger, then the toast gave a remarkable imitation of the pillar of smoke that guided the Israelites out of Egypt.

And all the time Fred preserved that easy, contented, unruffled front, enjoying his paper, his porridge, his boiled eggs and toast. A happy guy, Fred Remeck—a good husband and provider.

He loved to sit and watch pretty, dark-eyed Liz. "Must have a few children soon, Liz," he'd said once or twice. "You know how to make a home for a man; you'd be good with babies."

"We could do up the spare room," he went on eagerly. "Tell you what, I'll get some paint at the end of the week and we could start painting over the weekend. That room will make a fine nursery."

"Soon, Fred," Liz would agree, and she really did intend to have a family.

But this morning the thought of having a few more porridge-and-egg customers for breakfast made Liz positively ill. She couldn't even face the breakfast dishes.

Liz sat at the littered table for an hour, smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee. Then she got up, dressed, and, with a glad sense of escape, left the snug little flat.

Liz decided on a new hair-do and a new beauty parlor. The one she hit on bore the intriguing name of Le Salon Pompadour, operated by Madame Mimi Laforet, born Mary Lelerts, who had a system which she put right to work on Liz.

As soon as she saw Liz, Mimi widened her wondrous eyes and looked startled. "You—why, I could have sworn when I looked up and saw you that you were Niki Sandor."

"Who, me?" Liz looked dazed. "You mean you mistook me for the film star? Why, I don't look—"

"You are her image," said Mimi. "In Hollywood I worked on Miss Sandor often. And you—you have

the same hair, the same light in the black eyes. Ah, I know just what madame needs—"

She put Liz in the rose-pink salon, shampooed her hair till it shone, cut, shaped, set, and dried.

She suggested a new make-up, a new manicure with a fascinating new nail-polish, and re-shaped her eyebrows completely.

It ran into money, but when Liz saw the finished product in the big mirror she forgot all about the cost. Mimi was right. She did look like Niki Sandor. She was glamorous, exotic, sultry as a south sea lagoon before a tempest.

"You are like a princess awakened," sighed Mimi.

"I—I do feel different," Liz said, and even the voice was changed—lower, huskier. "It's like magic."

It really was. She spent the afternoon in a theatre that was showing Niki Sandor's latest—"Escape to Love." She hadn't even touched the breakfast dishes when Fred came home. She was sitting in the window, limned against the dying day in a pose that she had borrowed from Niki in one of her big scenes.

"Hello, Liz!" Fred greeted her as usual and came over to kiss her. He looked a bit puzzled when she gave him a cool, scented cheek instead of the warm, soft mouth he loved. But, flopping down into an

easy chair with his paper, he asked, "What have you been doing?"

"Oh, I took the day off, Fred. I felt a bit miffed—" Niki had used that word in the movies. "I needed something to waken me up, so I went to a beauty parlor and to a movie—"

"You do look—different," said Fred slowly, studying her.

Liz stood up and preened prettily. "Like me?" she asked. "My new hair-do and make-up?"

"I love you as you are, Liz. You know that. You're always just what I wanted. I'm never unhappy with you."

"I'll make you love me more, Fred. I'll make you happier yet."

In the days that followed the uncomplicated, easy-going Liz became a new creation—complex, mysterious, unpredictable. On the street several times she saw people stop and stare and once she was sure she heard the magic name of Niki Sandor. She went to all Niki's pictures. She bought stills of the glamorous star and studied them.

She grew in beauty, in allure. Everyone noticed it. Madame Laforet even began to wonder sometimes if it really wasn't Niki who came with that sinuous glide into her shop for beauty treatments she did not need.

All the world saw a different Liz and reacted differently to her—Fred was the only one who didn't seem

"Like my new hair-do?" asked Liz as she turned to Fred, who smiled at her indulgently.

to realise or care. Fred went his slow, easy, contented way, eating his porridge, his eggs, his toast—when he got them; just smiling at the blue-silk house-coat, the lovely slippers, the expensive shirts and ties she bought him as befitting the consort of the new Liz—"Please call me Lizbeth"—Remeck.

You couldn't make a dint in Fred's aplomb, his changeless ways of living. He was a printer by trade. Liz knew very little about him in the years before he married her. He'd been everywhere. She wondered at him. Surely he could see the difference in his wife—

"Must start having some family, Liz—Lizbeth," he said once or twice again.

"Oh, Fred—there's lots of time. There are so many things in the world beyond the humdrum bourgeois matters of food and family—"

"Name two," grinned Fred, and went on puffing away at his old pipe.

This went on for months and showed no sign of ending. Liz loved her new role of glamor queen. She reached the heights the day two schoolgirls asked her for her autograph—"Please, Niki—Miss Sandor—we knew you in a moment—oh, won't you—"

Liz brushed them off. She floated

home on a cloud of ecstasy and burst into the flat in a fever of bliss—

"Fred! What do you know, Fred—you've got a wife people can't tell apart from Niki Sandor! Some kids just asked me for my autograph! Can you beat that? Fred—Fred—"

The sudden, strange stillness hit her like a blow. It was frightening, terrible. Fred was gone. She knew it before she found the note:

"I'm leaving, Lizbeth. I have a job down south. I'll have a lawyer get in touch with you. I'll see you don't want for anything. I loved my Liz—Fred."

She couldn't cry; she couldn't seem to think. She slumped into a chair and leafed through the movie magazine she'd brought home with her, turning to the article—"The Early Days of Niki Sandor."

And the lines hit her harder than the flat's empty silence—

"—my first husband was the finest man I've ever known or ever hope to know. We were divorced. He left me because he couldn't stand anything phony and in this trade you have to be phony. He was a man named Fred Remeck. I often wonder what became of him—"

(Copyright)

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REMEMBER THE LAST ONE

Beginning an intriguing mystery serial

BY DOROTHY EDEN

PAD, pad, pad . . . It was a mysterious and slightly sinister sound. It might have been made by an animal in the jungle. Cressida had never been in a jungle, and the simile she had made was suddenly absurd. An animal stalking one would move silently, the only sound perhaps the inadvertent snapping of a twig.

This pursuer was quite careless of his footsteps being heard. He relied entirely on the fog to hide him. He kept just out of sight, his footsteps tireless and rhythmic, as if he were loping along full of insolence.

He was not a jungle animal and he would not spring at her with teeth and claws. But why was he following her?

Cressida was not nervous in the streets alone at night. She had only half a mile to walk home, and apart from the last street, which was tree-hung and badly lighted, the way took her down busily populated thoroughfares. Indeed, it had not been until she had turned into Blythe Street that she had been quite sure she was being followed.

Once, at the corner of Gloucester Road, someone had bumped into her, but there had been a straggling bus queue hopefully waiting for a bus to loom out of the fog, and it had been impossible to see who had bumped her, or, indeed, whether the jolt had been intentional.

She had gone on light-heartedly, thankful that Dragon House was within walking distance, and that she had not to queue for a bus on a cold, foggy night.

But beneath the dripping cobwebby trees in Blythe Street, a long tunnel running from the clattering main street into darkness and quiet, her ears isolated the padding footsteps. She was suddenly instinctively aware that they had been behind her for a long time. Their owner had waited for her to emerge from the crowd and turn into a quiet byway. Now she had done as he desired.

Or else it was someone who knew her and where she lived, knew that there was this short stretch of quiet and badly lighted street . . .

Cressida checked her desire to break into a panicky run. Her follower, in his rubber-soled shoes that sounded like the pads of a heavy animal, would be able to run faster than she.

Instead, she forced herself to stop and turn swiftly. She thought she would take her pursuer unawares and come face to face with him. He might run off. If he attacked her she could scream. At least she would be able to identify him.

All these thoughts passed incoherently through her mind. But her ruse was unsuccessful. The fog was dense and her pursuer was just beyond the edge of it. Almost the same moment that she stopped the padding footsteps ceased, and as she stood there she was aware that he was not three yards away, safe in the anonymity of the fog, as behind a thick curtain.

The trees dripped. Light gleamed on a black wet bough. Cars honked at the corner. A little distance away voices shouted cheerfully.

But she was there in her small circle of danger, watched and yet unseen. She fancied she could hear a suppressed high-pitched chuckle . . . And with that sound panic broke in her. She turned and fled down the dark street, any pursuing footsteps drowned now in the clatter of her own.

Past the private hotel, past the terrace of grey stone houses, across the road, and then, thank heaven, the slippery marble steps of Dragon House were beneath her feet, the familiar doorknob as large as an orange in her hand, the heavy door had swung open and shut, and she was safely inside, panting,

leaning against the wall, hearing soft, tentative steps outside the door. Or was that imagination?

Anyway, she was safely home. Her fright was over. Her follower could now go in search of other unfortunate prey. Should she ring the police? But what chance had they of finding one man (was it a man?) in soft-soled shoes on a foggy night?

No; the panic was over. She would forget it.

As she opened her door and switched on her light a violin suddenly, from the depths of the house, began its slow wail. Not the elegy again. Not again!

Cressida pressed her hands to her brow, and a voice behind her said with concern: "You came in so quickly. Is there something the matter?"

She flung round to see Jeremy Winter towering above her, smiling in his irritating, confident manner. The enormous cat, as always, twined round his legs, and on his feet were heavy rubber-soled shoes.

But that incident happened some time after Cressida had come to live at Dragon House. The things that worried and puzzled her neither began with nor culminated in it.

It might have been completely unrelated to the inmates of Dragon House, the sort of isolated, haphazard, frightening thing that could happen to anyone in a big city, someone taking advantage of the fog and his own perverted instincts to scare an unprotected girl.

Or it might have had something to do with the people who lived there—with Jeremy Winter, who moved so quietly in spite of his size; with Vincent Moretti, the lonely, talented violinist with the morbid taste in music; with dumb though apparently harmless Mrs. Stanhope; with the extraordinarily bizarre old lady Arabia Bolton, who lived in her muddle of faded splendor on the top floor of the house; or even with the sea captain's daughter, Gloriana Becker, called Miss Glory by Arabia, who lived in the ballroom. Not forgetting the humble but sly and too-observant Dawson, Mrs. Stanhope's son.

It was not unlikely that it had anything to do with any of them.

Yet Cressida, in her nightly letter to Tom, found that she could not mention the incident, as she had not been able to mention sundry other things.

It was a feeling she had that Dragon House and everything in it belonged to her alone, and that Tom had no part in it. Mysterious, irresistible, enchanting, even frightening though it was, it belonged to her. It was her adventure.

So, in the faint odor of camphor and pressed rose leaves, she had to work the thing out for herself.

For perhaps the first time in seventy-five years Arabia Bolton found life dull beyond endurance. A few days ago the rather amusing sculptor who disagreed violently with everything she said but who, for that very reason, entertained her (she dearly loved a quarrel) had vacated the ground floor flat, and she found she missed his visits to her untidy, overflowing rooms upstairs more than she would have believed.

There was no one else in the house whom she cared to make a friend. Perhaps the tall young man, Jeremy Winter, in the basement. He had a twinkling eye and a nice wit. But he was too polite. She liked a broad, even a risqué, style. Anyway, he

To page 62

Cressida, still dazed from her fall, heard the fantastic old woman exclaim delightedly, "Jeremy, where did you find her?"







Good news, Mum!

"JOYCE" DOUBLE-WAY

Always neat, a JOYCE "Double-Way" Blouse keeps its crisp, fresh, band-box beauty all day long. Specially designed so it can be worn with the collar open or closed, it looks tidier and stays tidier under all circumstances.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ONE often hears of women worrying about growing old. They are afraid of getting fat, of becoming grey and wrinkled, much of which, I suppose, is inevitable. It seems to me that although with age one cannot be as attractive in appearance as the youthful, one can be more so in character. And if we can grow nicer in character, then surely our physical appearance will not matter so much.

Character is said to show in the face when older, so we should start early to improve our character and thus be more attractive in later years.

£1/1/- to R. Gough, 118 Latrobe Terrace, Paddington, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

Early marriages

"TWENTY-FOUR" criticised early marriages (The Australian Women's Weekly, 8/8/56). I was married at 17, and had two children straight away. My husband and I had about £10 between us, and he wasn't earning even the basic wage. Now, after five years, we are paying off our own home and have all our furniture. Yes, we had plenty of bad times, but they only strengthened our love.

10/6 to P. A. Jermyn, 114 Dudley St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

IF everyone waited until they had enough money for a financial beginning to marriage, as "Twenty-four" advocates, very few people would marry. I married at 17, and five years of marriage and with three children I have never regretted it. It has been a struggle at times, but happy people can look trouble in the face.

10/6 to Mrs. N. O'Neil, c/o W.S.L.S., "Bokerup," Koonung, W.A.

"TWENTY-FOUR" is wrong in her belief that there must be money if a marriage is to succeed. I was 19 when I married three years ago. After buying the bare necessities of furniture we had £5 left—plus plenty of love and faith in each other and in the future. We now own a complete house of furniture and have saved enough to put a deposit on a small home. We have a year-old baby and are happily awaiting the arrival of another.

10/6 to "Kay Cross" (name supplied), Campbelltown, S.A.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

NEWS broadcasts used to be a signal for our three children to begin chattering like magpies. Now after each broadcast we ask them to repeat an item of news. Each listens intently and quietly, and their father and I can hear perfectly. Hearing the children repeat an item afterwards is often amusing.

The idea certainly solves the problem of those who cannot hear a word above the children's chatter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. June Crittenden, "Hazeldene," Detpa, via Jeparit, Vic.

WHY are church congregations composed mainly of women? Looking around at congregations of different denominations, and asking the views of friends, I find this is generally the case. Our country needs strong-minded, straight-living men, and attendance at church will surely make men so. What is to be done about it?

10/6 to Mrs. Shirley Date, 64 Shorter Ave., Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

PEOPLE who so callously abandon cats in the bush should be fined. Wild domestic cats have increased and become a predatory army. As science continues to diminish the rabbit population, the cats must turn elsewhere for food, and there is no doubt as to the fate of our native fauna.

10/6 to "Cat Lover" (name supplied), Kybyholite, S.A.

MAY I suggest that children should be taught at school how to use the telephone, how to write a telegram, how to address an envelope, and where to stick the stamp? I am working in a post office, and am shocked to learn how many children—and adults—don't know how to do these things.

10/6 to Miss H. A. Taylor, Main Rd., Virginia, S.A.

THERE is apparently much jubilation because the Australian play "The Summer of the 17th Doll" is to have a London season. At one time people overseas imagined Australia to be populated by Dads, Daves, and Mabels—those outback characters in Steele Rudd's books. Now we will be judged by the raucous voices and the vulgar expressions of the typical (?) Australian characters in the play.

10/6 to "18th Doll" (name supplied), Temora, N.S.W.

ONE of my pet "hates" are the people who, having won first prize in a lottery, say they already have everything they want and don't know what to do with the prizemoney.

Even if they are well endowed with worldly goods, couldn't they give generously to a hospital building fund, a well-deserving charity, or provide some needy old-age pensioner with a few comforts? If they don't want to do any of those things, why buy lottery tickets? Leave the money for someone less fortunate to win!

10/6 to Mrs. G. Cripps, Lyndhurst, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE has been a lot of talk lately about pies.

It started when Sid Barnes, the eminent sporting writer, called the Australian cricket team a bunch of pie-eaters.

Since then, whenever the team wins a match, its admirers send pies to Sid.

When it loses a match, Sid repeats his accusation.

I am no authority on cricket, but I know a good deal about pies.

What I don't like in this dispute is the way everybody assumes there is something shameful about pie-eating.

To call a man a pie-eater means he is incompetent—a failure.

Yet a good pie is a beautiful thing.

Pie-eaters were once held in respect, and rightly so.

A pie full of blackbirds, we are told, was considered a dainty dish to set before a king.

Little Jack Horner, an early pie-eater, seems to have been a well-behaved boy.

UNFAIR TO PIES

Contented people still say that things are in apple-pie order, or as right as pie.

A girl who is regarded with affection is called a sweetie-pie.

All this shows the high value traditionally placed on pies.



Why, then, should persons who eat them be despised today?

Something similar has happened with tarts.

When I was at Thornbury State School in Melbourne years ago, the little boys there used to refer to the girls as "the tarts."

We didn't mean any harm. It was just that we looked down on "the tarts" because they were not boys. We were a bit scared of them, too.

But I found later in life that the term must not be applied to a nice girl in any circumstances.

Because I am very fond of tarts, in the cookery sense, I have never been able to see why they have become such an uncomplimentary word.

Some students of pies maintain that pie-eaters have fallen in public esteem because of the poor quality of pies sold nowadays.

Yet many good pies are obtainable. I just had two for lunch.

As for tarts, again in the literal sense, I believe they have never been more delicious.

I hope the time will come when these glorious foodstuffs are spoken of with the respect they deserve.

When that happens, to call a girl a tart will mean only that she is sweet and attractive. And cricketers will be proud to be known as pie-eaters.



WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

LAND MEETS OCEAN in a view of the New South Wales coast, looking south from Stanwell Park in the direction of the steel city of Wollongong. This picture was taken from Bald Hill, where aviation pioneer Lawrence Hargrave launched his experiments with box kites at the end of last century . . . experiments which are described as having "lifted human flight from the realm of dreamland into realisation." Stanwell Park is about 36 miles from Sydney, and was one of the first coal-mining districts developed on the South Coast of New South Wales; now, it is a popular resort for holiday-makers. The picture was taken by Douglass Baglin, of Sydney.

• See page 53 for order coupon for **Wonderful Australia Book**.



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Father's Day...

• Girls are brought up on the old adage that Mother knows best, but for boys the words of wisdom that help build their characters come from Father. In this Father's Day feature men who have achieved fame in their chosen sphere tell of the advice their fathers gave them and of the advice they have for their own sons.

SIR CHARLES LLOYD JONES, leading Sydney retailer and patron of the arts, pictured at left as a boy with his father, Edward Lloyd Jones. Sir Charles has two sons and is a grandfather:

"MY father was killed in a train accident when I was a schoolboy, and I can't recall his giving me any specific advice. But I was brought up in a typical Victorian household.

"To my sons, I say:

"Find your purpose in life and then work at it to achieve real happiness. Realise, too, that we are of such stuff as our dreams are made of, and that if we have the will then dreams will become realities.

"To accomplish these thoughts your character must be built on truth, honest sincerity, a capacity for work and a tenacity of purpose that knows no deflection."



KURT WOESS, Viennese musician, at present conductor of the Victorian Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Woess has two sons (above, Wolfgang and Werner), who are studying music in Vienna, and one daughter:

"MY father died when I was four; he was not able to give me any advice.

"The advice I should like my sons to follow is this:

"You should love the whole world — every human, animal, plant, and even the rocks.

"And when my sons are older I will advise them to read the works of Schopenhauer, my favorite philosopher."



SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO, noted researcher on tropical disease, and former Director of Social Questions for UNO, with his son, David.

HE has three sons and three daughters, including actress Diane Cilento, now starring in English films and on the London stage:

"My father always said it was important to have a passionate inquisitiveness for the task at hand, widening one's field of knowledge and becoming adept at essential but little-followed pursuits.

"I recall my father's advice was repeated to me by a high-ranking officer before I entered revolution-torn Greece after the war when my job was to combat epidemic diseases in Europe.

"The classic phrase which has been my own rule of life is the advice I pass on to my sons:

"Keep your head down." It means an application to the task at hand, and avoidance of courting trouble."



LT.-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BRIDGEFORD, chief executive of the Olympic Organising Committee. General Bridgeford has one son, and recently became a grandfather:

"EVERY lad must have some objective in life. Having decided on that objective it must be pursued with courage and determination.

"I found this advice from my father sound and passed it on.

"I would also strongly advise every youth starting out on life's road to read Rudyard Kipling's poem 'If.'"



PETER USTINOV, versatile actor, film star, playwright, brilliant raconteur and mimic, is the "unpredictable" of the English theatre.

HE has been married twice, and has an 11-year-old daughter by his first marriage.

"My boy, never marry," my father said to me.

"To a son I'd say, 'My boy, never marry.'"

Dad's advice to his son

Sometimes one tenet, set by a dim-distant family head for his sons to follow, runs down through the ages of a family like a golden thread. In other cases a son may take Dad's advice and mould it to the needs of his own generation.

ROSS CAMPBELL,
Rhodes Scholar, Sydney
columnist.

ROSS CAMPBELL says:

"My father gave me much good advice, but I think the most useful was never to play poker.

"Dad knows a lot about poker. He used to tell me some of the tricks used by sharps to fleece the suckers, and it scared me off the game for good.

"This saved me a lot of money in the war. A pal of mine lost £50 to some Americans on a troopship crossing the Atlantic, while I just sang songs round a piano. I've got Dad to thank for that, although the people listening might not have felt the same.

"What advice shall I give my son?

"When he is old enough (he's only six) I shall give him a tip about getting on in business. Never walk slowly down a corridor. Always walk fast, and carry a piece of paper. It makes people think you're busy.

"Concerning love, I would tell him: Never get mixed up with a girl who is not fond of food. Always be polite to a girl's mother. And shave every day.

"Above all, I shall warn my son not to put cotton-wool in his ears or play tennis in braces. These things are social suicide."

JIMMY CARRUTHERS, *former world bantam-weight boxing champion and now proprietor of a hotel in Woolloomooloo, Sydney.*

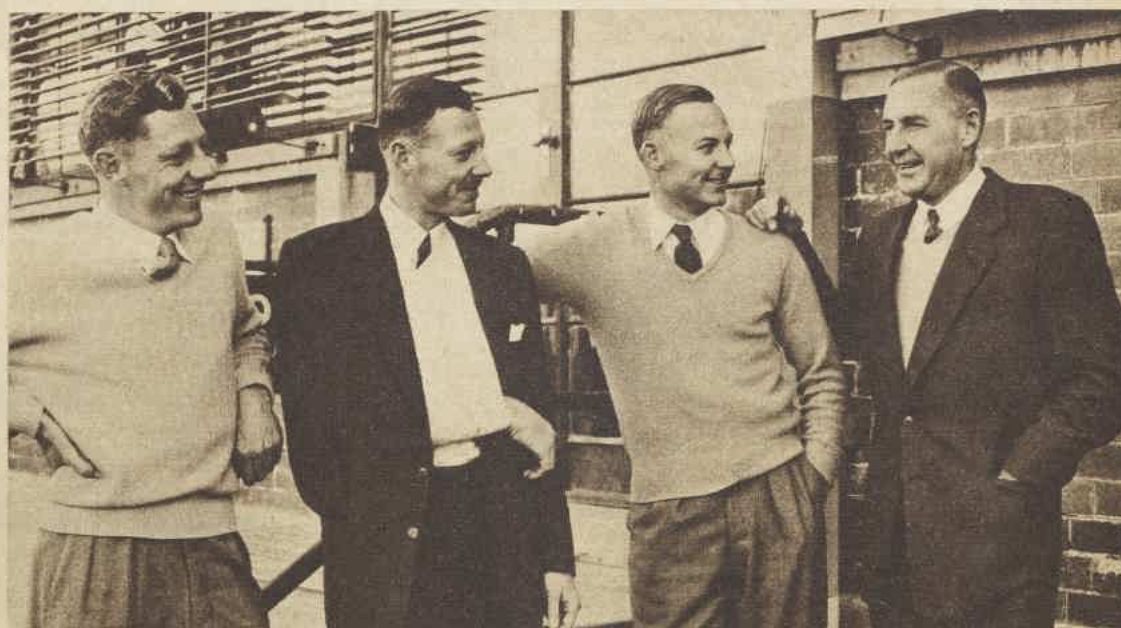
JIMMY has a young son and his wife expects their second baby at Christmas:

"I can't remember my father giving me any special advice.

"To my son I'd say:

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you. Look after your own brothers and sisters, and stay close to the family.

"Carry this out throughout life and then if bad is done to you you can smile and forgive it, knowing the doer hasn't been taught as you have."



MR. BRUCE PIE, *extreme right, Brisbane industrialist, well-known sportsman, and chairman of The Australian National Football Advisory Council, with three of his six sons, from left, Bruce, David, and Denis. He also has one daughter.*

HERE'S what Mr. Pie has to say:

"On the wall of my home is a framed inscription given me by my father which reads: 'Lord, make me humble, tolerant, and wise. Incline mine ears to hear him through. Let him not stand with downcast

eyes fearing to trust me and be true.'

"It is the prayer of a man asking to 'stay close' to his son as his friend and confidant.

"This is the rule I have applied to the upbringing of my own sons and the advice I have passed on to them."

REX HARRISON, *48-year-old Lancashire-born actor, famous on stage and screen.*

HIS son by a first marriage is an entertainer in London. By a second marriage to actress Lilli Palmer he has another son, 12-year-old Carey Harrison, who is at school in England.

Rex has this to say:

"My father said to me, 'Until the whistle blows full time, play hard, my son—to shirk's a crime.'

"To my sons I say one thing:

"Don't get married before you are 35."



GROUP-CAPTAIN DOUGLAS BADER, *legless R.A.F. wartime hero:*

IDO not recall any advice given me by my father, because he died when I was too young to assimilate such advice.

"I am not a father, but the advice I would give my son is simply this: Whatever you do in life, be sure that you can look yourself in the face when you have done it."



FRANK CLUNE, *popular Australian author who has two sons and one granddaughter.*

"FRANK, you were born to be hung!" said my father. My conduct has been so careful from that day to this that I haven't been hung—yet.

"My advice to my sons:

"Don't follow in your father's footsteps. Your father is an example to be avoided. That's all any dad is. Follow your own hunches and don't take any notice of me at all.

"If you do as I did, you'll finish up as a dad yourself, and then you'll be sorry!"



SIR THOMAS WHITE, *recently retired Australian High Commissioner in London. Sir Thomas is the father of four daughters and has four grandsons:*

"ACCORDING to my father it was the duty of all boys to give something to their country. It was on that advice that I joined school cadets, and then very early in life joined the militia.

"I mean to pass on this same advice to my grandsons."

CLIVE CHURCHILL, *Rugby League football star, who has captained Australia in 25 Tests, and led the Kangaroos three times against England.*

"FROM my father I had this advice:

"Put education first to make your future secure outside sport, then play sport as a recreation. Never play a game without enjoying it."

"I have no children, but if I had a son I'd put him in the same footsteps as my father put me."



OTHERS, IN BRIEF . . .

DR. HARRY MESSEL, Professor of Physics, University of Sydney, who is Canadian-born and has three daughters — "There is no substitute for hard work. That's what my father told me and I would give exactly the same advice to a son."

THE REV. FRANK HAMBLY, Master of Lincoln College, South Australia, with two sons at Adelaide University, says his father told him, "Never bother to defend your reputation. Leave that to friends, and speak up when your friends are criticised unjustly." To his sons he says, "God gave you a body; keep it clean, God gave you a mind; think clearly, God gave you a spirit; develop it."



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£6000 COOKERY CONTEST

Last chance to try for cash prizes

THE contest closes on September 3. Entries received after this date will not be eligible.

You have only to send in a recipe or recipes using eggs, rice, bananas, cheese, or diced fruits, or any combination of these.

Another ten progress prizes were awarded this week. They are:

DRIED FRUITS ITALIAN FRUITED SPAGHETTI

Half cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants or raisins, 2 large ripe tomatoes, 3 small green peppers, 6 sprigs parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti, 1 medium-sized eggplant, salt and pepper to taste.

Peel eggplant, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes, turn into heavy pan, and fry with butter 10 minutes. Add skinned, chopped tomatoes, parsley, seeded chopped peppers, mixed fruit. Season with salt and pepper. Cover pan, simmer gently for 20 minutes until ingredients are tender. Meanwhile cook spaghetti in boiling water 25 minutes, drain, and turn into greased ovenware dish. Top with eggplant sauce. Sprinkle thickly with Parmesan cheese, serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. E. Nicholas, 186 Newton St., Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

RAISIN-ORANGE PAVLOVA

MERINGUE: Three egg-whites, pinch of salt, 2-3rd. teaspoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Place egg-whites, salt, vinegar, cream of tartar into good-sized bowl and beat until stiff. Add sugar, tablespoon at a time, beating after each addition till sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla, beat well. Draw 9 in. circle on greaseproof paper and arrange on oven-tray. Spread meringue in 9 in. circle, build up sides to form nest. Bake in slow oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until dry. Allow to become cold before filling.

RAISIN-ORANGE FILLING: One and a half cups seeded raisins, 1 cup orange juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2-3rd cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, grated rind half orange, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons corn-flour, water.

Put raisins, juices, water, honey, salt, rind, butter into saucepan. Boil 4 or 5 minutes until raisins are plump. Mix cornflour smoothly with a little cold water, add to hot mixture, cook until smoothly

● Readers have only a few days left in which to try for the big range of prizes in our Cookery Contest.

thickened. Let stand until nearly cold, then pour into meringue shell. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Kiddle, Rural Delivery, 9 Te Puke, New Zealand.

EGGS

PINEAPPLE CHEESE PIE

One unbaked 8 in. pastry-case, 2 lightly beaten eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cooked pineapple drained from its juice (or use tinned pineapple), $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup desiccated coconut, according to taste.

Scald milk. While it is cooling, beat drained pineapple into cheese, add coconut, mix well. Lightly whisk eggs, blend with warm milk, sugar. Slowly add to cheese mixture, stir well, and pour gently into prepared pastry-case. Place at once on hot slide in hot oven, cook for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, and bake about 40 minutes longer or until pastry is crisp and filling firm to touch. The filling puffs up and settles down as the pie cools. Serve hot or cold.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss Meny, 1 Royal Parade, Parkville N2, Vic.

DEVILLED EGG CASSEROLE

Six hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1-3rd cup flour, 2 cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 14 cups cooked peas, 1 cup diced cooked ham or ham sausage, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry bread-crumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Shell eggs and halve lengthwise; remove yolks, mash with mayonnaise, salt, and mustard. Refill into whites and arrange in greased fireproof dish 10 in. by 6 in. by 14 in. Melt the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, blend in flour, gradually stir in milk, and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Stir in cheese, peas, ham, and pour over eggs. Combine crumbs and melted butter, and scatter on top. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Crosby, 7 Milner St., Prospect, S.A.

BANANAS

BANANA ICE-CREAM

One cup mashed bananas, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (may be increased to 1 cup if desired), 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites, 2 beaten egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coconut.

Mix together bananas and lemon juice, add sugar, salt, milk, stirring until well blended. Whip cream until thickened, but not stiff. Fold egg-whites, egg-yolks, cream, and vanilla into banana mixture. Turn into freezing tray set at coldest temperature. Freeze until mixture holds shape, stirring every 30 minutes. Add coconut during final stirring. Freeze until firm. Serve with wafer biscuits and chocolate sauce, if desired.

Progress Prize of £5 to Miss D. Anderson, 8 Wilga St., Concord West, N.S.W.

RHUBARB AND BANANA PIE

Four ounces sweet orange pastry, 1 bunch rhubarb, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 firm bananas, 1 tablespoon flour, 1-3rd cup water, 2 thin slices lemon.

Wash rhubarb, cut into short, even lengths, place in rimmed piedish, sprinkle with the flour and sugar. Add water, place lemon slices on top, cover, and bake until rhubarb is tender, about 15 to 20 minutes. Remove lemon slices, top with peeled, sliced bananas, cover with pastry. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot with custard or cream.

Sweet Orange Pastry: Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon freshly grated orange rind (avoid white pith).

Combine melted shortening, sugar, orange rind. Beat in egg-yolk, stir in sifted flour, making a firm dough. Roll out thinly, cut to shape of piedish, but slightly larger. Moisten edge of dish, lift pastry on. Trim edges, decorate with tip of teaspoon. Brush top of pie with water, sprinkle with sugar, bake as directed.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. H. Todd, Mount Adrah, via Adelong, N.S.W.

CONDITIONS

Employees of Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about that decision.

All entries become the property of Consolidated Press.

Closing date of this contest is September 3. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

In each of the five sections:

First Prize £400
Second Prize £200
Third Prize £100

One prize of £50, one prize of £25, five prizes of £10, five prizes of £5, 10 progress prizes of £5.

Best recipe which also uses butter:

First Prize £100
Second Prize £30
Third Prize £20

Special prizes for best recipes combining two or more listed ingredients:

First Prize £600
Second Prize £100
Ten prizes of £5

RICE

SOUFFLE LOAF

One small grated onion, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon horseradish sauce, 1 cup cooked rice, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon peanut oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped celery, 1oz. gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cucumber, 1lb. prawns.

Saute onion and 1 tablespoon of parsley in oil for 2 to 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Soften gelatine in cold water, dissolve over boiling water. Combine gelatine, tomato juice, sugar, horseradish sauce, and salt, then add mayonnaise. Blend well. Pour into ice-cube tray, chill in freezing unit until firm for about 1 in. in from the edges but still soft in centre. Turn into bowl, whip until fluffy. Fold in rice, remaining parsley, celery, cucumber, chopped prawns (saving some for garnishing). Pour into loaf-tin, chill until firm. Unmould and serve garnished with whole prawns, parsley, and radish roses.

Note: If prawns are not available, use tinned crab meat.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. L. Smith, 44 Separation St., Northcote N.16, Vic.

RICE, PRAWN, AND CHEESE SAVORY

One pound shelled prawns, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups melted butter sauce, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked rice, 2 medium tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

Combine melted butter sauce, anchovy sauce, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce; add pepper and salt to taste. Place a layer of cooked rice in greased casserole. Cover with layer of skinned, sliced tomato. Chop prawns, mix with the sauce, pour half the mixture over layer of tomato. Add another layer of rice and tomato, then rest of prawn-sauce mixture. Sprinkle with cheese, bake in moderate oven until cheese on top is melted and lightly browned. Serve piping hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. Joyce, 22a Hunter St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

To page 72

Seen in America's
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY COOKERY CONTEST

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

NAME

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS

STATE

Mark each recipe for the section in which it is entered.

MISTER AND MISSUS

Story and pictures by
NORMAN CHAFFER



MR. AND MRS. BEE-EATER (*Merops ornatus*) are commonly known as Rainbow birds. They are migratory, and leave the cooler States to spend the winter in Northern Australia and New Guinea. Their food is flying insects such as blowflies, dragonflies, cicadas, and occasionally bees. The bee-eater tunnels a hole in the ground for its nest.

● Ornithology, or the study of birds, owes much of its popularity to the interesting domestic life of these charming and colorful creatures.

THE courtship ceremonies of birds, their nest-building, and rearing of young make fascinating subjects for study. The fact that the observer may see in their actions many traits comparable to the finest in human behaviour gives added zest to the study.

Birds attend to their various tasks with zeal, show solicitude and care for their young, and are brave in the face of danger. It is a common experience for a human to be attacked by a diminutive wagtail, a few inches in length, when its nest is approached.

What are the roles played by Mr. and Mrs. of the bird world, especially during the nesting season?

In many species of birds the male is much more brightly colored than the female. This difference in color is important to the survival of the species, because the female usually performs most of the task of hatching the eggs. Her duller color makes her much less conspicuous than the male, thus helping to protect the nest of eggs or young from marauders.

Among the robins, the brightly marked males appear to leave all the nest-building and incubation of the eggs to the female.

But should an enemy approach, the male will often flutter about on the ground like a wounded bird and thus draw attention away from the nest—and its treasures.

Not infrequently the male will bring food to his mate on the nest. With happy twitter and fluttering wings she receives the delicacy.

Male birds, especially if they are the showy members of the family, are also endowed with a greater power of song.

During the nesting season bird plumage is at its brightest and song at its best. Nature has made sure the birds are vitally alive at the period chosen for reproducing their species.

With their songs, bright plumage, and engaging habits, birds are gifted beyond all other creatures to convey to the mind of man the happiness and joy in nature.



MR. FLAME ROBIN (*Petroica phoenicea*) inhabits N.S.W., Victoria, S.A., and Tasmania.



MRS. FLAME ROBIN nests in an earth bank or a cleft in the side of a tree, and sometimes in sheds. She and her mate feed on insects.



MR. AND MRS. HOODED ROBIN (*Melanodryas cucullata*). The male is shown at left and the female at right. These birds live in open forest country in most parts of Australia except the far north areas and Tasmania.





MR. AND MRS. RED-CAPPED ROBIN (*Petroica goodenovii*) inhabit all Australian States except Tasmania, and are found mostly in dry, open forest areas. After the young are hatched, Mr. Red-capped Robin shares the work of providing them with food. Here the female has just eaten an insect brought to her by her brilliantly colored mate.



MR. RUFOUS WHISTLER (*Pachycephala rufiventris*) is found in open forests throughout Australia, but not Tasmania.



MRS. RUFOUS WHISTLER nests in a small bush or tree fork. They are fine songbirds with notes of great volume.



MR. GILBERT WHISTLER (*Pachycephala inornata*) and his mate are found in dry scrublands in inland areas of the southern part of Australia.



MRS. GILBERT WHISTLER nests in a low bush. They are songbirds with many clear calls, but not of the standard of Rufous and Golden Whistlers.



MR. AND MRS. GOLDEN WHISTLER (*Pachycephala pectoralis*). The male is at left and the female at right. These birds inhabit the heavily forested areas of the mainland and Tasmania, but not the dry interior regions.



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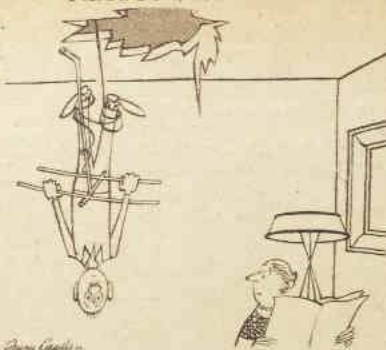
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MOTHER



"We're STARVING! . . . Buy us some lemonade, Mum?"

(ADVERTISEMENT)

LAST MINUTE BEAUTY

By
MARGARET MERRIL

This week I want to give you some "last minute suggestions" which may be of use for those unexpected parties.

If your hair lacks a lustre and there is no time for a set, warm a towel in the oven. Now rub your hair vigorously until the towel is cool. Repeat this three times. Dampen the hair slightly with setting lotion and pin into place. Before you leave the house, comb into place and spray with lacquer.

Should you discover an unsightly spot, don't cancel your party invitation! Either cover with calamine beneath your foundation, or, if it is a large spot, cover with a speck of flesh-tinted plaster before making up. Before your party date rings the bell, check up on your bag to see that you have a complete beauty renovation set—powder, lipstick, rouge, OIL OF ULAM with which to cleanse and foundation the skin, and some fresh tissues.

And, as you leave the house, look in the nearest mirror. Is your slip showing? Are your stockings seams straight? Have you brushed the loose hairs and powder off your clothes? Is your hair in place? If all these beauty points are checked, you are ready to go to the party.

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

I KNOW a small boy, soon to be five, whose relatives keep assuring his mother that "he will soon grow out of this phase."

His mother often says plaintively that each phase seems to be succeeded by another that's no better.

When he was three it was necessary for all drawers in the kitchen to be nailed up. Otherwise he used them as stairs to climb to high cupboards.

"He must be very intelligent," said a detached observer. "I don't find that sufficient compensation," answered his harassed mother.

He has now abandoned such childish games and is more interested in the family car, showing an alarming interest in the pedals and gear lever.

"Just remember," the detached observers comment from the safe distance of their own homes, "that he may be hard to watch now, but in a year or two he'll be going to school and won't be any trouble at all."

I used to offer these soothing thoughts myself, until I read the other day about the 17-year-old American boy who built a rocket in his backyard, using his mother's bed-lamp as a war-head.

The U.S. ballistic missiles research authorities say the thing would fly, right enough, but they are reluctant to test it.

No doubt that boy's mother looks back on his five-year-old phase with affection, realising she didn't know when she was well off.

AFTER studying the ads for TV sets, and being somewhat daunted by the prices, I've found a temporary solution.

I think I'll buy a small step-ladder and use it for looking over people's heads at the lunch-hour TV shows in the shop windows.

NOT a genuine racing fan, I'm nevertheless watching at present a horse called Felcia.

Felcia made such a fuss before the start of a race that he was nearly barred. He just wouldn't move when his jockey mounted him. The chairman of stewards described his behaviour as "like a circus."

Now he has another chance. His trainer is trying blinkers. If this helps, the A.J.C. will give special permission for the blinkers to be used on the way to the post at all future races.

I'm interested in the outcome because I feel sorry for Felcia. Obviously he doesn't LIKE racecourses. And, as a strong-minded character, he doesn't shy and carry on. He just stands still expressing disapproval.

It seems a mean trick to get Felcia to the post with blinkers. Someone is bound to tell him that he looks like a buggy-horse, as queer as a lady sprinter in long skirts.

And goodness knows what that will do to a horse of Felcia's sensitive and stubborn nature.

LATEST fuss about Olympic amateur status—the stir arising from a soap firm's plan to give away badges bearing swimmers' pictures—is another example of the fantasies created by the bogey of professionalism in sport.

This one looks like being simply enough resolved. It seems there is nothing to stop people giving away the pictures, provided the subjects don't get any benefit from it.

Eventually amateurism must disappear in modern sport. In many fields the line is very fine indeed. So-called amateurs who reach top rank are so much in demand that it is obviously impossible for them to earn a normal living in other occupations. By various subterfuges they are enabled to retain their status technically.

Full absurdity of the situation has been underlined by the pledge Olympic competitors may be asked to sign—that they intend to remain amateurs.

To ask people about their present and past is one thing. To commit them to forecasting the rest of their lives is ridiculous.

REPORTS from America say that television has turned millions of people into sport "experts."

An Australian writer commented that the change was not likely to be so marked here, because Australians were already well informed on all kinds of sport.

That may be so, but personally I look to TV to teach me what is really happening on a football field, and intend to cultivate an interest in televised sport.

Thus I'll be provided with a sedentary hobby for old age.

Incidentally, if many women become sport addicts, it may produce a change in social habits. Segregation of the sexes at parties is often due to the fact that the ladies have to retire, defeated, to the sitting-room couch, because they are unable to take part in the discussions round the bar.

A rhymester, observing the spring, said, "I wish I'd a thought I could bring That was sprightly and terse—

"To convert into verse

"For a seasonal song I would sing.

"To an annual hope so I cling—

"Some original bell I might ring;

"But jinglers long dead

"Went from A through to Z,

"And I'm haunted by quotes in a string.

"None the less I must mention one thing,

"As I feel the cold weather take wing:

"There isn't a doubt

"It's worth singing about—

"It deserves all its build-up, does spring."



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Easy to make Chocolate Orange Cake

4 oz ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) butter,
1 level teaspoon grated orange rind,
6 oz (1 cup) castor sugar,
2 eggs,
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk,
3 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. (2 level cups) self-raising flour,
pinch salt.

ORANGE CREAM FILLING
2 level tablespoons butter or margarine,
1 cup sifted icing sugar,
1 level teaspoon grated orange rind,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon grated lemon rind,
1 tablespoon orange juice.

CHOCOLATE ICING
1 cup icing sugar,
1 level tablespoon Bournville Cocoa,
Squeeze lemon juice,
1 tablespoon hot water,
1 teaspoon butter.

Follow these steps

1. Grease two 8-inch sandwich tins and line the bottom of each with a piece of greased paper.
2. Beat the butter and sugar to a fluffy cream. Add the orange rind and well beaten eggs.
3. Sift the flour with the salt and cocoa. Add to the mixture alternately with the milk.
4. Divide evenly into the tins and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out on a sieve to cool.

ORANGE CREAM FILLING
1. Cream the butter for the filling with the orange and lemon rinds.
2. Add half the sifted icing sugar and then the remainder of the icing sugar alternately with the orange juice. Beat until smooth.
3. Join the chocolate layers together with this cream and then cover the top with the chocolate icing. Decorate with cherries and chopped nuts.

CHOCOLATE ICING
1. Sift together the icing sugar and cocoa. Melt the butter with the water. Add the lemon juice.
2. Stir into the dry ingredients and beat until smooth and thick.



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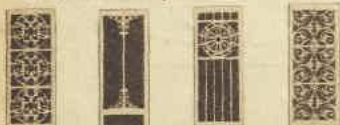
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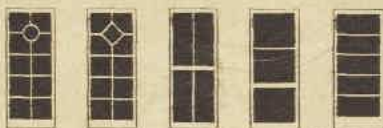


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MURRAY TAKES ALL

FLOODS!



DESPERATE fight by weary volunteers to repair a breach in a levee at Renmark. The water smashed through the embankment during darkness, hurling sandbags like toys, and extra workers had to be hurriedly called from much-needed sleep to man the break. This picture was taken by Mr. S. B. Ogilvy, of Renmark.

River devastates townships in three States

Every branch of the Murray and Darling Rivers is in simultaneous flood. Coursing slowly through New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, the rivers have stricken millions of square miles with "the flood of a thousand years."

THAT quote came from the South Australian Premier, Mr. Playford. His State alone has lost millions of pounds' worth of capital and potential production.

Stock losses in the flooded areas are incalculable. Valuable crops lie broken beneath the waters and hundreds of homes have been ruined.

For townspeople in affected areas the weary battle has been going on for weeks.

Theirs is not a swift fight against a sudden, rushing flood that hurls disaster without warning and subsides just as quickly.

The Murray, sluggish in flood and out, gives long warning of what is to come and knows the game of suspense.

Threatened towns have plenty of time to prepare levees, evacuate families and belongings.

But the story in all affected States is similar.

Massively and slowly the Murray creeps higher until stout, sandbagged levees, shuddering against the immense weight of water against them, burst and deliver more land and homes to the flood.

● Staff reporter Freda Young, of our Adelaide staff, toured South Australian flood districts with photographer Max Farrell and sent this story of appalling destruction:

We set out for the township of Berri, a hilly, fairly typical

But we could see the street-lamps marking its path over the water like a row of fishermen's net lights.

Renmark, 165 miles from Adelaide, where orchards worth £500,000 lay under water, was a fantastic sight.

The seepage under the levees was tremendous and the water level at 30ft. fin. was already a foot above the record of 1870.

Only a narrow concrete bridge, cracked by the floods, linked the town with the rest of the world by road.

Narrow link

Murray River town near ill-fated Renmark.

We passed Barmera, Cobdogla, and Mannum, where floodwaters were flowing through the main street.

Barmera was proud of its esplanade along the edge of picturesque Lake Bonney. It was dark when we arrived and the esplanade was under water.

Trucks moved in a 24-hour stream over the bridge with earth and sand for the levees.

Police stood guard on the bridge and allowed no one into the town except on urgent business.

Only a few hundred of the town's inhabitants were left, and the situation was deteriorating rapidly when we continued our journey.

When Max Farrell and I drove into Berri, 13 miles from Renmark, our first impression was of spring.

Flowering peach and almond trees were brilliant with color and there was a fragrance in the air always associated with springtime on the sleepy old Murray.

Here and there some older people were pruning their trees and vines. It was a scene of rural peace...

It was not until we turned a corner near to the riverfront that we saw the real picture of Berri today.

A truck laden with earth passed along the street. A minute or so later came another. Then another. And so on in a seemingly endless convoy.

From the opposite direction trundled a convoy of empties. "This goes on all day and night now," the Town Clerk, Mr. A. W. Pearson, told us.

"So many areas are threatened that everyone has been warned to get their furniture out. Should an evacuation be necessary, only people will be left to move."

We saw a score or more houses engulfed by the flood. Where once were orchards and prosperity is now a tree-studded sea.

In Berri alone, man is moving at the rate of 40,000 tons of earth a week, a scrub-and-daisy-covered hillock to form

-LEAVING ONLY HEARTACHE



MASSIVE levee under construction at Berri, where the pumping station, left of this picture, is seriously threatened by the floodwaters. At right is flood-covered Berri Common. Note two of the submerged houses indicated by arrows.



AT WINKIE, a lush part of Berri, earth-moving vehicles drive on to the levees, unload, and drive off at the other end. This is necessary to counter seepage, which weakens levees. In the distance houses are partially submerged.



THESE two men are shovelling seepage mud on to the sandbagged levee at Berri. The floodwaters are only inches from the top of the bank on the other side.

levees along its 11½ miles of riverfront.

The cry is for earth, more earth. For men and more men.

Hundreds of volunteers are working at top speed to keep the swelling waters out of their towns and properties.

For many on the river the battle is already lost.

On Berri's formerly attractive riverfront I looked over the top of the sandbag levee. The waters were lapping a short distance from the top.

Could the levee hold? Some residents thought another 18 inches of water would come down yet.

The only thing that seemed certain was that there was still a lot of "try and trust" ahead for the hundreds of weary workers.

It was not possible to meet many of the flood sufferers. But we came upon Mrs. J. Manifold, present address — c/o Galvanised Iron Shed, On a Cliff.

With her son, Wallie, she had lived on Berri Common, where they shared a dairy farm.

Her view from her new home, ironically enough, shows the top of her house to remind her of the comforts she has lost.

Wallie took his 20 cows over to "The Sandhill," now an island, by floating them across behind his motor-boat.

"They turned on to their backs and floated with their legs up," he said.

The greatest worry of all the irrigation towns is for their pumping stations. Without the irrigation water the towns would be doomed.

At Berri the fight is terrific and the menace to the station is serious. Immense levees are going up. Oregon planks are rammed along the waterside, and the levees are lined with branches to break down the force of the waves.

Earth-moving equipment,

bags, parcels of food, offers of billets have come from every part of the State and from interstate, too, for the stricken towns.

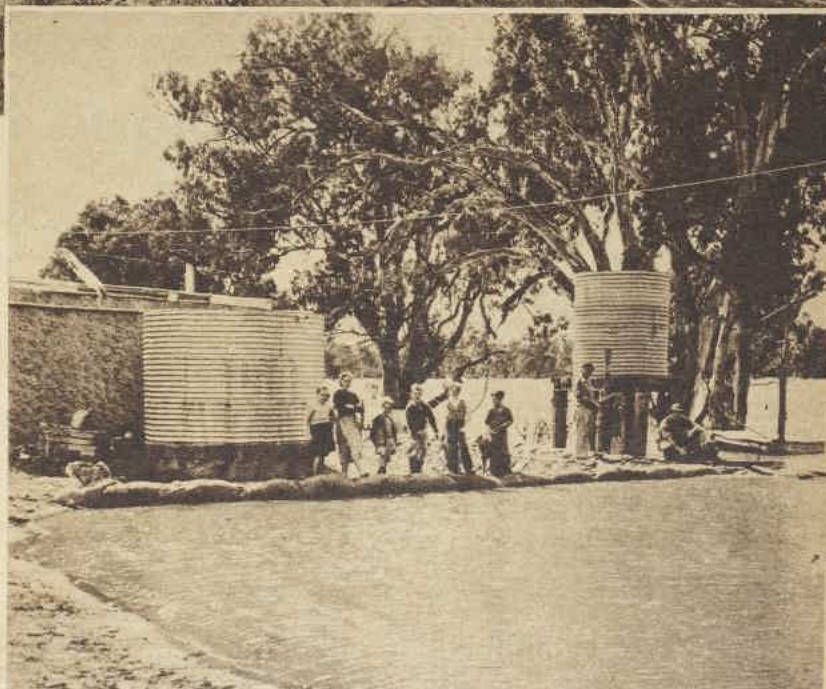
We talked to Mr. A. E. Whitmore, secretary of the Barmera Community Centre, who is organising flood operations there.

He said every effort was being made in his district to billet the homeless as family units.

"We fear this is going to be a long business, and if we separate children from their parents it might not be good for either," he said.

"The flood could last for anything up to a year or more."

Life is tragic up along the Murray.



FLOODWATERS are slowly rising on the Berri riverfront home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Hobbs and their six children. Mr. Hobbs is holding a young sheep which he found straddled over a tree on the opposite bank and brought to safety in a boat.



Applaud the performance!

Merriespun dresses wash beautifully, now need no ironing, wear for years

When you buy an inexpensive dress you need to be extra careful that you are getting quality. That's why it pays to look for the Merriespun label. Merriespun is guaranteed to wash without shrinking, to dry fast and not to require ironing. And of course anyone who has owned a Merriespun frock will tell you, you can count on its giving you years and years of wear.

And what a choice of colours and designs! You can bet that when you choose a dress because it is the prettiest on the rack, that dress will have a Merriespun label.

You can buy Merriespun by the yard for home dressmaking, too. Run yourself up a dress for less than you could possibly imagine! Merriespun outlasts the cotton you stitch it with.

Merriespun
REGD.



it's here ...



the new cotton
that needs no ironing
thanks to Calpreta carefree
cotton finish

It's wonderful, washable cotton and it all but jumps through hoops. It's Flamona... the first cotton fabric to "iron" itself as it dries... the first no-iron cotton made by the acknowledged experts in the field. For Flamona is the latest Cepea fabric and one whose guaranteed performance is backed by the ever-dependable Calpreta label you know and trust.

How does Flamona "iron" itself? Flamona's unique Calpreta finish gives it "balanced drip-dry". That means Flamona can't sag or crease on the hanger, can't dry unevenly even when exposed to sun or wind. In fact, because water is evenly distributed throughout the fabric, Flamona is actually smoothed as it dries. So see the new Flamona prints... now available at all good shops throughout Australia—they are beautiful!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956.

Nagging gets you nowhere

"Reforming" a husband is never successful when nagging is used, but wives, according to Dr. David Mace, chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, can do wonders with love and understanding.

ONE wife who admits she nagged her husband has appealed for help to save her marriage.

MRS. N.L. writes: "I am 38, my husband 41. We have two children, aged 8 and 6—a boy and a girl.

"My husband and I are very different in temperament. He drinks too much, and this and his heavy smoking keep us poor. He doesn't care—he will buy expensive luxuries even when we are in debt. He hardly ever goes out, but prefers to potter about at home. He has no friends. He is strongly opposed to religion. I like to have friends, and appreciate gay company. I can be happy at home, but like to go out sometimes. Religion matters a lot to me. I like to pay my way, and have recently taken a job to help out financially.

"My attempts to reform my husband have failed completely. I admit I nag him—I can't help it. But sex relations are good. He gets on well with the children—our quarrels happen when they aren't present. What can I do to make a successful marriage out of this jumble? I'm willing to do all I can. I don't want a broken home."

Dr. Mace says:

I would judge Mrs. N.L. to be a normal woman, with normal needs and expectations. From her account, however, her husband is by no means so well adjusted.

He shows every sign of being a disappointed man tortured by feelings of inadequacy. He has not succeeded in adjusting socially to other people, so has given up and withdrawn into himself.

Heavy drinking and smoking, and reckless spending, are his attempts to escape from his feelings of depression—unsuccessful and unsound methods, which only make matters worse. He probably hates religion because he thinks of it in terms of judgment and condemnation.

However, there are some favorable factors. Their good sex relationship gives the marriage a sound foundation. The fact that the husband gets on well with the children suggests that he can make satis-

factory relationships with people who won't judge or threaten him in any way.

If Mrs. N.L. could try to understand her husband better, that would be a help. She has tried "reforming" him. That will never succeed, as she now realises. He would reform himself if he could—but he can't. So anyone who puts pressure on him only intensifies his despair and drives him further in upon himself.

Would it be possible for Mrs. N.L. to try love and sympathetic understanding instead of nagging? Not easy, I know. Yet if her husband were physically ill she would not be offended by his symptoms but recognise them as part of his condition.

Could she think of him, in the same way, as emotionally ill? Can she imagine

DR. MACE'S MAILBAG

how she would react if she felt she had been a failure in life, despised and looked down upon by others? What would she most appreciate in these circumstances? Acceptance, love, understanding, sympathy. Would she give this treatment a serious, sustained trial?

At some point it may be helpful for both husband and wife to take their problem to someone with psychological training. But I'm pretty sure the husband wouldn't consider such a proposition while he is so much on the defensive. If his wife can win his complete confidence and trust, however, that may alter his attitude to outside help.

MRS. N.H. writes: "I am married with three grown-up children. I have a good husband. But I have not been really happy since I suffered a breakdown some years ago. Since then I began to feel terribly inferior. If my husband gets annoyed with me and we have a few words I just go all to pieces and feel I can't speak to him for days. He doesn't take me out much, but seems to enjoy the company of his men-friends. That makes me mad. I know I shouldn't be like this, but I just seem unable to control my feelings. All my life I have been like this. In my child-

hood I was always humiliated and laughed at. It made me feel that I was nobody. Now when anyone gets angry with me or tries to tell me what to do, those old feelings come back."

Dr. Mace says:

Happiness depends on self-esteem. We have to live with ourselves. When we look at ourselves we've got to like, and to believe in, the person we see. Otherwise we can't be at ease with others, because we think they are looking down at us.

How do we build up self-esteem? By earning the praise and approval of others.

Unfortunately, as a child, Mrs. N.H. seems to have had her self-esteem and self-confidence seriously undermined. Every child needs praise and encouragement. To treat a child as Mrs. N.H. was treated is vicious cruelty. It may

scar the personality for life. I think this is what has happened to Mrs. N.H. She can't bear not to be approved of. When this happens she is so hurt that she lashes out or just withdraws. It is as if emotionally she had such a thin, sensitive skin that she is wounded by little bumps that other people hardly notice.

The sovereign remedy for this affliction is plenty of praise and encouragement. I think Mrs. N.H. should have a long talk with her husband and appeal to him to help her.

The average man is really rather obtuse about these things and may, in consequence, act thoughtlessly. But if his wife will really explain fully and clearly what her trouble is and appeal to him to help her with it, he will usually respond generously.

● Dr. David Mace has agreed to answer readers' problems during his Australian tour. Send your problem to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be given as a guarantee.

WHERE TO HEAR DR. MACE

Sept. 2: Grafton.
Sept. 4 and Sept. 5: Newcastle, youth lectures, women's lectures, and public meeting.

LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK

● Everyone who is on a diet or who cooks for dieters will welcome the "Low Calorie Cook Book," containing nearly 200 special recipes.

PRODUCED by The Australian Women's Weekly food and cookery experts, the book is an adaptation of a wonderful new American publication for dieters, "The Complete Book of Low Calorie Cooking," by Leonard L. Levinson.

There are recipes for 58 desserts all made without sugar, as well as sugarless cakes and

cookies, jams and jellies, and a variety of delicious new drinks.

The calorie chart and ideal-weight tables which were so popular when they first appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly of October 12, 1955, are republished in the book at the request of many readers.

The book also contains a special four-page section for diabetics.

The "Low Calorie Cook Book" is now on sale at all newsagents. Price 1/6.



"BUT YOU PROMISED!"

CAROL was close to tears—after all, a formal dance is a big occasion when you're only seventeen.

"You've been putting it off for weeks," she said, with a quiver in her voice. "You promised! Now we've only got until to-morrow night—and my dress isn't even half-done!"

"I know, I know!" snapped Mrs. Allan, her mother, "but I can't do everything!"

Supper was silent—except for a muffled sniff or two from Carol. Then Mrs. Allan got up and gave her a big hug.

"I'm sorry darling," she said. "I'll see your dress is ready in time—if I weren't so tired these days, I'd have finished it long ago...and I wouldn't be so edgy, either, I suppose." Carol looked worried. "Mum, why don't you see the Doctor? Let me make an appointment for you!"

Mrs. Allan's Doctor was able to reassure her. "There's nothing organically wrong with you," he said, "I suspect Night Starvation. You see, while you sleep, your body goes on working—demanding more energy, after a hard day's work has already exhausted you. You wake tired and nervous and worry even more. Take a cup of hot Horlicks every night at bedtime." Soon Mrs. Allan found she was waking refreshed and ready for the hardest day. Right now she's working on a dream of a frock for Carol.

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin Horlicks contains: protein—essential to the growth of the body... carbohydrate—probably our best source of energy... mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities... calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth... Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW IN RE-USABLE JAR!

only
Horlicks
guards against

"NIGHT STARVATION"
BACKACHE
swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

My Wonders



● Lanvin achieves neat and sober elegance in the ensemble (above) made in emerald-and-white printed silk. The straight jacket with a roll collar covers a straight sleeveless frock.



● Dior's ensemble (right) is made in printed taffeta patterned with lacy maple leaves on a cream ground. Brown-and-white heads matched to the hat and gloves complete a cool, elegant, and essentially wearable daytime ensemble.



● Shortened waist and bow trimming characterise Lanvin's silk frock (above) printed in shades of blue. The large swathed hat in tulle is feminine and becoming.

Fash Notes



● A large white organza collar covers the shoulders of Faith's printed afternoon frock (above). The bodice is tightly swathed with gathered material; the skirt is full from the waist.

● Carpenter's frock and bolero in a blurry flowered print (above) has a slim draped skirt and sleeveless bodice. The bolero has a large loose tie of chiffon.

● Yellow printed shantung is chosen for this ensemble (above). The skirt is of finest pleating, slightly fitted at the waist. The bodice is crossed under the deep yellow cummerbund belt.

Dorothea Johnston

WHAT THIS CREST GIRL IN 'FRISCO HAS,
YOU CAN HAVE TOO . . .



A new kind of sheen and softness with a CREST wave

CONTAINS SPECIAL CONDITIONER
FOR LUSTROUS CURLS

Hello there! Like to try this very newest hair-do from the States? As the pretty girl in 'Frisco, you start with a Crest wave—the easiest of all perms to manage and set. Only 15 minutes waving time—and your waves ripple into place, smooth and deep. Your curls lie soft as silk, shimmering in the moonlight, because the special conditioner in Crest enriches your hair while it waves. Get that "world on a string" feeling from a shining top-knot—with a Crest wave.

A CURL OR TWO?

You only want a few curls? Hair ends need "pretying up"? Then Crest's Junior Kit is for you! So handy, so quick and costs only 9/-

FULL KIT 25/9 • REFILL 13/6

CREST—THE CHOICE OF PAN AMERICAN AIR HOSTESSES

C44.WW143pR



DS206.—Shorts and jacket-shirt in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material; shorts, 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● The jacket-shirt is a new resort fashion to wear with shorts and slacks — on and off the beach.

THE fashion flash above answers a young reader's letter.

Here is the letter and my reply:

"I AM going to the beach for my annual holiday in November and would like a pattern for shorts and some style of blouse and a suggestion for the color scheme. I am quite slim, average height, and 17 years old."

Your beach-holiday ensemble, consisting of tailored shorts and a front-buttoned jacket-shirt, is illustrated above. I think it is an ideal resort fashion, because the separate jacket-shirt can be worn—and look smart, too—with any length trousers, with

a slim skirt, or over a cotton dress for extra warmth against sea breezes.

In the illustration printed cotton is used for the shirt and a solid color for the shorts. If you prefer it, the idea could be reversed and the shorts could be in a printed material and the shirt in a solid color. Color suggestion—chocolate-brown shorts, apricot- and -beige printed shirt.

A paper pattern is obtainable for the outfit. See the lines beside the picture for further details and how to order.

"I AM a very big build, being both tall and stout, and I thought perhaps you could

give me advice on the clothes I should wear."

As you are "tall and stout" you will require clothes to make you appear shorter and thinner. The following points will help you.

- Always wear well-fitted clothes; clothes that are too tight or too short will make you appear larger.
- A skirt that fits easily over the hipline and is a little longer than the currently fashionable 15in. from the floor will help give a slender silhouette.
- The most slimming skirt is a gored one.
- Set-in sleeves help slenderise the arms.
- A waistline that is slightly bloused gives needed softness.
- When a belt is worn, be sure it is a narrow one.

"IS it permissible for a teenage girl to wear a blouse and skirt to an informal party?"

Yes, it is. A dressy blouse worn with a dressy skirt is appropriate for dates or informal "occasions."

"WILL black be worn this summer? If so, please suggest a simple but smart style. I would also like color and suggestion for a summer hat."

There is a good and smart summer range of black, often accented with white. You could, for instance, have a black linen sleeveless sheath, belted in black patent and finished with a prim white collar. For the hat I suggest a mushroom shape in white—it can be quite small or quite large—finished with a swathe of white tulle. This year the dress is often slim and uncluttered and the hat important and pretty.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

NAIL COLOR TIPS

By CAROLYN EARLE

- In order to get the true color of your nail polish and at the same time encourage it to last from one manicure to the next, two coats of polish are needed.

THE busy woman usually requires a weekly manicure treatment to keep polished fingertips in condition.

It is advisable for the home manicurist to do the "hardest" hand first, when applying nail polish. This is usually the right hand.

Apply a clear base coat and then wait for 10 minutes before adding the color.

There is probably no "best" method of applying nail polish; lots of people who are quite unorthodox about it get good results.

However, this is a good method. When the base coat is perfectly dry, tip the polish bottle (this prevents air bubbles caused by shaking), and apply your polish with a sideways stroke across the base of the nail.

Follow this with a broad sweep down the centre, then fill in the sides.

Always allow plenty of drying time between layers.

To prevent undue chipping along the tip of the nail, try carrying the base and top coats over, under, and around its edge.

*GOOD NEWS FOR 'WEIGHT WATCHERS'!

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT

with this

NEW SWEETENER

'SWEETEX' IS NON-FATTENING AND CALORIE FREE

AND TASTES JUST LIKE SUGAR



New SWEETEX in handy dispenser

Ingenious, compact dispenser fits in your pocket or purse ready for instant use. Holds 500 SWEETEX pellets.

Costs only 5 a 1d.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

500 Pellets for

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**GET YOUR
LOW CALORIE
COOK BOOK
and FREE
SAMPLE OF
SWEETEX.**

Send today for The Australian Women's Weekly LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK and a FREE sample of SWEETEX. The book is compiled by the Food and Cookery Expert of The Australian Women's Weekly.



**48
PAGES
ILLUST.
IN
COLOUR**

**COMPLETE
WITH
CALORIE
CHARTS**

*Slim the easy way
with SWEETEX in Beverages*

SWEETEX is the answer to 'weight watchers' problems. It adds the sweet flavour every dieter craves and subtracts weight-boosting calories. Added to tea, coffee or hot and cold beverages—in place of sugar—you save over 180 calories a day. SWEETEX costs little, too . . . only pennies a day.

**Use SWEETEX
for Cooking
and Baking**

Add SWEETEX to all your cooking and watch your weight worries disappear. Because SWEETEX contains no calories, you can now enjoy sweet foods without weight increase.



MAIL THIS COUPON

TO-DAY!

NAME
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS

STATE

Address to "SWEETEX," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send a copy of your "LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK" and a FREE sample of SWEETEX pellets. I enclose 1/6 in ☐ stamps ☐ postal note to cover cost of book and postage.

NAME
(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS

STATE

The Australian Women's Weekly LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK also obtainable at all newsagents.



I've just bought
them shoes soled with
DUNLOP WEARITE

WEARITE saved
me pounds in shoe
repairs last year

Mothers all over Australia are acclaiming **DUNLOP WEARITE**

Mothers all over Australia have found the longer wearing qualities of Dunlop Wearite cuts shoe repair costs in half. That's why 70 per cent. of children's shoes are now soled with double wearing Wearite.

To give growing feet these advantages of greater flexibility, extra good looks and wear . . . you should buy kiddies' shoes soled with Wearite . . . look for it . . . shoes sold with DUNLOP Wearite are available everywhere.

Mother and Dad can save with Wearite soled shoes too! Shoemakers are swinging over to Wearite soled shoes, so look underneath all shoes before you buy . . . a shoe is only as good as its sole.

Remember Mother! Check foot growth regularly.

Wearite soles wear so long that the kiddies often outgrow the shoe before the sole shows real wear. To ensure comfort and correct foot growth . . . we suggest you check regularly with your shoe fitter.

THE
MANUFACTURER

THE SHOE
SALESMAN

THE
REPAIRMAN



ALL KNOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL

Genuine
**DUNLOP
WEARITE**

more than double the wear from every pair

YOUR LOCAL REPAIRMAN CAN RESOLE WITH DOUBLE WEARING WEARITE, TOO





POLO AT GOONDIWINDI. Pam Bell (left), of "Aroo," Boonah, Queensland, with Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Hill, of "Berwick's," Willow Tree. Sinclair, who was a member of the Clarmont team at Goondiwindi, returned to Australia with his wife early this year after a tour overseas. He has played with polo teams in England, on the Continent, in the Argentine, and in India.



BETWEEN MATCHES at the Goondiwindi polo, Mr. Bill Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah, and Mrs. Henry Moses, of "Courallie," Moree, discuss the games. Mr. Moses' son Bill played with the Gunnedah team at the Goondiwindi polo tournament.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

A BRIEF visit to Sydney later this month is planned by Captain and Mrs. Morgan Morgan-Giles, who have been living in Singapore for the past two years.

In Sydney they'll stay with Mrs. Morgan-Giles' mother, Mrs. Philip Bushell, of Darling Point. Then, after a few weeks here, they will travel on—via America—to their new home in the South of England.

Captain and Mrs. Morgan-Giles' children—Penelope, Philip, Camilla, Rodney, and Melita—are going straight to England with their nanny.

THERE was a surprise wedding in Newcastle last weekend, when Mr. Roderick ("Bing") Carson and Miss Helen Ash were married quietly at St. John's Church. Mrs. Carson is the second daughter of Mr. Howard Ash, of Merewether, Newcastle, and the late Mrs. Ash.

AT present following the sun to New Guinea, Dr. and Mrs. Dick Stafford will return on September 4 from their 17-day cruise in Tiensin. Then there will be a busy few days for Mrs. Stafford, who is helping to organise a dinner-dance at Prince's on Thursday, September 13. A committee of wives of Royal Prince Alfred Hospital honoraries is giving the dance, and proceeds will aid the Rehabilitation Appeal.

OCTOBER 9 is the date set by recently engaged Fiona Knox and John Clements for their wedding at All Saints, Woollahra. The couple will make their home at Bungendore, where John has a property, "Greenhill." Fiona is the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Knox, of Bellevue Hill, and John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Clements, of Artarmon.

PLANNING to join their daughter Kerry in England next year are Mr. and Mrs. Doug Brockhoff, of Neutral Bay. Kerry left Sydney early in May and is now touring Northern Ireland with country lass Meg Thompson.



GUARD OF HONOR for Lieutenant and Mrs. Chris Green as they leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, for the reception held at Florida House after their wedding. Mrs. Green was formerly Judy McMillan, elder daughter of Mrs. Paula McMillan, of Darling Point, and the late Mr. W. H. McMillan.



WATCHING PLAY IN POLO MATCHES at the Goondiwindi tournament are (from left) Philip Bramma, of "Newport." Moree, Ann Manchec, of "Weetah," Moree, Bruce Baker, of "Terlings," Moree, Nan Killen, of "Mollie," Narrabri, and Beverley Worboys, of Sydney. Five of the eleven teams competing were from New South Wales.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Dorothy Akehurst, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Akehurst, of Lismore, to Lionel Roeth, of Bondi . . . Patricia Throsby Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Throsby Smith, of Albion Park, to James Dunn, of Caringbah . . . June McLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McLeod, of Neutral Bay, to Peter Hampstead, of Chelmsford, England.

TWELVE months overseas are ahead for Mrs. Robert Noss, of Rose Bay, who will set off on board Port Nelson on October 6. Mrs. Noss tells me that she's looking forward to the trip very much—it's the first time she has travelled away from Australia.

I HEAR that Margaret Day, member of the well-known skiing family of Talbingo Station, Talbingo, and her fiancé, Charles Stewart, of Morwell, Victoria, will be married in Sydney in November.



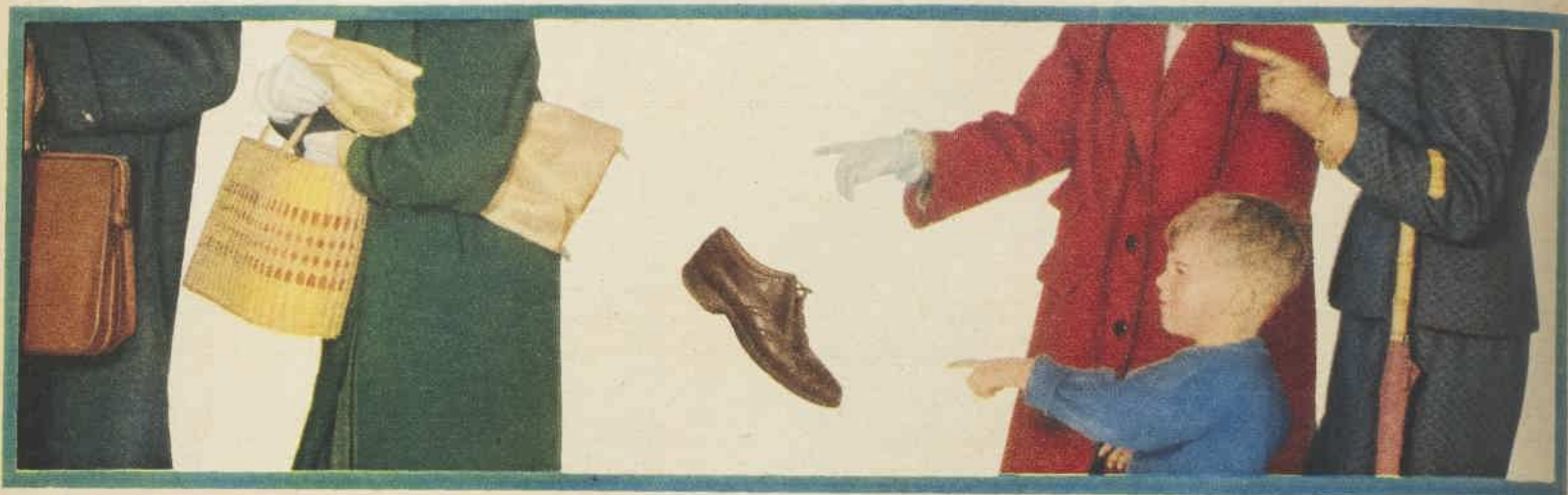
SISTERS Jennifer Roche (left) and Mrs. Michael Jones, with Mr. Jones, in the foyer of the Theatre Royal. They were among the first-night audience of "Sailor Beware." Both Mrs. Jones and Jennifer wore full-length ermine coats covering their pretty ballerina evening dresses.



FAREWELL PARTY. The Ambassador for the Philippines, Dr. Roberto Regala, and Madame Regala (centre) with Dell McKerihan (left) and her mother, Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, at the farewell party given at the Australia Hotel by Dr. and Mrs. Regala before they returned home.

Someone
didn't

INSIST ON "SELLOTAPE"



Such indignity. Before she left home Mrs. Jackson strapped dad's shoes to take them to the repair shop — but she made one mistake. The sticky tape she used wasn't the genuine, one and only "Sello tape" brand — so the parcel came unstuck. After this she'll be careful what sticky tape she buys. It pays to insist on "Sello tape" — that's the one you can always rely on.

"Sello tape" is the consistent brand of sticky tape — it always stays stuck

REGD. TRADE MARK

Here's why you can always depend on "Sello tape" brand



When "Sello tape" leaves the factory its sticky surface is just the right strength and it's just right when you buy it in the shop — because each roll is over-wrapped in protective Cellophane*. "Sello tape" always comes to you "Factory-fresh"; never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And because it's "Factory-fresh", "Sello tape" sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!

For the factory, shop or office: "Sello tape" comes in factory-sealed tins containing 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.



For the home: "Sello tape" costs only 9d. for a 3 yard roll — 1/9 for 8 1/2 yards. A thousand uses round the house. Look for "Sello tape" in these gay, new displays.

OTHER TYPES OF "SELLOTAPE" BRAND TAPES



Masking Tape:
Sturdy, waterproof crepe paper sticks at a touch, peels off easily. Protects surfaces against paint splashes. Home use 10 yard rolls, 3/4" wide, 4/6 ... 60 yard rolls for trade use, all widths.



Write-on Tape:
This special self-sticking tape gives you ready-made labels you can write on with ordinary pen or pencil — and it won't rub off. Use for kitchen labelling, school books. Also for store rooms, shelf-prices and dispensary labelling.



Cloth Tape:
New — self-sticking cloth tape. 6 different colours. Binds books, racquet handles, steering wheels, bike handles. 3 yard rolls, 3/4" wide. 1/9. 50 yard rolls for trade use, all widths.



*"Cellophane" is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

With spring here, many young girls are talking of dieting their way into bathing costumes and pretty summer frocks. Dieting is a dangerous pastime for teenagers unless they consult a doctor first.

FIRST out of the mail-bag this week was a letter from a girl worried about her summer shape.

Here is her letter:

"WOULD you please send me a copy of a diet which I could carry out in the summer months? I am a young working girl and would appreciate a chart, particularly for lunches which would be suitable to take to work but would help me to reduce. Also, could you send me instructions on the right kind of exercises to do mainly for a spare tyre and a double chin?"

L.H., Marrickville, N.S.W.

I cannot give you a copy of a diet, but I can tell you what to do. See your doctor—no young girl should diet without a doctor's permission. Ask him if you may do a calorie diet and how many calories you need each day to lose weight. There are many good calorie charts available.

One of the easiest and best lunches for any young girl, dieting or not, is an egg salad or a lean-meat salad. And you can eat it at your desk or in the lunch-room or in the park with your fingers. One of those plastic bags is wonderful to hold a few lettuce leaves and some celery and tomato or raw carrot to go with a hard-boiled egg, or two hard-boiled eggs.

A shilling's worth of cooked corn beef with salad and fruit is a good lunch, too. If you don't like salad, why not two hard-boiled eggs or lean meat straight and some fruit? It is wise to have egg or meat with your lunch; whether you add salad or fruit, or both, is a matter of choice.

For your spare tyre, there's a wonderful exercise called "North and South." To do this, stand up with your stomach muscles pulled in and your tail tucked under and your shoulders straight. Put your hands on your hips. Now lean your upper body over to the front as far as you can. Then lean backwards till you can see



A word from Debbie...

A GIRL'S voice is her secret weapon. First the boys look, then they listen. A caw like a crow or a continuous sweet canary trill are equally sickening.

What you want is a pleasant, well-modulated voice, because experts say that what you are and what you think of yourself show in your voice.

The most common voice faults in girls today are said to be: tenseness; careless, slurred speech; monotony of tone; affectation; improper breath control.

If tenseness (nervousness) is your trouble, try some quick, deep breaths and this exercise. Speak the following sounds naturally: OO, OH, AW, AH, A (as in at) whenever you think of it.

If you slur your words, speak more slowly. Improve your tone by reading aloud. If you are affected, give your family and best friend permission to slap you down when necessary. If your breath control is bad, try reading a poem all the way through on one breath taken from the diaphragm; but start with a short poem.

where the ceiling joins the wall behind you.

For your double chin there's another which is quite easy. Stand up in exactly the same position as you did to start "North and South." Drop your chin on to your chest, then slowly force it back as far as you can, once more until you can see the ceiling. When it is right back, drop your head forward on to your chest in a relaxed way.

There is another one that is good for the chin and jawline, too. Try it alone in front of the mirror—you don't look your best while you are doing it. All it is is to say Q.X. with great exaggeration and very deliberately. You are saying it correctly when you feel a terrific pull on your muscles when you say "X."

"I AM 15 years old and I realise I am a bit young yet to go out with boys, although I must admit I like a boy who is a teacher at the dancing class which I attend once every week. However, there is another boy at the class who likes me. He sits

near me at the class, buys me a soft drink at interval, and always waits for me after work on Saturdays. He is a nice boy, but he does not know I like the dancing teacher. However, the teacher is unaware that I like him very much. What should I do?"

P.D., Perth.

Nothing. One of the first things you should learn in this new and wonderful situation, in which boys have become people in whom you are interested, is that the boys chase the girls. It is their privilege and traditional role to do so and you must wait round gracefully for them to take the first step. If you start chasing the boys, the quality of your popularity will be bad and the boys, who may be flattered at first, will soon lose their respect for you.

"Involved Niece," N.S.W. You must tell your parents immediately—you will do them and yourself great harm if you don't. Your parents are the only ones who can deal with this situation. You can depend on them to help you.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

IT isn't hard to name the first and second most popular piano concertos on gramophone records, in fact they number themselves: Tchaikovsky's First and Rachmaninoff's Second with, no doubt, Beethoven's "Emperor" in third place.

THE general popularity of Rachmaninoff's concerto dates back some twenty years, when it was used throughout the Noel Coward film "The Scoundrel." A little later Coward used the music again in his movie called "Brief

Encounter." Such highly romantic music caught the public ear for the second time through the wide medium of the cinema, and ever since then it has been a gramophone standard work. The newest version, and by far the best sounding, is now on KLC.530, a high fidelity recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

The pianist is 31-year-old Eugene Istomin, now on tour of Australia, during which time he will be playing the Rachmaninoff. His interpreta-

tion is classed as "modern," meaning that he carefully avoids cheapening the music with sentimentalism, a fault of which many older pianists have been guilty. In America this particular recording has had "Classic Hit Parade" acceptance, and deservedly so. In the first month after being issued it sold 100,000 copies. For extra measure, the Philadelphia "fills-up" with transcriptions of two well-known Rachmaninoff piano preludes, the G major (Op. 32) and the G minor (Op. 23).

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



this space reserved

for a second tooth
that must last for 63 years

YOU: They tell me that over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay.

US: Yes. And, on the average, a 14-year-old child has already lost two permanent teeth.

YOU: I don't want that to happen to any child of mine! Can't anything be done about tooth decay?

US: Certainly. In fact, that's why IPANA contains WD-9.

YOU: How can WD-9 help?

US: WD-9 destroys the bacteria that cause decay. It foams into tiny crevices where even the toothbrush can't reach.

YOU: Mm—and that's so important when it comes to children's teeth. But, tell me, is it really important to brush as soon as possible after eating?

US: Yes. Your dentist will support that. Incidentally, 8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA above any other toothpaste.

YOU: Well, nothing could be more convincing. My family will start using IPANA to-day.

US: And you'll find IPANA has such a sparkling-fresh flavour, everyone will love to use it.

Protect your
child's teeth with

Ipana

the tooth paste that
fights decay
with
every brushing

Ipana is recommended by
8 out of 10 dentists



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Page 31

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With a new 'Pope' mower it's a simple walkover to turn your lawns into a magic carpet of green that's lovelier to look at and easier to keep. So pick the 'Pope' that fits your lawn. If it's a Hand Mower the precision engineered 'Pope' all-steel integral construction saves you effort all the way, while the 'Pope' Electric Model thrills you with its wonderful reliability and rugged, safe, controlled power.

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make everything for the hose but the water



MR. A. K. MARSDEN, retired manager of a Sydney art gallery, with his wife. Their Artarmon, N.S.W., home is filled with beauty. Behind them hangs one of their two Namatjira originals; on the table is a centuries-old Chinese vase. Mr. Marsden was painted by artist Lyall Trindall, who entered the portrait for the Archibald prize.

Art treasures gave him rich memories

The former manager of a fine art gallery, Mr. A. K. Marsden, of Artarmon, N.S.W., takes a realistic view of the lessening demand for old masterpieces—carved furniture and rococo ornaments. "Perhaps," he says, "it is because there is no one nowadays to help with the dusting."

MR. MARSDEN retired recently after 38 years as manager of the Fine Art Gallery at Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.

Many famous pieces, ranging from a collar-and-cuff set which belonged to Charles II to a French settee belonging to the present Duchess of Kent, have passed through Mr. Marsden's hands.

He prefers these to modern art.

"More often than not," he said, "you can't tell which way to hang a modern picture. It probably looks better upside down, anyway. I can't see any beauty in that type of art."

Mr. Marsden's dislike of modern art is overshadowed by his memories of the many works of art he has handled during his 38 years at the gallery.

The Fine Art Gallery was first set up in June, 1912, by Mr. R. S. Gillett, general manager of the store, which was then a private concern headed by Mr. Sam Hordern, later Sir Samuel.

Mr. Marsden, who came to Australia from Nottinghamshire, England, joined the staff in September, 1912. He left to take another job for two years and then returned "for good" in 1918.

"The gallery was always a place where beautiful works of art abounded—pictures, furniture, laces, china, woodcuts, everything."

"It was a regular meeting

place for artists, who came in for a chat or a browse around," said Mr. Marsden. "Howard Hinton and H. Penfold Hyland came often. The gallery was part of the cultural life of Sydney."

Among the many famous artists who have exhibited in the gallery are John Longstaff, David Low, Frances Hodgkins, Will Ashton, Septimus Power, George Coates and his wife, E. Phillips Fox and his wife, George Lambert, Tom Roberts, and Rupert Bunny.

The work of Albert Namatjira was first shown to the people of Sydney at the Fine Art Gallery in April, 1945.

By **ANNE BRADLEY**, staff reporter

Famous names kept cropping up in Mr. Marsden's reminiscences.

"We had a special exhibition of the late Charles Conder's pictures," he said, "and a posthumous exhibition of the paintings of George Lambert."

"The sales at the Lambert exhibition still stand as an Australian record, I believe."

"The Royal Academy wrote to me after the exhibition, and asked for a copy of the Lambert catalogue; it is in the archives of the Academy today."

Many of the exhibitions have been opened by State Governors, and on one occasion the red carpet was put down for Lady Gowrie.

"We've had many famous

people here and have sold many famous pieces in the gallery over the years," said Mr. Marsden.

"During the war the Duchess of Gloucester visited the gallery looking for some pictures for Government House. She was most interested in Namatjira's exhibition and later sent him water-color paper and other materials which were very hard to get then."

"The famous pieces we have sold include a red lacquer cabinet which was given to Melba by J. C. Williamson's in the early 1920's. They asked her what she would like and she chose this. There was a Doulton vase about 3ft. 6in. high which was worth about £550 then. Goodness knows what it would bring today."

"We have also sold a bureau from the famous Glamis Castle; a French settee from the present Duchess of Kent; lace collar and cuffs of Charles II, which had also belonged to Queen Victoria; a Chinese Sung vase worth about £1000; a wonderful little Sheraton painted table, which is now in Paris somewhere; and some Egyptian relics, thousands of years old—a mummified ibis and a piece of papyrus rope."

"We've had some strange as well as famous customers, too."

"There was one man during World War II who came in one lunchtime to buy some pictures. The cost was £800 and he produced it from his pockets in single £1 notes. It was an awful business to count it, and then it wouldn't go down the cash tubes."



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or

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Yes, Kirsch is a lifetime purchase. The S-shaped slat adds greater strength as well as better light diffusion. Kirsch is all-metal, it cannot twist or warp. And because they are all metal the colour of

the head member, slats and bottom rail match perfectly. Kirsch looks best, and it keeps its good looks for life.



Kirsch venetians are so easy to put up — they simply slip into brackets screwed on to the window frame. Once up the blinds are easily raised and lowered and can be locked with a sideways movement of the cord — no hauling or jerking — slats tilt smoothly and noiselessly to any desired angle, open or closed.



Enclosed head member and bottom rail give neat finish. Reserve of tape for perfect fit adjustments is under metal clips on bottom rail. Stay-put clips anchor Kirsch neatly to the bottom of the window. The blind cannot flap in the breeze or mar woodwork.

Choose your Kirsch venetians from a range of pastel colours, ivory or white with matching or contrasting tapes. See Kirsch at all leading stores.

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POSTMISTRESS at Lincoln, N.S.W., is Mrs. Mary Harvey, who has conducted the post office there for sixty-five years. She has made friends by phone all over Australia.

Post office was a gift

Mrs. Mary Harvey, the postmistress at Lincoln, near Wellington, N.S.W., got her post office 65 years ago as a present from her father "for pocket money."

BUT during the depression, the "pocket money" earned by the post office kept Mrs. Harvey's family solvent when her husband's butchery failed.

Lincoln is not a big town. Apart from the post office, there are only two other houses there.

The post office is really a telephone exchange, officially open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. each day. However, Mrs. Harvey rarely refuses to answer the telephone outside these hours and has never charged an opening fee, as she is entitled to do.

Next to the "exchange" in her home are three lounge chairs, gifts from her subscribers on the 60th anniversary of her reign over Lincoln's post office.

A number of other subscribers have shown their appreciation with cheques and personal gifts.

"You never know when the difference between answering and not answering a phone call may mean life or death," Mrs. Harvey said. She believes it is this policy that is responsible for the many friendships she has developed by telephone all over Australia.

Lincoln has changed since its early gold-rush days. When Mrs. Harvey's father, William Robinson, bought the post office in 1891, people were pouring into Lincoln in search of gold. Mail was then delivered in a four-horse coach twice weekly.

Practically overnight the population increased to 1500 and a daily mail service was

introduced. As the gold lodes dwindled, the people drifted away from the town.

Mrs. Harvey's busiest time now is when there is a bush-fire in the district.

"I remain on duty continuously near the phone during such emergencies," she said.

Mrs. Harvey was married in February, 1921, and kept on the post office.

"My husband never picked up the telephone in all the time we were married. He died in 1952 after 12 years of illness.

"Times have changed since 1921. The biggest change was caused by the depression. My husband had a butcher shop then and we went broke supplying meat during those grim years.

"Finally, all we had left was my post office."

A typical bushwoman, Mrs. Harvey runs stock, chops wood, and prunes and cares for a small orchard.

The owners of the large properties nearby ring her and talk with her nearly every day.

Not long ago stock passing her house during a storm panicked after a flash of lightning and trampled her front fence down.

The next day the owner telephoned her and said, "Get the fence fixed and send me the bill, but DON'T do it yourself and DON'T pay for it yourself or I'll be very annoyed."

She smiled, and said, "That's the sort of neighbors I've got."

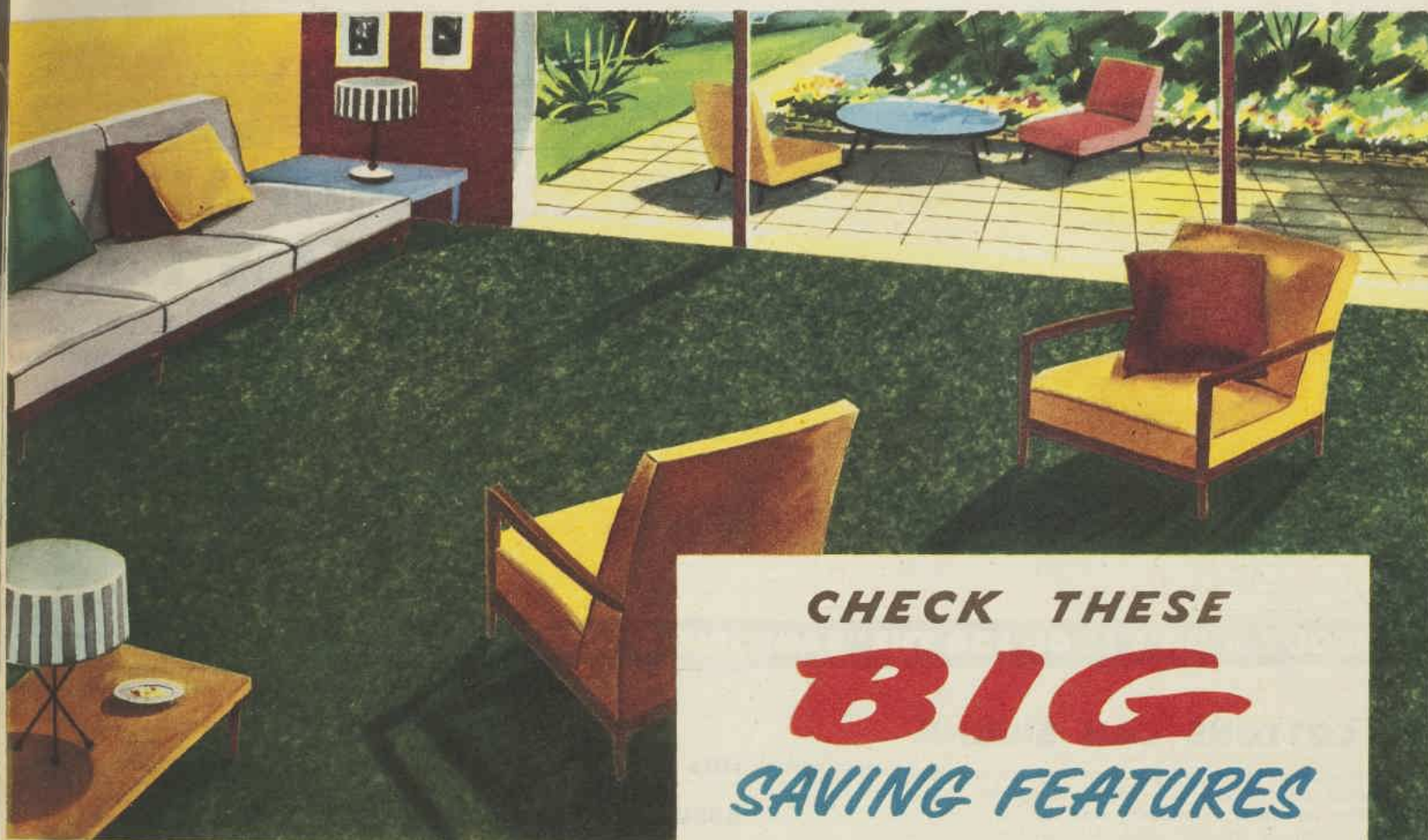
"You take my tip — good neighbors are much better than rich relations."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956

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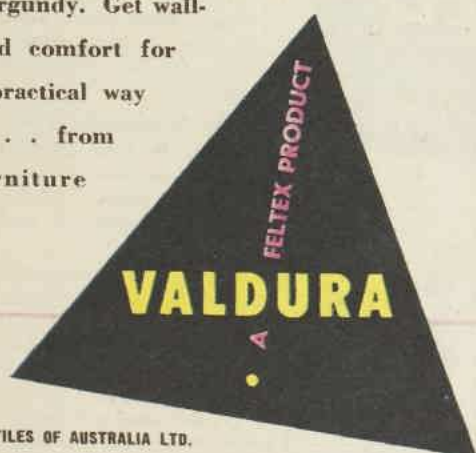
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SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

ALL COTTONS CAN SHRINK

Poor Joan! She bought a nice summery cotton dress washed it once, and now look at it. Shrunk up and too uncomfortable for words! Obviously, she didn't look for the "Sanforized" label. If you don't buy "Sanforized"-shrunk cottons—no matter what tedious washing precautions you take—your garments may easily lose that wonderful first-day fit. Looking for the "Sanforized" label is the answer, of course. And don't be misled by labels that merely bear the words "pre-shrunk." For many of these general promises are made, knowing that shrinkage may be as high as 5%—enough to take a garment down two whole sizes.

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THESE GARMENTS ARE
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**THIS LABEL IS THE
ASSURANCE THAT
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WILL NOT SHRINK
OUT OF FIT**

•SANFORIZED•
REGD. T.D. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT



Keith Miller in TCN team

● Australian Test cricketer Keith Miller will be batting on a new wicket when he takes over as chief sporting commentator and controller of sporting sessions on television station TCN Sydney.

HE found time to study television while on tour with the Australian XI.

He also made several television appearances, which won him as many fans as did his batting and bowling.

Letters arrived by the sackful, and teenagers who had never watched cricket turned up to see Miller play.

Others crowded the Wimbledon entrance when he went to watch the tennis championships.

Blue-eyed, 15-stone Miller was embarrassed when the British Press heard about the feminine reaction to his TV appearance and nicknamed him the "Casanova of Cricket."

Thirty-six-year-old Miller, Australian XI vice-captain and cricket's greatest all-rounder, is happily married and lives at Dee Why, near Sydney.

His wife is from Boston, U.S.A. Married 10 years ago, they have four sons, Bill (8), Peter (6), Denis (5), and Robert, almost eight months.

During the war Miller served with the R.A.A.F. as a night-fighter pilot.

He enjoys watching horse-racing and plays a round of golf—when he has the time.

A skilled speaker who knows the right words for the right moment, Miller should be a "natural" for TV.

The Millers' home has no TV set yet.

"I think I'll have to buy one," said Mrs. Miller, "if Keith's going to be on the screen so much."

Hints to see at home

THE Home Show, an hour-long TCN Saturday night programme for women, is expected to attract most family men.

It will deal with everything a householder wants to know—from fixing a leaky tap to caring for pets.

Do-it-yourself experts will be in their element with the details of gadgets, furniture, indoor plants, flower arrangements, gardening.

The show will be filmed in a home lent for the purpose.

Experts will be called in to paint the walls and to show youngsters how to mind the family cat or dog.

Trained sisters will demonstrate baby care, first aid, and safety methods in the home.

For the food-minded new recipes will be given, and meals prepared before the camera's eye.

Home dressmakers and milliners will get plenty of ideas from the programme, while beauty experts and hairdressers will take care of the glamor side.

Viewers will be able to roll back the carpets and try out a few dance steps when TV demonstrators show them the latest overseas techniques.

Visiting personalities, and women who make headlines in sport and who are housewives as well will appear on this show.

A woman announcer will compeer the programme.

THE CHURCH ON TV

Religious shows popular overseas

Prayer, and the part it plays in family life, will feature importantly in Australian television programmes.

SURVEYS in Britain and the United States reveal that programmes sponsored by religious groups are among the most popular shows today.

Some of the top programmes will be seen on TCN Sydney and HSV Melbourne.

"Faith For Today," which draws a weekly mail of up to 9000 letters in America, will be broadcast each Sunday.

Produced by the Seventh Day Adventist Church, this programme is known to American viewers as "Family Tele-cast."

The principal figures on the screen are Pastor and Mrs. William A. Fagal, a neighborly preaching couple who might be living next door.

The show is based on real-life situations, where confused and troubled people seek

counsel and guidance from the TV pastor and the Bible.

A dramatised story is used to illustrate the problems and their solutions, and, frequently, the TV camera moves into an industrial plant or a worker's home.

Well-known hymns and songs are presented in the show by a male quartet.

Pastor Fagal said recently: "People around the world in these perplexing times need faith, a faith for today—that will give trust in God and love for his fellowmen."

"Our programme endeavors to give the Bible solution for personal needs."

Each week night following, a six-minute live programme "Give Us This Day" will be telecast over TCN from 6.54 p.m. until 7 p.m.

"Give Us This Day" is modelled on a similar successful programme in England.

Each programme is allotted to different religious groups in



PASTOR and Mrs. William A. Fagal, who will be seen and heard in "Faith For Today," a programme produced by the Seventh Day Adventist Church.

turn and ministers are free to discuss whatever they please during the six minutes.

In effect, the programme provides a short daily sermon from all denominations.

"This Is The Life" is a half-hour show to be telecast each Sunday night from the opening date through stations TCN and HSV.

This programme also is allotted to different denominations.

The Roman Catholic

Church will present one programme a month, and Protestant Churches will sponsor the remainder.

The Protestant Churches are expected to present their early editions on film. They hope to organise and produce their own programmes later.

Roman Catholic programmes will be telecast "live." At first there will be a speaker or speakers. Later it is hoped that the half-hour will be fully dramatised.

Bringing home the news on television

Sydney viewers will see the Olympic Games in comfort—at home. Events at the Games will be filmed for TCN and shown on newscasts each evening.

TCN will telecast newsreels five nights a week in co-operation with Cinesound film experts.

Mobile-camera units will be ready to film local news events, such as fires, robberies, strikes, or visiting celebrities.

Overseas news will be rush-aimailed to Sydney and fitted to backdrops of the locale—like the pictures of Paris, New York, and London on this page.

Cinesound technicians,

working to a 5.30 p.m. deadline, will have the newsreels at TCN studios by 7 p.m.

Journalist Michael Ramsden will give a commentary during the telecast.

In being the first to present Australian television news, Cinesound is lengthening an already long list of "firsts."

The company was first in Australia to make silent cinema newsreels, silent feature films, talkie newsreels and features, talkie and commercial featurettes, and specialty films for overseas television.

"We were also," said manager Ken Hall, "the first to gear equipment and staff to high-speed TV news production."

The "first" of which Mr. Hall is most proud won the only golden Oscar awarded in the Southern Hemisphere.

The subject was "Kokoda Front Line," a brilliant war documentary, filmed by Damien Parer. Parer was later killed in action. Mr.



NEW YORK

Hall's plans for TV news include a staff of roving cameramen under news editor Syd. Whitley.

Cameramen will be posted in all States and New Zealand.

But filming the news is only the beginning for Cinesound technicians.

Films must be processed, cut, spliced, and edited under Mr. Hall's supervision. Commentary and music must then be added, and the whole viewed in negative form.

For historical news flashbacks, Cinesound is able to draw upon a film library of 2,500,000 feet of film.

This includes shots of the Sydney Harbor Bridge opening, the landing of airman Ross Smith, the Prince of Wales' visit, and scenes of early Sydney.

Cinesound has produced about 1200 newsreels in the past 26 years.



PARIS



LONDON

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Television Preview

Leading overseas shows are ready

TELEVISION comes to Australia this month, and everyone is talking about it, whether or not they live in Sydney or Melbourne.

This section gives a preview of some topline British and American stars and shows headed for Australia's TV screens.

It also shows, among other features, the influence of television on home-life, how a set may re-arrange the living-room, and the part played by the churches.

At the end of the section is a full-page color story of "I Love Lucy," America's most popular family programme. Opposite this is a color parade of stars from the TV shows.

The performers in this section appear in telefilms from Douglas Fairbanks Presents, All Star Theatre, TV Playhouse, International Playhouse, and others.

All of them will be seen on TCN Channel 9 programmes.

Douglas Fairbanks Presents, a half-hour drama series, is predicted to top Australia's TV popularity poll.

Naturally, Australian actors and actresses, too, will feature importantly on the screens. And as more Australian talent is discovered, so the proportion of all-Australian shows will grow.

AUSTRALIAN Mary Parker in Britain runs her own TV show, "Saturday Date." Australians will see her in the Douglas Fairbanks Presents series.



THE GIRL in the long red velvet dress is Bernadette O'Farrell, who plays Maid Marian in "The Adventures of Robin Hood." This half-hour show has top billing among all ages in Britain and the United States.

VETERAN English television actor Laurence Payne will be seen on Australian screens in a number of first-class television plays, including "The Black Judge." This is one of Britain's celebrated TV Playhouse series.



GLAMOROUS Linda Darnell (right) stars as the innocent victim of a plot that almost convinces her she has lost her memory in "My Name Is Sally Roberts," from Screen Gems' Celebrity Playhouse series.



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VIEWING THE FACTS

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Did you know that the word "television" meant seeing at a distance? Or that you must get permission to erect an outside TV antenna? This page will answer most questions you'll ask if you are buying a television set.

PROBABLY the first thing you'll want to know is the date on which regular programmes commence.

Station TCN, Channel 9, will begin telecasting regularly about the end of this month.

How much are sets?

Prices range from 189 guineas for a 17in. screen

table model to £300 for an elaborate console type with 17in. or 24in. screen.

How many screen sizes are there?

Three: 17in., 21in., and 24in. Other sizes are made overseas, but local manufacturers say they are not likely to be made here.

What does installation cost?

This varies. Depending on where you live, the price ranges from £5 to £20.



Must you get permission to erect a TV antenna?

Only if erected outside. There is no fee for interior aerials. Most councils require a written application for an outside antenna. Check with your council. Some ask a 10/- fee, others ask nothing.

How much is a TV licence?

£5 a year.

What about insurance?

It is wise to insure your set. When purchasing, ask the retailer about schemes set up with insurance companies.

Generally a payment of £20 covers breakdowns in the first year.

The manufacturer's warranty covers the receiver for three months, and cathode ray, or picture tube, for six months. The tube alone costs about £30.

Maintenance costs will be covered by insurance.

Retailers accept no responsibility for repairs. In the first year, they expect many "nuisance calls" from people unaccustomed to television receivers.

Insurance payments are slightly heavier in the second year, because the maker's warranty has elapsed.

Insurance may be paid by instalments. But the 20 Australian TV manufacturers say their sets are reliable, and can be damaged only by accident.

How many stations will there be?

Three in N.S.W. and three in Victoria. More channels will be opened later.

The national station in N.S.W. is ABN. The two commercial stations are TCN and ATN.

In Melbourne the national station is ABV. The others are HSV and GTV.

The letter "N" stands for N.S.W., and "V" for Victoria.

How many sets will be sold?

A recently completed banking survey estimates that 100,000 Sydney and Melbourne homes will be equipped with sets within 12 months. But the survey says this is a conservative figure.

Can you buy receivers on hire purchase?

Yes. Most retailers have liberal terms.

Can you hire or rent sets?

This is unlikely at present.

Could you make a receiver?

Yes, but you would need to be more than just a handyman. Some American magazines publish blueprints and instructions for making TV receivers.

But experts say that amateurs in Australia could strike expensive problems.

Where are the Sydney transmitters?

In the Gore Hill area, on high land north of the Harbor.

The first tower to be completed has been sending out test patterns and film sequences since mid-July. This tower is owned by Station TCN.

What is the range of signals?

In Sydney signals will range west to the Blue Mountains, south to Kiama, and north to the Hawkesbury.

Most viewers within this area should have A-grade reception.

Normally a signal carries 60 miles over flat country. Its effective radiated power is 100 k.w.

Will reception be difficult in a hollow, on the "wrong" side of a hill, or on a busy highway?

Not if the correct antenna is installed. Cars not fitted with suppressors could cause spots on the screen.

If you can't afford a set, where could you see programmes?

There's always the good neighbor. But shops, hotels, hospitals, and some church halls are buying receivers.

TV talk—and how to translate it

"Rotate the yoke! Now get rid of all that garbage on the front porch . . . O.K. . . dissolve the blizzard head, and watch out for womp!"

ASKED to interpret this weird little speech, one's first bewildered thoughts might be of farming, home duties, the weather, and science fiction.

(you know, like Marilyn Monroe).

Cans: Earphones.

Garbage: Interference.

Garbage can: A type of transmitter.

Rotate the yoke: Straighten the picture.

Noises: Flecks on the screen caused by interference.

Ghosts: Two or more images on the screen.

Zoomar lenses: Are used on TV cameras to bring far subjects close.

Womp: Sudden flare of brightness.

Gobo: Sudden decrease in brightness.

Lighting gobo: Deliberate shadow thrown for effect.

Dissolve: Where one picture fades in over another and the first disappears.

TV Blue: A special color used instead of white material which shows glaringly bright on the screen. In a hospital drama, for instance, nurses and doctors would wear TV Blue uniforms.

Ulcer factory: That's right—a television studio.



But no. The dialogue belongs to television — an electronic brain-child with a (s)language all of its own. For instance, the first sentence in this story means:

"Straighten the picture! Now eliminate any effect which prevents a clean signal . . . O.K. . . fade in the blonde, and be careful of flaring brightness on the screen."

Clearly, regular dictionaries won't help you translate these verbal acrobatics into terms of common usage.

But if you ever enter a television studio or associate with someone in the industry, this glossary might be useful to understand what is being said:

Blizzard head: A blonde

HERE'S AN EAR TO FOOL THE EYE

THE walls of a television studio really do have "ears." And so do the flower vases, pocket handkerchiefs, and lampshades.

In fact "ears," or microphones, are likely to be found in almost any place that the camera cannot see.

Mr. Bill Eve, TCN audio director, told us of some microphone concealment tricks he brought from Canada, where he was audio director of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's Department of Drama.

Viewers watching plays or operas, he said, could not know that microphones were hid-

den in paper napkins, sauce bottles, or pine-apples.

Or that a microphone might be strapped to a balcony rail or wired behind a floral buttonhole.

These sorts of tricks will be used at TCN.

Australian actresses may even have to follow the example of Canadian girls, who tucked microphones inside the tops of strapless evening dresses.



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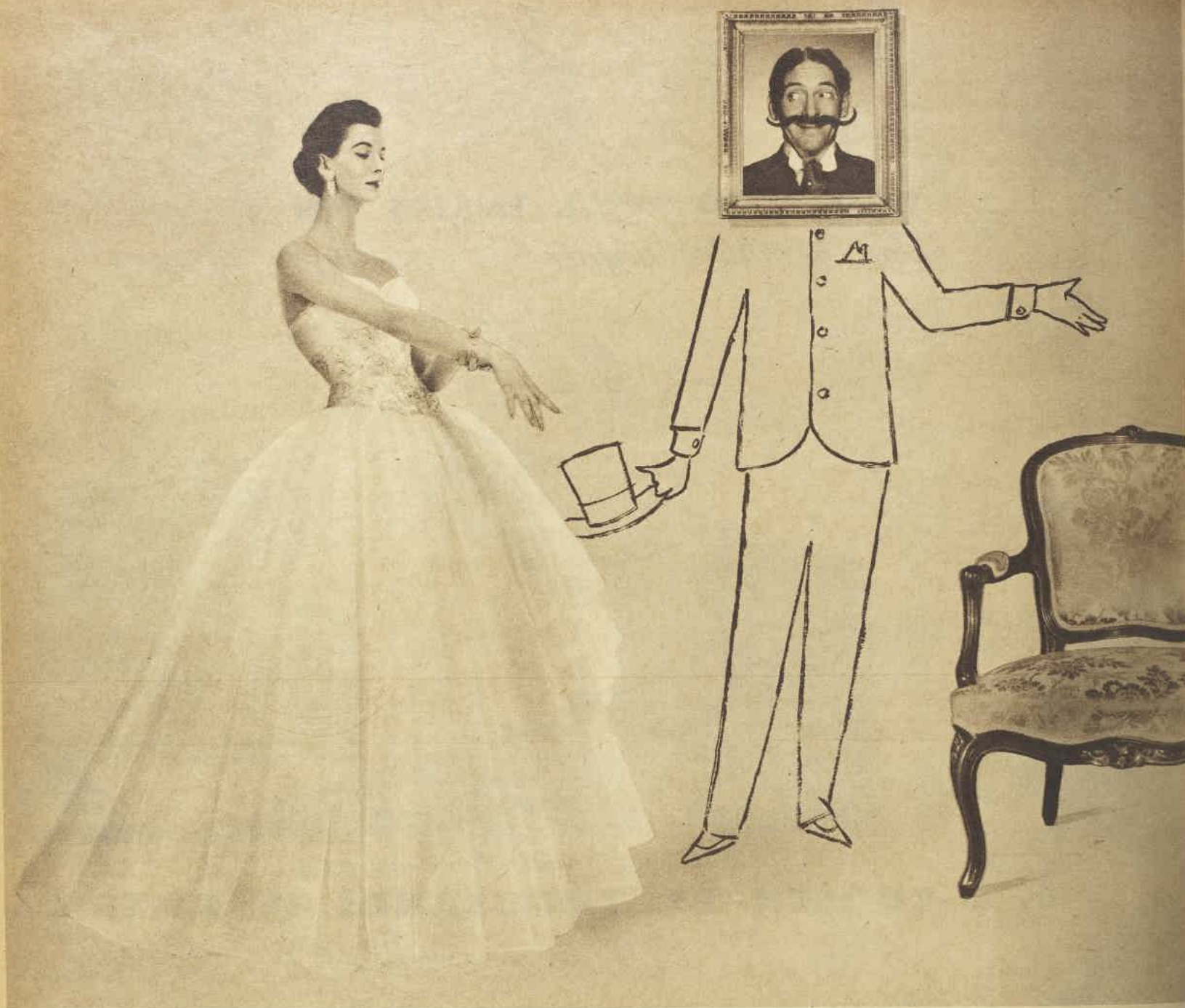
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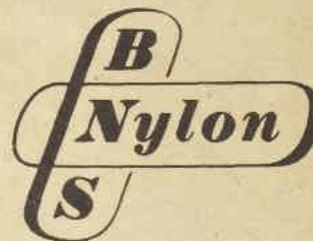
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THE MODERN FLAT—before television arrived. The furniture is grouped for conversation.

NOW (right) the stage is set for viewing the 17-inch screen ideally placed for a small room.



Now that you've got TV— where will you place it?

Television Preview

● In selecting a living-room position for their new television set, many people are inclined to overlook the fact that the instrument is designed to be seen as well as heard.



THE COSY FIREPLACE was the focal point in this large family living-room, and it dominated the seating circle.

NOW the circle is widened for the fire and TV. The cabinet set, with 21in. screen, is pushed into position on castors.

AND so the set is stuck in a corner where, perhaps, one quarter of the people in the room can see the screen properly.

This sounds ridiculous. But experience in England and America shows that it's true.

Of course, not all families do this. There are lots of people who belong to the "theatre" school.

Twenty minutes before a desired programme they will organise themselves and their visitors into a chain-gang. Then, from room to room they'll pass every straight-backed chair they own into the living-room. There the chairs will be arranged in neat, symmetrical rows before the television set.

And as the lights are dimmed the host will whisper to the neighbor next to him, "It's just like the pictures, isn't it?"

The host will be right. It IS like the pictures. Family intimacy is "killed." Conver-

THE IDEAL TV room—centrally heated, with furniture designed for easy viewing. There are low tables for front-row snacks, cushions for Junior.

By
PAT SOBEY,
staff reporter

sation is practically impossible.

In winter those near the fire will roast. The others in the group will be too cold to care about the programme.

Usually, as the exciting climax of the programme nears, more guests will arrive.

By the time additional chairs are found and the room rearranged to accommodate them, the show (and its exciting climax) will be finished.

Here are some ways of avoiding the most obvious errors in placing the set.

In homes built B.T. (Before Television) it is wisest to have a length of extension cord and a TV set on castors or a swivel base.

A set that can be pushed into viewing position a few minutes before the start of a programme poses fewer problems than the re-organisation of furniture.

Choose a set with a screen large or small enough for the size of your room. Make sure the cabinet blends with your furniture.

Free service

IF there are difficulties in reception or if you are beyond the A-grade reception range, a technician will tell you the type of antenna needed.

Most stores selling TV sets supply the free services of a technician to install the set.

Lighting is most important. Ideally, the wall behind the set should be illuminated.

Remember that the light from the screen is bright and long periods of viewing in a nearly dark room could produce eye-strain.

For the homebuilder who wants a fireplace instead of central heating, a niche can be made above or at one side of the fireplace for a TV set.

"Many new homes have two living-rooms," said a Sydney architect. "One is for formal entertaining and the other is a 'family room.'"

"The TV set is installed in the family room so that children can play while guests are present, instead of being banished to bed."



What better gift?

What better gift for that once-in-a-lifetime occasion when a girl already feels she has everything she wants?

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M201. Neat, sturdy, flexible stitch-downs; retain their shape. In tan or black. Sizes 7-1½ (C, D and E fittings). Extra long-wearing “Wearite” soles.

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The Sara Quads *always* wear Paddle Shoes, and in this typical playtime shot, you see the stress and strain put upon the soles, seams and stitching. Paddle shoes can “take it”—and “take it” for so much longer!



GOT THOSE
*musty
wardrobe
blues?*



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HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

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MENTHOIDS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956

Disneyland here next year

● Two famous Walt Disney television productions will delight Disney fans of all ages through TCN Sydney and HSV Melbourne early next year. Both shows have an immensely popular following in the United States.

STATION TCN will telecast children's programmes such as "Jungle Jim," "The Texas Rangers," "Hopalong Cassidy," "Rin Tin Tin," and others.

All these shows are on film and will be broadcast also by station HSV.

The Disney productions probably will be on the screen between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. They are the Mickey Mouse Club and Disneyland.

Disneyland, an hour-long programme telecast weekly, is in four sections: Adventureland, Frontierland, Fantasyland, and The World of Tomorrow.

This programme introduced Davy Crockett to the children in America and sparked a world-wide craze for the frontier hero.

In the story of "Robin Hood and His Merry Men," Australian Peter Finch stars as the Sheriff of Nottingham. This is one of the Disneyland serial features.

The Mickey Mouse Club also is in four sections and includes a children's newsreel—the first in the world produced especially for young people.

The film includes material from throughout the world, covering the whole broad range of children's interests.

Walt Disney has more than 50 roving cameramen-correspondents responsible for up to six factual stories or news features in each edition of the Mickey Mouse Newsreel.

The newsreel has easily read captions, which remain on the screen for slightly longer periods than is necessary for adults, and offers the inimitable blend of Disney fun, wonder, and enlightenment to Disney fans.

Mickey Mouse himself introduces The Mouseketeers in every programme. They are a group of children who appear in novelty song-and-dance productions dressed in



COLONNA IS COLOSSAL. The famous funny man is a guest star in the Mickey Mouse Club.

Mouseketeer uniforms, complete with mouse-eared beanies.

Singer, dancer, and songwriter Jimmy Dodd leads The Mouseketeers through their numbers and is also compere of the programme with Roy Williams.

Television Preview



EMBLEM of the Mickey Mouse Club. It is copyright by Walt Disney Productions.

The other sections of the Mickey Mouse Club are the Explorers' Club; the Foreign Correspondent section; the Nature of Things; Book Club; Fun with Music; and What I Want to Be.

This section shows how girls and boys may best prepare for the career of their choice.

The only "live" programme for children is scheduled to begin early in November. It is called Children's Fun Farm, and is a variety show designed to interest children through a wide range of ages.

TCN programme directors say that puppets, cartoons (on film), and stories may be included in this show.

A trained children's teacher will compere the programme and it may have a youthful studio audience.

But this point has not yet been settled.

All children's programmes will fulfil the regulations of the Australian Broadcasting Control Board.



THE STORY of "Spin and Marty" is one of the Mickey Mouse Club features. David Stollery plays the part of Marty, a rebellious city boy spending his holiday on a ranch. This picture shows Marty, somewhat reluctantly, meeting a new friend through ranch-hand Lennie Geer.

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Looking at Lucy

THE greatest love affair in American television is between the weekly show "I Love Lucy" and the public.

For more than four years this show has commanded the largest audience of all regular weekly programmes. By the latest count, some 43-million Americans love Lucy—about half the families with television sets.

The Lucy theme of marriage and the day-to-day trials of a young couple is not new. It has probably produced more corn and made more audiences squirm than any other. So why do they love Lucy?

The reason, as TCN (Channel 9) viewers will soon see, is that "I Love Lucy" combines this theme with true comedy and first-class direction and production.

Lucy is played by Lucille Ball, and her TV spouse, Ricky Ricardo, is played by her real-life husband, Desiderio (Desi) Arnaz, a black-haired, brown-eyed charmer from Cuba.

The couple work four days a week filming the show under a contract that gives them £3,600,000 for two-and-a-half year's work.

Desi and Lucille have two children, so are well qualified to parody situations which most families can recognise. Of course, these situations always get out of hand, and that's where the smooth and brilliant transition from sense to nonsense comes in.



LUCILLE BALL—a cheery red-head with long legs and big blue eyes—shows comic genius at its best when she plays Lucy in America's most popular family teleshow of the week.



MARRIED on and off the TV screen, Lucille and Desi Arnaz chat between scenes. Desi plays Lucy's television husband, Ricky Ricardo. He organises and produces the programme, too.



ABOVE: William Frankey and Vivian Vance play the elder, and, presumably, wiser couple who share some of Ricky's many domestic troubles in "I Love Lucy."

"EMMY" awards go to Harry S. Acherman, Vivian Vance, Lucille Ball, and Desi Arnaz. An "Emmy" is the television world's equivalent of the coveted film "Oscar."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S

FOR AUSTRALIA ★



FRENCH ACTRESS Nicole Maurey and co-star Larry Parks pose romantically between scenes of "Tomorrow We Love," a tense half-hour drama of war-devastated Indo-China, from the well-known All Star Theatre series.



AMERICAN film star Ann Sheridan is caught here at her portable make-up box preparing for a scene in "Malaya Incident," an All Star Theatre teleshow.



PSYCHIATRIST Arthur Franz gets Joan Caulfield as his beautiful, but nervous, patient in "Girl On The Run," from the Celebrity Playhouse series.



BRITISH TV star Eunice Gayson has played more lead roles than any other British or American actress. She stars in "The Thoroughbred," one of the immensely popular series from Douglas Fairbanks Presents.



STAGE AND SCREEN star Moira Lister is prominent in British television. Australian televiewers will see her in "Golden Cuckoo," International Theatre's one-and-a-half-hour full-length drama.



FAITH DOMERGUE is the attractive wife who follows her boxing manager-husband on a tiresome circuit of dingy hotels and second-rate fighters, and, finally, rebels dramatically in the teleshow "A Very Big Man."



THE WILD WEST rides over the television screen with Amanda Blake and James Arness in "Gun Law," an Associated Television show.

BRITISH star of stage and screen Dulcie Gray is a well-established television actress whose plays will be featured on Australian TV programmes.

somehow he always felt at ease in her company. Perhaps it was a sign, in a way.

So here he was now, with damp hands and dry throat, waiting as nervously as a teenager to ask a girl for a date.

He glanced up expectantly as she entered and threw all the charm he could muster into his "good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Meredith," she answered, and Bill noted with approval that she looked prettier than ever this morning. Her eyes were shining and she was smiling.

Bill cleared his throat. "Er, Miss Daly," he began. "Before we start the letters this morning, there's something..."

"Oh, Mr. Meredith," she broke in happily. "I must tell you. I won't be taking your letters much longer. Look!"

She held out a hand that wore a sparkling diamond and waved it under Bill's bemused gaze.

"John—that's my boy-friend—gave it to me last night. We're going to be married quite soon. But I'll be sorry to leave YOU, Mr. Meredith. I've enjoyed working with you."

Bill managed to utter his felicitations without sounding too obviously broken-hearted and furtively mopped his brow.

When Miss Daly had ceased her prattling he assumed his most business-like expression and began dictating.

Another setback! It wasn't as easy as it looked, this marriage business. However, he would give it one more try and if that fell through he would call it a day.

But Fate must be taking a hand, he decided later, when he bumped into Miss Atkins from the Filing in the passage and scattered the file she was carrying to the four winds.

They had quite a friendly little session gathering up the papers, and Bill found it absurdly easy to ask her to go and see the new Danny Kaye picture with him that night.

Miss Atkins was delighted. She loved Danny Kaye. She went off happily anticipating and Bill strode off in the opposite direction wearing a satisfied expression.

The next morning he entered the office with mixed feelings. He had enjoyed taking Miss Atkins, whose first name was Sheila, to the pictures. She was pleasant company, she talked intelligently but not too much, and he had found out during supper that she loved cooking. Miss Atkins was obviously quite a suitable type,

Continuing . . .

Wife Hunter

(from page 3)

but there was something lacking that had Bill puzzled. Marriage to Sheila Atkins, he decided finally, would be smooth running, but . . . tasteless.

During the next week he took out two more girls. Miss Lewis, the invoice typist, was charming, self-assured, made all her own clothes, and was taking lessons in home cooking at night classes.

Miss Brent, on the switch, whom he finally cornered, was a superb dancer, possessed a beautiful speaking voice and wore attractive clothes.

He sat in his office on the following Monday, staring morosely before him. What did the rule book say when you found three suitable wives and did not want to marry any of them. He pressed the buzzer savagely and waited unenthusiastically for Miss Daly.

The door opened, but instead of Miss Daly he found himself gazing on the curly headed little junior typist.

"Miss Daly will be leaving soon," she told him primly. "I am being trained to take her place."

Bill lowered his eyebrows and frowned. "Very well, Miss . . . er . . ." he said. "I hope you can take my dictation. I'll go a little slow to start with, if you like."

"That won't be necessary," she told him, "and the name's Jones."

He began dictating and was agreeably surprised to find that she kept up with him easily, with no suggestion of the fluster he often found in juniors. He found himself regarding her curiously as she sat there.

Her hair was a glorious honey shade with little hidden lights that glistened as she moved her head. She had a piquant little face with a tip-tilted nose, and her eyes, he noted as she raised them questioningly, were warm and friendly.

Bill dragged his thoughts back to his mail and finished dictating swiftly. At lunch-time, when she brought the letters in for him to sign, he was pleased but somehow not surprised to discover they were models of neatness. Miss Jones, he reflected, was a gem.

As the days went by he found nothing to cause him to retract this decision. Then on Thursday Miss Jones came into his office with no trace of her usual pleasant manner. In-

stead, it was plain to see that she was most unhappy.

She sat down silently and raised her eyes and Bill was shocked to see tears trembling on her dark lashes. He sighed heavily and asked patiently: "Miss Jones, is something the matter?"

Her lips drooped a little at the corners. "Oh, Mr. Meredith," she said. "I was going to a ball tonight—a wonderful ball. And this morning Alan, who was going to be my partner, rang me to say that his young brother has measles and he might be getting them too. And I had the loveliest dress, and . . . oh, it's too bad."

BILL cursed all typists' boy-friends as he offered a few conventional words of regret. He began dictating at his usual pace and was not at all surprised when she found it difficult to keep up with him.

When she brought the letters to him at lunchtime they were far from being the models of accuracy he had come to expect from her, but, glancing up at her standing before him with her unhappy little face and clouded eyes, he did not have the heart to reprimand her.

Then an idea occurred to him. "Miss Jones," he said, "would it make you happy if I took you to your ball?"

Her face flushed, her eyes lit up and she almost trembled with eagerness. "Oh, Mr. Meredith," she breathed. "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course," he grunted, feeling somehow like a benevolent uncle offering to take his niece out for a treat.

"Oh," she clasped her hands together like a child. "Oh, thank you, DEAR Mr. Meredith."

Bill cleared his throat. "Give me your address," he said gruffly, "and I'll pick you up . . . at what time?"

"Eight-thirty will do," she wrote the address down for him happily. "You'll have to ask for me," she told him. "I just have a room there."

"A room," he frowned. "Aren't you a little young to be living on your own?"

"I'm twenty," she said a little indignantly, "and in any case I have no choice. No parents—no home."

"I see," he felt like a clumsy fool and added hastily: "Eight-thirty, then. See you tonight, Miss Jones."

"In case you want to know," she said softly, "the first name's Susan."

At eight-thirty promptly Bill rang the bell of a large, cheerful-looking rooming house and was bidden to enter by a large, cheerful-looking woman who led him up the hall and deposited him at Susan's door. A voice from within called tremulously: "Won't be a sec.," and then the door opened and Susan stood in the doorway.

Bill stared at her. She was a vision in something amethyst and misty that swirled around her slender ankles. Golden-tanned shoulders rose from the bodice, and her lively little face had taken on a new loveliness. Only the golden hair remained to remind him that this really was his Miss Jones from the office.

"Like me?" Susan asked demurely.

"Very nice," he managed at last. Then: "Aren't you going to take a wrap?"

"Of course," she said, and picked up a long wisp of chiffon, which she arranged round her shoulders with a deftness that amused him. Then he glanced past her into her room and was suddenly appalled by its untidiness. It looked as though a whirlwind had hit it.

Clothes draped everywhere, mats and bedspread askew, dressing-table littered.

Bill reflected wryly that it was just as well he had quickly checked her off his list of "possibles." He could never marry a girl as untidy as this one.

She would fall on a few of the other points he had listed, too, he discovered as the evening wore on. True, she danced as light as a feather and it was most agreeable to hold her as they whirled around, but as soon as he attempted to make some intelligent conversation all he received in return for his efforts was a blank, uncomprehending stare or a giggle.

He gave up after a while and surrendered himself to the enjoyment of dancing with her. What a shame, he thought, that such a pretty girl could be such a feather-brain.

Later, when even Susan's amazing vitality showed signs of wearing a little at the edges, Bill led her to a secluded corner and thankfully sat down.

"Shall we sit a couple out?" he asked, and was profoundly relieved when she agreed amiably. He sat eyeing her for a moment or two, and then, for want of something better to say, made a casual remark about her frock.

It was pretty, he commented. He liked that net stuff, and was amused when Susan told him indignantly that it was stiffened tulle. Did she make it herself? he asked her idly.

"Heavens, no!" Now it was Susan who was amused. "I can hardly sew on a button, much less make a frock. You see before you, Mr. Meredith, a female who is almost entirely devoid of all the feminine graces. I'm not much good at sewing, cooking, or keeping house. The only thing I do well is my work at the office, and that's a matter of dire necessity."

Bill frowned. "You're joking," he said, but she assured him quite gaily that she wasn't.

"But what happens when you want to get married?" he asked her, torn halfway between amusement and horror.

"Practise on the poor man himself," she told him blithely, and he found a moment to be sorry for the "poor man," whoever he was.

Yet later, when he stood on her doorstep shaking hands with her in his most avuncular manner, he suddenly found himself on the receiving end of a light, nicely kiss that left him feeling resentful.

Hang it all, he muttered to himself as he got in his car, I'm only twenty-eight. She needn't act as though I were an old fogey of fifty.

He slept badly that night and strode into the office the next day in a truculent mood. When Susan entered the room in answer to his buzzer he stared at her for a moment in frowning resentment.

She looked as fresh and vital as though she had had a good twelve hours' sleep instead of four or five.

He barked at her: "Morning, Miss Jones. Take a letter, please," and began rattling off his mail at a sharp pace, noticing with rather grim amusement that she was having a bit of a struggle to keep up.

However, when he had finished she said calmly: "Is that all, Mr. Meredith?" and walked out with much dignity, leaving him feeling slightly ashamed of his grumpiness.

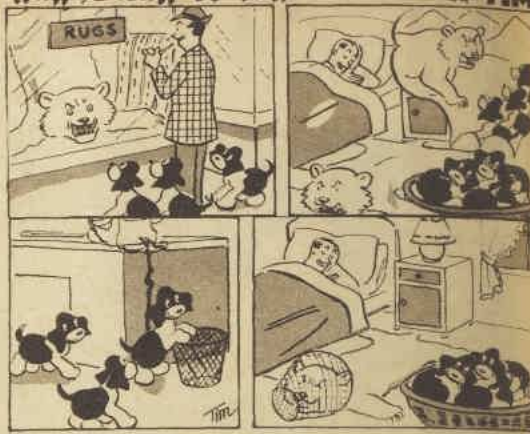
After all, what had she done to annoy him? It was only when a memory from last night came to him—a sweet, soft memory of the momentary feel of her lips on his—that the truth swung at him with thundering force.

He was in love with her. In love with Susan Jones, who couldn't cook, sew, or keep

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



house; whose work went to pieces the moment a quite unimportant little crisis entered her life. Susan, who was twenty years old, and who, even had she been perfection itself, probably thought of him as being at least in the early stages of middle age.

He swung round in his chair and stared out of the window, unable even now to grasp at the immensity of the situation that he found himself in.

When old Mr. Parsons, the accountant, called him on the inter-com, it was only with a tremendous effort that he managed to drag his thoughts back to his work.

The week passed slowly; each day he saw Susan of necessity, loving her more every moment, and at the same time mentally berating himself for allowing such a thing to happen.

On the Friday evening he sat alone in his office, finishing off some figures. Most of the staff had departed. Suddenly there were light footsteps coming towards his door. It was pushed slightly open and a curly head peeped round the edge.

"Oh, you're still here, Mr. Meredith," Susan said. "Thank goodness! I was kept busy on some last-minute typing for Mr. Rogers and I didn't have time to bring in your letters for signature." She placed some papers on his desk and stood silently while he busied himself with his signing.

Suddenly he threw down his pen, pushed back his chair, and rose to his feet. His face was white and tense, but it was the face of a man who had reached a great decision.

"Susan!" he cried hoarsely, and she backed away a little in alarm.

"Susan," he cried again, "I can't stand this any longer. I love you. I want to marry you."

Susan's eyes opened wide with surprise. Then, as he advanced towards her, she took another few steps backwards and held out her hands as though to ward him off.

"No! Wait!" she cried. "Mr. Meredith, I . . ."

"Call me Bill," he said huskily.

"Bill, then. Let's get this straight. You mean you love ME? Want to MARRY me?"

"Of course. I said so, didn't I? Susan, I know you're eight years younger than I, but that's nothing. Love is the most important thing, and I love you."

She suddenly stood very still. "In spite of the fact," she said coolly, "that I can't cook, sew, keep house, or make intelligent conversation. And that I obviously have no sense of humor and we probably disagree like mad on the subjects of politics, religion, and how many children we'd have."

For a moment Bill thought she'd gone mad, and then a horrible suspicion struck at him

while a growing sense of coldness crept down his spine.

"What on earth are you talking about?" he asked feebly.

"As if you didn't know!" she flung at him and, reaching into her pocket, pulled out a crumpled sheet of paper and threw it on the desk.

Bill glanced at it briefly, noting his own handwriting and the list he had written, beginning with "Good cook, sense of humor."

"Where did you get this?" he demanded.

"You passed me one day when I was talking to the switch-girl," Susan told him. "You pulled out your handkerchief and this came with it. I thought you'd written it for a joke at first, but when you began dating the office staff one by one I knew you were serious. I was furious. They're such nice girls; it seemed such a cold-blooded way to go about finding a wife. It made me wonder what you'd do if you fell in love with a girl who didn't match up with your precious list. So . . . I arranged for you to fall in love with me. To teach you a lesson."

Bill felt anger suddenly rising in him. "You arranged for me to fall in love with you," he cried. "Of all the conceits!"

Then his anger fled and he said heavily, "Well, the joke's on me, because I did fall in love with you. And, by your own admission, you've few of the things I want in a wife. But do you know something? I don't care. I just don't care. It's you I love, not the things you can or can't do. And I still want to marry you."

"That's very decent of you," Susan told him coldly. "But it so happens I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

He stared at her for a moment, feeling his face whiten. Then he turned and strode towards the door. As he reached it and placed his hand on the knob he heard her add in a little voice that sounded as though it were a hundred miles away: "So it's very lucky that you're NOT the last man on earth."

In two long strides he was back beside her and feeling at last the warmth of her in his arms. After a long kiss Susan snuggled against his shoulder.

Her eyes closed dreamily and her lips curved mischievously. She wanted to tell him so many things—about the domestic science and dressmaking school she had taken after leaving school; about the bedroom she had deliberately untidy to annoy him, and oh, so much else.

But the time for that was not now. Let him worry a little first before he learned that the woman he had chosen was indeed a paragon of all virtues.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956



Birthday gifts for boys, girls

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LONDON — PARIS — NEW YORK — SYDNEY

KEEPS COLOUR ON A FULL 24 HOURS

Continuing . . . The Mist and the Stars

from page 5

settle the matter. See if your key fits. Unless you've lost that, too."

"No, it's here . . . And it fits."

"Your bag or not?"

"Not," she said faintly. "Look, there's a name inside the lid."

"Augusta . . . Howard . . . Cleave," Timothy read slowly.

"That'll be Lady Howard-Cleave, won't it?"

Timothy took a small flask from his pocket. "I keep this," he said, "for absolute emergencies while travelling. This is one. Would you care to drink first?"

"I never touch it," Lana said.

"You're wise. You can do enough damage without stimulus." He took a liberal nip.

"Lady Howard-Cleave!"

"Look, there's a jewel-case."

"Probably full of diamonds. How did you swipe this?"

"I must have picked up the wrong one in the buffet."

"And presumably Lady Howard-Cleave picked up yours. If so, there'll be a nation-wide police search starting any minute."

"Goodness!" Lana said. "Aren't we in a jam?"

"You're in a jam!" Timothy corrected. "Have you by any chance a criminal record?"

"Of course not!"

"Just as well. Switching the bags may count as a first offence."

He shut the lid and dropped the torch on the bus step. And the fog swirled round more thickly than ever.

"Is she very beautiful?" Lana asked from the darkness.

"The colonel's daughter, I mean."

"Why bring that up here and now? She is. Also, she may know Lady Howard-Cleave, and that'll go against you."

He took a deep breath. "Shivering? If you're cold, come up closer. I don't mind."

Never a truer word! But how true, he hadn't realised till then. Till Lana had not only come up closer, but was in his arms.

"Mr. Knowles!" she gasped. "I'm not as cold as all that."

"Neither am I," he said. "You're quite safe. You're merely being kissed as scientifically and satisfactorily as I know how."

He smoothed back her hair. "My experience is small, but I'm going to use it all. Might as well get something out of this crazy trip."

Quite five minutes later he leaned back, moderately content. "And now," he said, coming back to earth, "what happens next?"

It was some time before

there was any reply. Possibly she wasn't quite down to earth yet. Then in a small voice she said, "Let's drive the bus back."

He gasped. "Have you ever heard of people who've tried to do that and are now in gaol?"

"But, Timothy, how else can we get back?"

"Did you call me Timothy?"

"Of course! You can't let utter strangers kiss you like that. So you've got to be Timothy. And you will drive the bus back, won't you? Can you drive?"

"I've driven ten-ton trucks in Syria and on Salisbury Plains. The point is, my child, we're not authorised—"

"Then we sit here and wait for the dawn?"

Not liking the prospect, he said nothing.

"Timothy, the sooner we get all this straightened up the better. My sister's going to be frantic when I don't turn up at Burcham Sands. There's the bag, too. We've got to do something about that. And this—I'm Irma woman waiting for you."

"Don't call her 'this Irma woman.' And don't keep saying 'we.' He got up from the step. "You win. Let's sling the luggage inside again and I'll see if I can play tricks with the ignition. You'll have to conduct. Peer through the window and tell me if I hit anything. It's going to be fun." He added doubtfully, "Of a kind!"

Driving that bus, in spite of his experience with ten-tonners, was a delicate business. It reminded him of trying to play a cantecan piano with middle C and B flat missing and a soft pedal that didn't work.

"I'm doing this," he said over his shoulder, "against my better judgment."

Miles farther they lurched over a humpback bridge. "What we need is an artificial horizon," he growled. "I thought we were going uphill at five and we were going down at thirty."

"But we missed the telegraph pole," Lana said cheerfully. "Look—we're passing a cottage."

He trod on the soft pedal and it didn't work. "There's another," he said. "Is this a village?"

Lana peered through the mist. "Just a hamlet."

"I remember we came up a steep hill soon after we left the station."

"I'll tell you when I see it."

To page 53



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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
 For week beginning September 3

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in good health.	★ The main emphasis this week is your job. Ask yourself if you really are giving it all you've got. This applies to those in paid employment and homemakers.	★ The present moment counts. Any family can become accustomed to living in the future when wonderful things are going to happen. Homemakers should be practical.	★ Display the one and only among appreciative people even if you yourself are determined to stick in a corner. Trust the one you love best to be loyal and sensible.	★ Avoid getting tired, as this strains already frayed nerves, producing conflicts with friends and associates. Keep all discussions on an intellectual level.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, light blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a speculative matter.	★ Friends may have advice to offer but little in the way of practical suggestions. They encourage you to stray from essential work demanding attention.	★ Laughter in the home makes for a happy family life. If there is a sobersides in your home circle try to draw him or her out of the shell into the fun.	★ If the boy or girl friend intrigues you with shyness there is warmth underneath. Seek variety in interests. Make each date a little different.	★ You are under compelling forces to let your heart rather than your head decide any question. Since joy comes to you through your affections, give them full rein.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck lies close to the ground.	★ The more you do the better you like it. Inaction causes unhappiness to those born under this sign. Keeping busy is necessary for peace. A new enterprise brings joy.	★ The trend is changing slowly with greater optimism and brighter prospects in the rainbow of life, especially for the up-and-coming ones. Polish off essential tasks.	★ Favorable for genuine courtship and for making practical arrangements having to do with a home. Teasing, flirting or arousing jealousy will end in heartbreak.	★ Time to relax and enjoy peace and quiet at home. This could have a stronger appeal than mere sociability. Casual and informal hospitality provide gaiety.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in inside information.	★ Let nothing cause you to change your mind on a business matter in spite of the opinions of elders, in-laws, or associates. Be wary of anonymous information.	★ Steer clear of people and places which depress you. Shut them, if possible, out of your home. Neighbors may have excellent ideas for solving a common problem.	★ If the beloved is a bit grumpy he or she will feel sorry later for any outburst. Curb a tendency to nag about unintentional neglects. Praise him for his popularity.	★ Outings with the persons of your choice offer a pleasant diversion. You may combine business with a short journey, enlivening the trip with detours to new places.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a shop window.	★ Financial aspects are interesting. The acceptance of greater responsibilities would not lessen your chances of reaching your objective.	★ Pay strict attention to economic housekeeping. If exceeding what you have allotted, the day of reckoning is close. Try to be careful with L. & S.	★ A direct approach is welcome if the one you love is trying to reach a decision about sweethearts or future plans. Candor, ardor, and humor are watchwords.	★ Don't hasten the flow of events or you may be led into a costly error or put yourself in a situation from which it would be difficult to retreat. Play safe.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in careful grooming.	★ Cultivate a more romantic and adventuresome attitude towards your work and this will be reflected in the attitude of those around you. Try out new ideas.	★ Ambition is fine. Plunge with enthusiasm into your daily tasks, but don't bite off more than you can chew. Make certain of leisure in your personal life.	★ There may be excitement of a secret nature about this man just now! Should he be unable to reveal confidences be tactful in trying to advise him.	★ Let your hopes soar high, for prospects of realizing them are excellent. Friends and supporters help you make a success of more than one project on the agenda.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck on a quiet footpath.	★ Things at home or at the office may turn out unexpectedly. An unwise purchase, loan, or investment is likely to prove costly. Postpone decisions for a fortnight.	★ Rush through your daily round early, because a brainwave might set you going for your life in a new direction. You should be free to develop it creatively.	★ Wait a week or two before asking favors of the beloved. Conflicts unconnected with you may upset him and prevent him thinking of romance.	★ Watch those who want to extract money from you for a scheme of doubtful value. If you must refuse to contribute, do so without hurting their feelings.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, dark blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck at a sporting fixture.	★ Extra work will be compensated by overtime pay or, if a voluntary worker, by appreciation. Club efforts could drain time and energy, but are worth the trouble.	★ You can make your home a centre of activity for family, friends, and neighbors. What form this takes depends on you. A new craze or pastime is likely.	★ There may be a gift or an expression of the beloved's interest. If he or she wants to "show off" a bit applaud and take it in the right spirit.	★ Go after your heart's desire in the social department, whether for office, improving your score in sport, or increasing prestige. Take an active part.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck with those in authority.	★ Keep powerful people and organizations friendly to your interests under a watchful eye. If you make personal concessions these will pay handsomely.	★ Your sign makes the best host or hostess in the zodiac. There is a tendency to make hospitality more lavish than you can afford. Don't keep up with the Jones'.	★ At your fascinating best now you may be swayed by words and external appearances. Flowers and sentimental tokens do not take the place of a marriage offer.	★ An agreeable entertainment which you view could condition your mind to a coming opportunity, which adds variety to social activities later on.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, magpie. Gambling colors, magpie, yellow. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a publication.	★ Something behind the scenes is working to your advantage. Try not to anticipate it, as you will be informed in good time. Improve intellectual assets.	★ Some of you will have teenagers studying for examinations. Plan ahead for nutritious meals and a quieter home. Your own ambitions may be stirred over homework.	★ If the beloved appears "cool" at present it is likely to be caused by worries over finances. Try to lure your nearest and dearest into a more cheerful mood.	★ Use mental alertness, education, and training to see you through a slight emergency in connection with your group. Use care in travel.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck brings a windfall.	★ Great good may come from a real mess-up. You may have taken too much for granted or find other people unreliable. You prove your commonsense.	★ Household gadgets are fine if you look after them. When neglected they cannot do the job properly and can become a menace. Frayed cords are danger signs.	★ He may propose or express more than he intends if swayed by romantic surroundings or music. Show how much you care, or hurt feelings could come between you.	★ If contending with a belligerent associate or committee member cut short arguments, wind up interviews, but leave the door open for future relations.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in romance.	★ Any link-ups are likely to be permanent. A new job, new associates, new conditions will be a help in your success. Watch for straws in the wind.	★ Everybody in the household joins in. Progress in domestic affairs is outstanding. Whatever your objective, from a new carpet to a new home, wishes come true.	★ If the beloved is frisky give him plenty of rope if he teams up with other friends. Otherwise sympathy of a rival could catch him on the rebound.	★ Co-operation is indispensable if you are to get through this week with targets achieved and new activities planned. Seek recreation among dear friends.



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* Carrageen is a moss or seaweed found in a few restricted areas of the world. The carrageen used in Bonnington's Irish Moss is collected on the Northern Coast of Ireland.

IT LINGERS! IT IS PENETRATING!

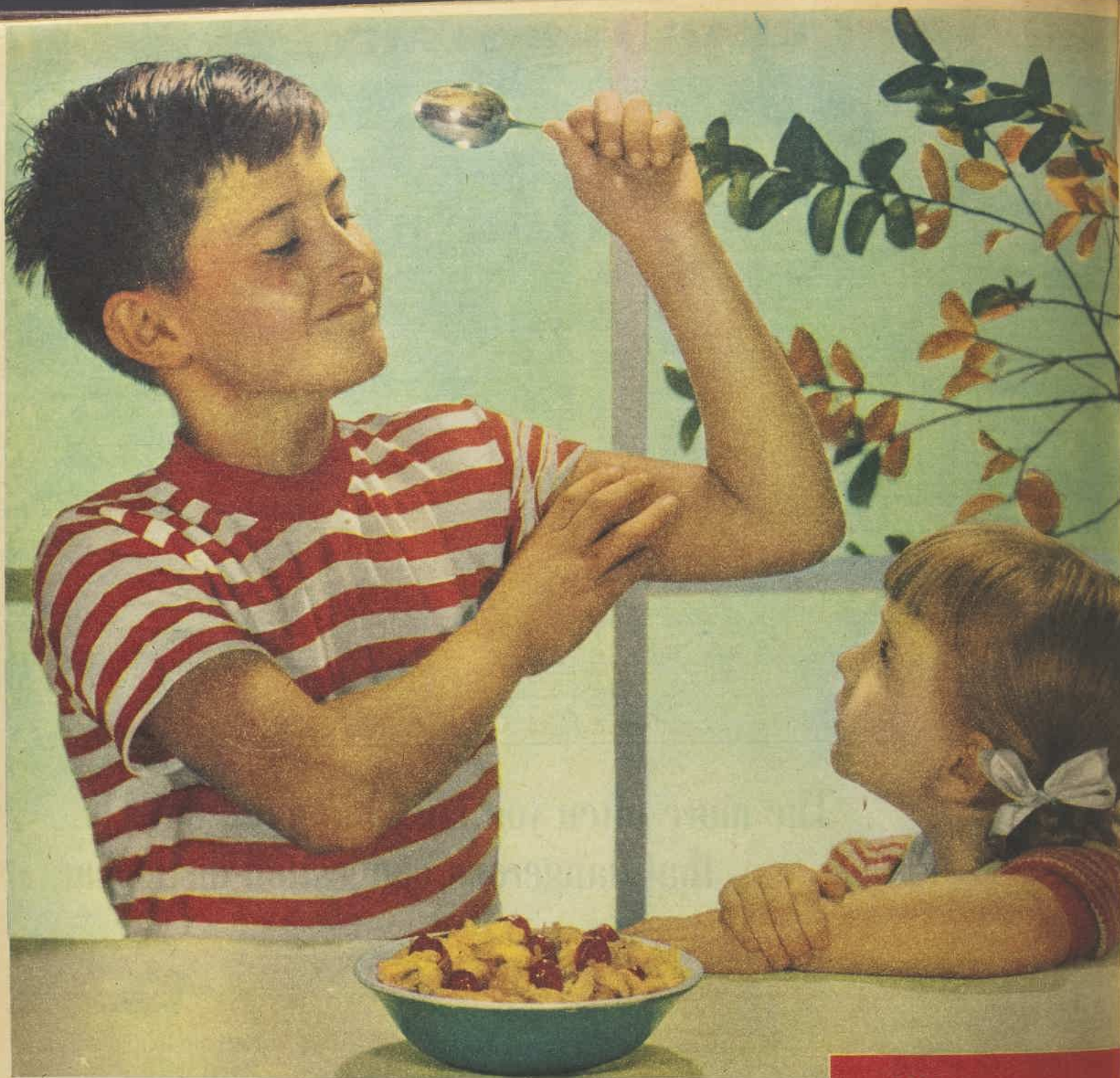
Although it gets the better of the very worst colds, you can give it to tiny tots or elderly people with complete confidence. If you're taking Bonnington's Irish Moss for the first time

you'll be surprised by its gentle, lingering action and its agreeable taste. It soothes the most inflamed membranes. It eases the rasp of the most violent cough.

100 quick-acting sips
 in every 3 1/2 bottle of
BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS



You've got to take care of a cold whilst you're at work as well as at home. Bonnington's Irish Moss makes this easy because you don't have to mix it with anything. You can sip it straight from the bottle. Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.



Got any dragons to slay today?



Any dragons on the loose had just better watch their step! (He'll slay a giant for you too, if giants are your trouble, once he's stowed away those husky Kellogg's Corn Flakes.)

Like all the people who get things done — and enjoy doing them — he's tucking into the world's finest, fastest energy breakfast. The breakfast that gives you *more for your money*: more flavour, more food-value and more downright eating fun for the whole family. How about rustling some big, crisp, sunshiny Kellogg's Corn Flakes into *your* family's breakfast bowls tomorrow?



BIG IN FLAVOUR! BIG IN FOOD VALUE!

"If you see it! You're a heck of a navigator!"

"I'm not much good at anything, am I?" she asked, and the catch in her voice did something to Timothy.

"One thing I'd give you full marks for. All the lipstick's on my face. I've had it on my collar before now."

"I'll wipe it off—"

"Not here, not now!" he bellowed. "Take that handkerchief out of my eyes!"

Back to the window she went. The grey curtain lifted a little. After ten more minutes Timothy asked for a report on their position.

"We're definitely going downhill now," she told him. "And there are lots of garden gates on this side."

"Then we're back in town. Look for an open space where we can abandon this infernal bus. Then out with the bags and we'll lose ourselves in the

Continuing . . . The Mist and the Stars

[from page 50]

mist . . . Whew, this street's narrow!"

"And there's no left turn!" Timothy—

He jerked violently at the wheel. "The lamp-post's still there!" she breathed thankfully. "You're all right now."

But they were not. It all happened inside five seconds. The bonnet of the bus went through the plate-glass window and came to rest in the middle of a butcher's shop with a crash that must have wakened the entire town. The silence that followed that cascade of shattered glass seemed even more deadly than the crash.

"Lana, you're not hurt? Lana, for God's sake say you're not hurt!"

"Not—not much. I can't tell you with you hugging me like this. What about you?"

"I seem to be alive."

"Your hand's cut—"

"And you've a bruise on your forehead as big as an egg."

"It doesn't hurt, yet. Timothy, what do we do now?"

"We wait for it." He stared blankly at three sausages that had somehow transferred themselves to the windscreen wiper and were swaying slowly from north to south. "I don't think we'll have to wait long."

They hadn't.

It was a quite ordinary police station. Timothy found it restful. A sergeant sitting peacefully in a leather chair, a pleasant fire. Not a handcuff in sight. Even the superior policeman whose name was In-

spector Gardner had a quiet voice. Rather menacing, perhaps, but quiet.

Peaceful after the hullabaloo outside. Astonishing that a town so small could produce crowds of people and a whole force of police in a matter of seventy seconds.

The Inspector was in the next room, telephoning. Timothy glanced cautiously at Lana, sitting like a forlorn child on the edge of a hard chair. "Sure you're feeling better now?"

She smiled back wanly. "Don't worry about me, Timothy."

A doctor had said there was nothing wrong with her except superficial bruises. While Timothy's unsteadiness, he admitted, could be due to shock and not to the influence of liquor. Timothy pointed out, without much hope, that a nip smells practically the same as a noggin, and the doctor was inclined to agree. But you can never tell.

The Inspector returned, but said nothing about the results of his telephoning. Lady Howard-Cleave's bag lay open on the table.

"Jewel-case," he said. "No trace of having been forced."

"No—trace—" repeated the Sergeant, writing, "of—having—been—forced."

"We can explain it all," Timothy said wearily.

"You'll have every opportunity," Inspector Gardner assured him. Timothy noticed that he was not addressed as sir. He was the accused, Lana, he supposed, would be the female accused.

"No licence," the Inspector murmured. "No insurance."

"I haven't driven a car for a year. But it doesn't alter the fact that I can drive better than most mugs who've just scraped through their test."

"It doesn't alter the fact that you've got three links of pork sausage on the wiper, either."

"Did you get through to the Colonel, Inspector?"

"I did! He told me to let

you cool your heels in a cell till Monday."

"A—cell?" whispered Lana, and Timothy turned in a fury of desperation to the Inspector, who had an oddly bland expression on his face.

"Oh, lord, have a heart! It's just a crazy chapter of accidents. I can get a laugh out of it, but Miss Ross—well, she's different."

The Inspector rubbed his nose. "There's a brighter side," he admitted. "Lady Howard-Cleave seemed rather amused about the bags when I rang her up just now. She's on her way down. So is Joe Dolly. He's very pleased at the prospect of getting a new bus."

"But all the same it's a serious matter. What if everybody ran off with a bus every time they want to get anywhere? Suppose you'd killed somebody?"

"But we didn't!" Lana said. "Timothy's a wonderful driver."

The Inspector nodded. "So I should imagine by the look of the butcher's shop."

He sat down and began to write in an ominous-looking book. Timothy wondered how long Lady Howard-Cleave would be. If she had influence, if she'd take to Lana and get her out of the jam somehow.

For himself he didn't mind. He didn't mind about Irma either.

Timothy looked at the Sergeant's bald head and the Inspector's slowly moving fingers, realising that he hadn't given Irma a thought for at least half an hour. It was a terrifying but glorious realisation. He wasn't worried any more about what Irma would say. He didn't much care if he never saw Irma again.

He moved a little nearer to Lana. No one objected. He sat down beside Lana. The Inspector coughed, but that was all.

"Lana, it's a jam all right!" he said hoarsely.

She nodded. "And it's all my fault. Like the sugar you

don't take and the ticket I lost and the chocolate I gave to that huge baby."

"It's not your fault. It's just luck. We can prove you didn't intentionally switch the bags. Those bags are made in thousands, and people shouldn't put them on the floor. But they've got me! Oh, yes, pal, they've got me! Pinching a bus, smashing it up, knocking a shop down . . . I may get away with a fine and damages. Thousands of pounds, that'll take me years to pay. Or I may go down for a stretch. You as well."

"I hope so, Timothy." Her hand, very small and slim, crept over his. "I hope they send me to prison, too. Because you wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for me. You didn't want to. I'm going to tell them I made you take that old bus."

The Inspector coughed again.

"We'll soon know the worst," Timothy said.

"Yes, I'll never get to Bur-cham Sands now."

"And there's no kit inspection tomorrow morning."

She laughed, a little tinkling laugh that made the Inspector look at the Sergeant and wink.

"That's what I really want to tell you, Lana. I lost Irma somewhere in the fog up there, and I'm blessed if I'm going looking for her. So whether we get on our way tonight or they keep us here—"

"Yes, Timothy?" She looked at him shyly.

" . . . and whether it's just a fine or Holloway and the Scrubbs—"

He didn't quite finish it there, but the rest of the words were lost in that silky hair as she clung to him with her face against his shoulder.

A few minutes later the Sergeant said to Inspector Gardner, "Look, the fog's lifting."

Lana went to the window. Coming back she said, "It is, Timothy. I can see the stars."

"I saw them," he said, "just about two hours ago."

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However, many people have nothing seriously wrong with their hair, but wisely wish to keep it in perfect condition. For this purpose the Silvikrin Laboratories have developed—for the use of women as well as men—two special hairdressings, each containing a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—the hair's natural food.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 5, 1956

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Silvikrin
THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

these are nature's warning signs . . .

This man possesses a full head of hair, but not a healthy one. Hair is already present on his comb.

The process of gradual hair loss is now accelerated and the hair is receding at the temples.

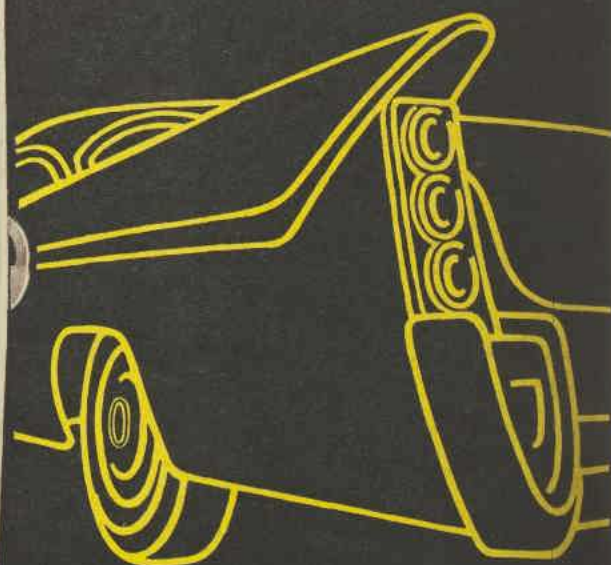


Recession at the temples is often followed by the bald patch stage—a serious, but not hopeless situation.

This is the typical link, lifeless, rapidly thinning hair which denotes over-activity of the sebaceous glands and the resultant greasy scalp.



the shape of things... now here!



Above: Sovereign 107 (10.7 cu. ft.) in two models—standard, defrost—and push-button defrost, with water disposal.

dazzling new *crisp line* styled and colour-planned years ahead! 10.7 and 8 cubic feet models!

Something wonderful has happened in refrigerators... Sovereign's sparkling new *crisp-line* models in 10.7 and 8 cubic feet capacities.

Designed and styled on the *crisp lines* of the future, Sovereign will make smart kitchens look smarter and just won't date.

A glamorous, new, porcelain enamelled interior that holds more, does so much more for you... it's the refrigerator you've always wanted. Just look at all the wonderful Sovereign features, and you will see why it's the nation's finest refrigerator value.



CIRCO-MATIC
DOOR HANDLE



GLIDE-OUT
SHELVES



LATEST
COLOUR
DECOR



EXTRA
FREEZE
TRAY



WORLD-FAMOUS
TECUMSEH
SEALED UNIT

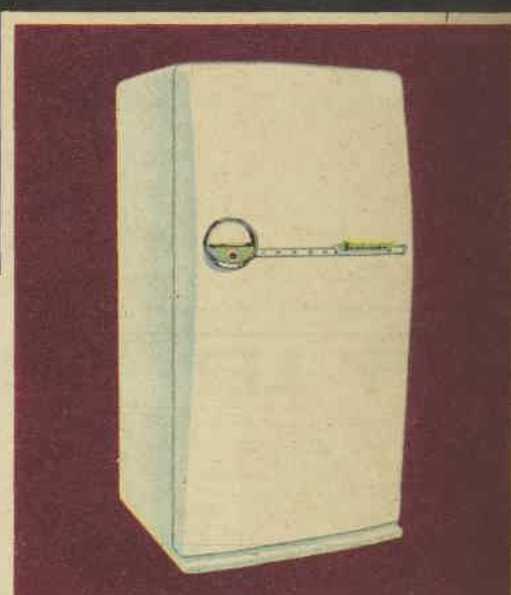


BIG
DEEP-SEE
CRISPERS

- ✓ **KING SIZE DOOR**—Sovereign models have door storage space that will amaze you—the largest of any refrigerator.
- ✓ **CIRCO-MATIC DOOR HANDLE**—A wonderful Sovereign first... feather-touch door handle that opens and closes at the slightest touch... use your elbow if hands are full.
- ✓ **GLIDE-OUT SHELVES**—Your food within reach so easily... glides on nylon runners on the smooth "cool-gold" anodised aluminium shelves.
- ✓ **TECUMSEH SEALED UNIT**—Sovereign models are powered by the world-renowned Tecumseh sealed unit—so compact—so silent, yet so powerful.
- ✓ **LATEST COLOUR DECOR**—Interiors in soft tone Sunrise, Peachglow and Polar White—exteriors in sparkling White, Cream and Green.
- ✓ **DEEP-SEE CRISPERS**—Sovereign has plenty of crisper space—ensures perfect conditioning of vegetables and salad ingredients—the see-through tops are so convenient, too.

Sovereign precision-built *crisp-line* models are produced by Sovereign Appliances Pty. Ltd., at their new Bankstown, N.S.W., plant—Australia's most modern appliance factory. See the dazzling range of Sovereign *crisp-line* models at your retailer NOW!

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NEW PLASTIC HANDCRAFT

PLASTIC foam (an industrial by-product) is fast becoming a craze with handcraft enthusiasts.

Many people are now using this light, pliable, and glistening foam for making French-style flowers, tiny bags and hats, lampshades, toys, and place-mats for children.

American beach-girls last summer wore bracelets, earrings, or corsages made from plastic foam on their beaches when they found that water did not affect it.

Mrs. C. M. Brandes, a Sydney woman, designed and made the little hat and pochette shown right. She says that plastic foam work is one of the easiest crafts to learn. Both hat and bag are rainproof.

Directions for making a rose are given below.



THE BASIS of this plastic foam hat is a cheap buckram shape. The envelope-style pochette is stiffened with cardboard.



TO MAKE A ROSE

1 MATERIALS REQUIRED: One or more sheets of 1/4 in. thick plastic foam in pink, white, or yellow, stamens, cups, stem wire, fine wire, tubing, and leaves.

2 Cut a 3 in. wide strip of petals, cut petals apart, but take care not to cut right through the strip. Round off edges as shown.

3 To achieve a realistic curl: hold a lighted match near but not too close to each petal tip and gently bend top back.

4 With fine wire, tie stamens to stem, then wrap petal strip around this centre, allowing each petal to overlap the other slightly. Secure with fine wire.

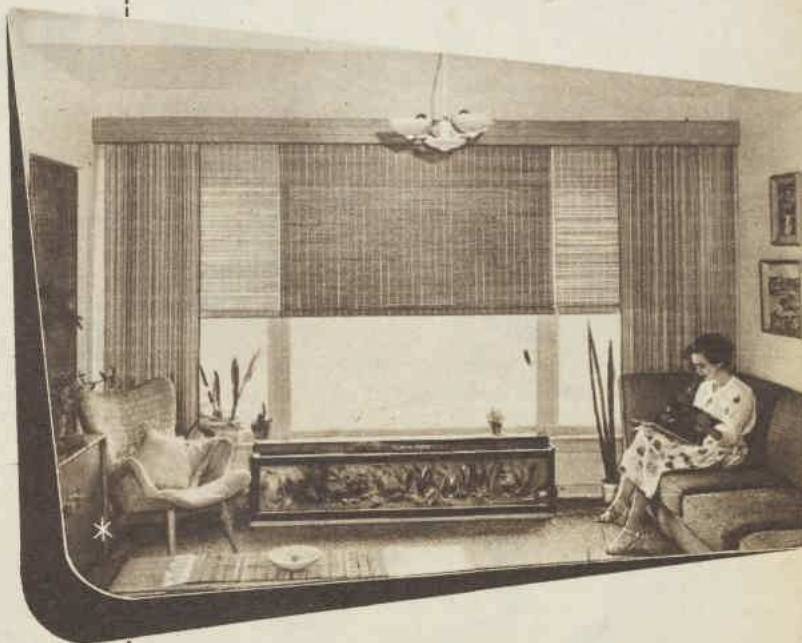
5 To neaten rose, clip off protruding pieces at base, slip on cup, then tubing.

6 Make small slits in tubing and insert leaves. If desired, the petals can be tinted. Use diluted dye, but be sparing with the brush.



RIGHT: Wide range of plastic foam corsages made by Mrs. E. G. Scott, of Harbord, N.S.W., who also demonstrated the step-by-step directions, illustrated above, for making a rose. Plastic foam can be bought in white, blue, yellow, dark green, light green, pink, and red at little cost.

- tailored for your home
- tailored to your budget



these delightful NEW woven woods by woodweev

Smart new favourites in thousands of Swedish and American homes, these hand-crafted styles in beautiful woven woods are custom-built for every room of your home — as window blinds and curtains, wall coverings and panels, area dividers, cupboard closures and door screens — all designed to blend with either traditional or modern furniture. Sophisticated, perfectly tailored, they're the very latest decor fashion that everyone's talking about. And no wonder — for **woodweev** saves you pounds on any one room alone! Look around the stores and compare the prices of other high quality window furnishings. **woodweev** blinds, with special braided no-twist cord, are supplied to exact size, ready to install with just two screws (check-stop system optional). **woodweev** curtains are cut to customer's measure, taped ready to hang from any standard fitting, with or without pelmets. . . require no costly backing. . . cut out dry cleaning costs and clumsy laundry (you simply dust them!). **woodweev** is always trim and tidy. . . virtually insect-proof. . . may be brush or spray painted to match changes in colour schemes. . . provides insulation both winter and summer. . . ensures healthy ventilation. . . eliminates glare by "filtering" the light. Choose from two elegant, hand-loomed weaves: "Palm Beach" (contrast) and "Hayman Island" (plain), in your own exclusive combination of fine natural woods — Golden Coachwood, Honey Pine, Red Cedar — and glorious, non-fade colours: Lipstick Red, Pacific Blue, Oyster White, Forest Green, Sunshine Yellow, Shadow Grey. At good stores everywhere — we will tell you where.

(above) Swedish artist Mrs. Solveig Douglas in the sitting room of her Sydney home for which she has chosen a charming combination of **woodweev** blinds, draw curtains and area divider in natural Honey Pine and Red Cedar.

OUT WITH THE OLD IN WITH THE NEW



Use a modern **woodweev** area divider, sliding or fixed, between lounge-and-dining or kitchen-and-dining areas. See the difference!



Cover, or part cover, an ugly wall (damp, cracked, or with old fashioned plate-rails) with **woodweev** as wall panelling. You'll be thrilled by the new spacious effect!



Modernise that clumsy cupboard or set of open shelves with **woodweev** roll-up or sliding closures. Costs little, looks wonderful!



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SMART LITTLE HAT for late-afternoon and evening wear is simple to make from a buckram shape covered with taffeta, then crowned with crocheted "leaves" and pearls.

Crochet leaf trim for hat

Anyone who crochets can make the decorative hat pictured at the top of this page.

FIRST obtain a wired buckram shape, which is available at millinery stores in a wide range of head fittings. Cover it with taffeta and line it so that it will be comfortable.

Thirty-one leaf motifs worked in lacy crochet (according to the directions given below) are assembled like a gigantic daisy over the crown and the centre filled in with about 40 pearls or beads.

To make the 31 crocheted leaves you need two balls of No. 10 Coats Chain Mercer crochet cotton; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 2½ (slack workers could use a No. 3 hook and tight workers a No. 2).

The leaf motif is 1 in. wide by 3 in. long.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space.

Commence with 28 ch.
1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each of next 26 ch., 5 ch., turn.

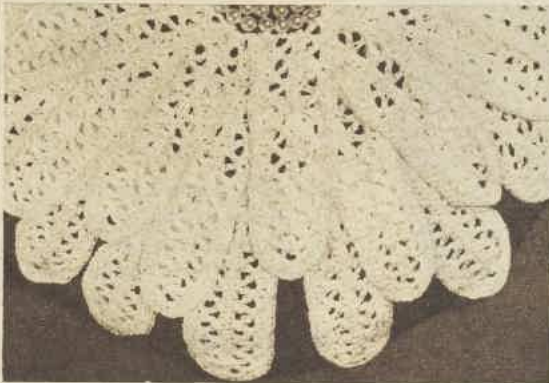
2nd Row: 1 tr. into first d.c., * miss 2 d.c., 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into next d.c.; repeat from * 7 times more, miss 1 d.c., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into next d.c., work along other side of ch. as follows: miss 1 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into next ch., * miss 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next ch., repeat from last * 7 times more, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 3 d.c. into each of next 10 sps., 5 d.c. into next sp., 3 d.c. into each of next 10 sps., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., working 3 d.c. into centre d.c. at point. Fasten off.

Make 30 more leaves in same manner.

Damp and press, then sew leaves in position as shown in illustration. Sew beads in a cluster at top.



TO ASSEMBLE the crocheted leaves, overlap them as shown above and pin in position before sewing on to hat shape.

THE VALUE OF VITAMIN B

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

RECENT research has proved that expectant mothers have special need for vitamin B to establish and maintain a good milk supply.

A permanently low intake of vitamin B can cause constipation, affect the nervous system, and produce irritability, moodiness, and sometimes mental depression.

Whole-grain cereals, especially coarse wheatmeal, oatmeal, wheat-germ, bran, barley, and

yeast, vegetable extracts, nuts, milk, cheese, egg-yolk, fish, liver and kidney, dried peas, and beans are all rich in vitamin B.

A table listing the various foods and the vitamins and minerals they contain is given in my parentcraft book "You and Your Baby," which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and from the city bookshops. Price 12/6, plus 9d. postage.



£100 APPEALING CHILD CONTEST Closes Sept. 30th.

Your child's portrait may win you £100. Bring your child to any studio listed below and with your order an 8 in. x 6 in. press print will be supplied FREE for the Contest. Children 3 months to 8 years are eligible.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956



SMART LIVING-ROOM is decorated in stark black and white, the only relief being the Japanese print on the wall and the indoor plant. The woodwork is all of black-stained maple. The chair upholstery is foam rubber.

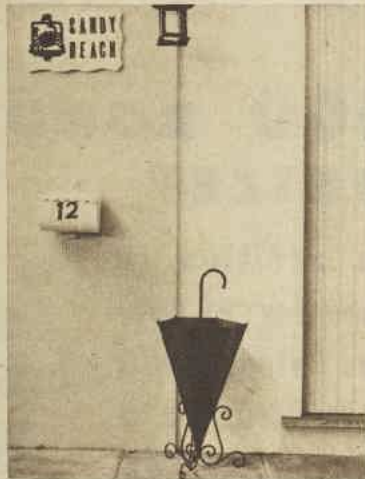
Modern Homes

Because most Australians are interested in new ideas for their homes, there were crowds of spectators at the display of furnishings, building materials, household appliances, and decoration schemes at the recent Homes Exhibition at Sydney Show-ground. Shown on this page are some of the modern home interiors on exhibition.



CONTEMPORARY DINING-ROOM features wicker and bamboo chairs and a table with a black laminated top. The white chair in the centre is made of fibreglass. An indoor garden and the room divider enhance the setting.

RIGHT: Novel umbrella-stand prevents wet floors and halls. The perforated sides allow water to evaporate and the sturdy handle makes the stand easy to carry.



BELOW: An idea for the budget-minded is this seating unit with chairs which slide in grooves to make two separate chairs or a sofa, or chairs flanking a table.



For their PERFECT FIGURE CONTROL top Sydney fashion models use

the **Vita-Weat** way

to **EAT** and **KEEP SLIM!**

New summer fashions by courtesy Jantzen (Australia) Ltd.



Peek Frean's Vita-Weat crispbread contains far less weight-making calories than any other crispbread!

That's why Peek Frean's world-famous Vita-Weat crispbread is so valuable to your figure control! And only Vita-Weat contains the natural goodness of the whole wheat kernel that keeps you energetic, healthy, and complexion lovely while you slim!

To stay at the top, fashion models have to keep figure perfect and most leading models find the easiest and pleasantest way to keep slim is the Vita-Weat way. You, too, can have a fashion-model figure. Follow "the Vita-Weat Way" diet chart and enjoy the baked-in-oven flavour of crisp, crunchy Vita-Weat as you eat and keep slim.

Vita-Weat keeps you regular, too! As well as providing essential basics in your diet, Vita-Weat forms a natural roughage that keeps you regular—the first step to beauty.

If you want to be slim

Peek Frean's Vita-Weat crispbread makes it easy for you. Don't starve yourself . . . simply eat Vita-Weat in conjunction with the tested diet chart and watch those pounds disappear!

If you want to stay slim

Then do what astute models do. Eat healthful Vita-Weat to keep regular, keep your energy up and your complexion clear.

*"The Vita-Weat Way" diet chart gives a week's delicious menus that make weight reducing a pleasure. Write to-day for "the Vita-Weat Way"—it's free! Address to Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dept. 5, Box 28, P.O., Ashfield, N.S.W.



Vita-Weat

The WORLD-FAMOUS

crispbread

MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY PEEK FREAN

ENTER GIBSONS TEA

£1,000

Simple word competition

★ Closing Date

29th September, 1956

All entries received by J. A. D. Gibson & Co. Pty. Ltd. at the address set out below, by noon on the 29th September, 1956, will be eligible for the Gibson's £1,000 Easy Word Competition.

The Prize Winner will be announced in this paper on the 7th NOV. 1956



Yes! A Prize of £1,000 in cash!

All you have to do

● From the letters in the words GIBSONS TEA make up as many three-letter words as you can. Only use each letter which appears in GIBSONS TEA once in each word. (As "S" appears twice, it can be used twice, as in the word "ASS.")

● Three-letter words are to be such that can be found in the Oxford Dictionary and are not to be place names, proper names, slang words, prefixes, suffixes, abbreviations or foreign language words.

● Words to contain no more than, or no less than, three letters, such as "sin," "sat" "ate."

● Send your entry accompanied by the green side panel (as illustrated in the top left-hand corner) from a 1-lb. packet of GIBSONS GREEN LABEL TEA, to:

"COMPETITION,"

C/- J. A. D. GIBSON & CO. PTY. LTD.,
364 Kent Street, Sydney.

● The person who sends in the greatest number of correct words in accordance with the conditions governing the competition as set out herein shall be judged the winner. In the event of a tie, the neatest, correct entry will be judged the winner. The prize is £1,000 in cash!

The GIBSON'S Easy Word Competition could mean £1,100 in cash for you. Buy your packet of Gibson's Green Label Tea and a bottle of Gibson's Coffee Essence to-day.

£100 BONUS PRIZE!

In addition to receiving £1,000, the winner will also receive a further £100 provided a Gibson's Coffee Essence label is sent in with the Gibsons Tea label.



YOU CAN DEPEND ON GIBSONS

SEPTEMBER is the time to...

... plant bulbs,
tuberous plants, de-
ciduous shrubs...
sow the flower and
vegetable beds...
put in citrus trees.

ALTHOUGH the protea is known as a South African plant Australia can also claim many of them. The lovely Waratah speciosissima, the hakeas, (common to most States), the wooden pears (Xylomelum), the geebung, lambertias, the Queensland fire or wheel tree, and many others belong to this family.

Among some 40 varieties are P. nerifolia (greyish red and brown) and P. zusannae, with peculiar upright heads of intense brick-red.

Proteas should be sown now. Also this month you should:

• Get the ground ready for a new lawn as soon as possible.

Remove all roots, stumps, big stones, etc. Break up any hardpan or subsoil immediately below the topsoil and rake the top-side level. When this is done, sieve plenty of good quality light topsoil to be used for covering the seed after it is sown.

Sow the seed thinly. Cover with about half an inch of soil, then go over it and firm lightly.

Watering must be done very carefully or the small seeds will be washed out of place and may crowd one another. Use a fine nozzle or spray and hold it by hand during each watering until germination takes place.

• Concentrate on the flower garden for a good spring and summer display.

Plant late-flowering bulbous plants such as agapanthus, calla, canna, flag or bearded iris, gladioli, Japanese iris, Achimenes and tuberous-rooted begonias can also be planted, but these are suitable only for glasshouse or shaded bushhouse.

Also put in deciduous shrubs such as frangipani, neillia, philadelphus, rhus, continus, prunus, and magnolias. These flower very early in spring and resent any setbacks.

Gloxinia corms can be planted in pots of



PROTEA in flower. This unusual plant does best in well-drained sandy loam. It needs an ample supply of water and an open, sunny position.

GARDENING

good fibrous soil under glass. They will not flower until the temperature rises to about 70 degrees, but then their lovely trumpet-shaped blooms appear in many colors.

Sow seed of colorful nettle or coleus. Some of the varieties obtainable have fringed and serrated edges, and almost all known colors, except blue, are obtainable. Potted up for the hushhouse or the well-shaded table or window shelf indoors, the coleus has few equals. It is an annual.

Divide chrysanthemums or plant seedlings of this lovely flower. Plant phlox, Michaelmas daisies, shasta daisies, heucheras, stokesia, scabious caucasica, thalictrum, nierenbergia, dianthus. The ground for these plants should be lightly dressed with old manure or fertiliser before setting them out.

• Don't forget to sow vegetables for summer.

Sow tomato seeds, or if you live in a warm northern district have seedlings of good size and set them out in the open in a sunny place, 2 feet apart in rows 3 feet apart.

Gardeners in districts where fruit fly is prevalent should rush along their tomato plants in order to get them ripe before Christmas. Fruit fly rarely appears before this, and after December it pays to buy tomatoes.

Sow seeds of carrots, parsnips, table turnips, and beets in ground that has previously been manured. In cool districts a final sowing of peas can be made.

The first lot of French beans can be sown this month, also seed of cabbage, silver beet, lettuce, and, under cover of a sheet of glass, capsicum, rosella, cape gooseberry, and egg-plant.

• Plant out more citrus trees. Get healthy young trees bearing deep green foliage and avoid those that are yellow or curled.

For inland districts of Victoria and South Australia both Valencia and navel oranges are good types. For coastal N.S.W. the Valencia is best and often bears a second or intermediate crop.

Cut the tins with snips down one side and along the bottom and remove the baby citrus trees with the ball of soil around their roots undisturbed.

HOME-GROWN tomatoes look tempting even on the vine. Best early varieties are Earliana, Chalk's Early Jewel, Break o' Day, Grosse Lisse, Daydream, and Sioux.



The Best Toothbrush Money Can Buy!

Only Tek, with its Teklon super nylon cleans your teeth to a new brightness and puts youth back in your smile. Only Tek has that smart, sleek tapered handle and the easy no-slip grip. Buy a sparkling new TEK today and just see the difference it makes!

INSIST ALWAYS ON . . .

Tek

Kiddies love Tek Junior with gay coloured bristles

Specially made to thrill the children comes new Tek Junior, with sparkling bright Teklon nylon bristles in a whole rainbow of colours to make teeth-cleaning fun! Let the children choose their own exciting colour combination of bristles and handle.

Tek JUNIOR

THE BEST TOOTHBRUSH MONEY CAN BUY

PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



was far too young to want to spend time with an old lady absorbed in the past.

The past... Arabia glanced briefly round the large room that would have been museum-like, had any museum that rich, haphazard untidiness. Rather, it was like an untended garden, heavy-headed dahlias and over-blown roses mingling with the delicate plants that scarcely showed their heads.

There was that miniature of Lucy, incredibly innocent and fair, completely overshadowed by the portrait of herself at the age of sixty, with the parrot on her shoulder. There were the trophies she had picked up in her journeys, an Arab's head-dress, camel bells, spears and gourds rubbing shoulders with Victorian ornaments.

She loved masses of cushions in bright colors, and they flowed over the couches and on to the floor. The lampshades were very ornate and in similar gaudy colors. The gilt parrots' cages were made in the shape of Bedouin tents. One of them contained the active and vociferous Ahmed, the other his predecessor, who was now no more than a light handful of stuffed rose and pearl-grey feathers. Persian rugs (she remembered with vivid nostalgia the hot-smelling, dusty Baghdad bazaars) completely covered a very fine parquet floor.

If ever Jeremy Winter's yellow cat found his way up here he had a fine time springing and slipping on the rugs, while Ahmed the parrot went wild with excitement and screamed deafeningly, and as likely as not one of the Dresden or Meissen figures was knocked over and broken.

Everything in the room, Arabia was wont to say, told a story. But stories required listeners, and now she had none. What was the use of a colorful and fantastic past if there was no one to whom to recount it?

Just anybody would not do. Arabia was critical as to her audience. It had to be both intelligent and appreciative, and preferably argumentative,

Continuing Remember the Last One

(from page 9)

although she would be willing for admiration and affection to take the place of the argumentativeness. It would be nice to be loved and admired in one's declining years.

If Lucy... Arabia sighed. No use to go over that. Things were as they were, and she was a lonely old woman in a house of strangers, and suddenly life was dull.

She had begun to let rooms several years ago. It was absurd for one old woman and a couple of servants to live alone in such a large house. Besides, servants were hard to keep. If it were not that the house was too big, it was Ahmed screaming at them, or Arabia, with a whim to wear the Arab headdress, frightening them out of their wits, silly creatures.

So she had had the brilliant idea of taking in lodgers, thus killing three birds with one stone — making a little extra money which she enjoyed but did not need, having company and making the arrangement that one of the lodgers should act as a servant.

The scheme had worked beautifully. She had had a series of gay and interesting people, sometimes a little eccentric like herself (there had been the artist who had painted his walls with slightly Bacchanalian murals, which had had to be hurriedly painted over on his departure).

The middle-aged and poverty-stricken daughter of a sea captain, Gloriana Becker, who had taken the ballroom, moving her meagre possessions into the enormous room so that her modest bedstead looked like a lonely tent in the desert, had been with Arabia faithfully for five years and filled the role of a maid excellently. She was willing to cook and do housework for the rent of her room.

She was too poor for false pride. The care of the captain, a peppery and domineering invalid, had taken both her youth and all the money she might have expected to inherit.

Now she was growing as peppery as her father had been, and Arabia naughtily encouraged her into displays of temper, simply to relieve the boredom.

But one desiccated spinster with a sharp temper was not enough to make life interesting. All at once, in her seventysixth year, Arabia discovered that she had let her rooms unwisely, allowing her sympathy to run away with her sense, and there was no one, except possibly Jeremy Winter, to whom she could talk.

She thought she might try out the story of the sheik and the ten camels on him and see how he reacted. It was an infallible test. Then suddenly she found that she was tired and wasn't sure that she wanted to tell that story any more. Life was empty, squeezed dry. There was no more relish to it. She was a lonely and unloved old woman. In her reckless impetuous life she had given so much, and yet she had come to this.

It wasn't fair. Even that wretched myopic little Mrs. Stanhope on the first floor, who could speak only in an unintelligible whisper, had a son to love her. No very bright specimen, Dawson, weak-eyed and with a sly look to him, but with devotion and love to give his mother.

Then there was the violinist, Vincent Moretti. He, with his quick pale glance, had the look of having an endless fund of good stories to tell, but unexpectedly he had proved disappointing. He had little to say to Arabia and indeed was inclined to avoid her. He spent most of the day practising (with a taste for dirge-like music) and during his idle moments carried on a harmless and probably quite meaningless flirtation with the suddenly coy Miss Glory.

This Arabia found exasperating in the extreme and extracted what meagre entertain-

ment she could from it by making constant sly digs at Miss Glory on the subject of virtue.

Jeremy Winter in the basement had not been welcomed so much on account of his potential value as an amusing and diverting guest as because he was a broad-shouldered, strong young man, and the basement had, in the past, proved a happy hunting-ground for burglars. After two burglaries, in both of which Arabia had lost some of her extraordinary collection of ornate jewellery, she had decided that window-bars were not enough. She must turn the basement into a flat and let it to an alert and courageous person.

Her advertisement, "Wanted a tenant willing to catch burglars," had produced a motley collection of applicants. Jeremy had been quite the best. He had smiled at her then with that lifting eyebrow and twinkle that promised so much and had said that he would bring, also, his cat Mimosa, who would catch mice.

Arabia had been delighted and sure that behind his politeness there was a great deal to the young man. But at that time her quarrelsome friendship with the sculptor on the ground floor had been at its height and she was fully occupied. Now the sculptor had gone and the ground floor flat was empty and she was dull, dull.

What amusing advertisement should she put in the evening papers this time? "Ground floor flat in mansion to let. Grand piano, or lap dog not objected to." Or "Applicant must have a mind." In the past she had had some diverting moments in wording advertisements and seeing what they produced. But suddenly she was so tired.

Did she want a tenant with a mind? Did she want murals or dissertations on Cretan-age morals? Wouldn't a dull cabbage be preferable now that she was growing so old? Then she would have the house full of cabbages, Mrs. Stanhope

and the tall, skinny Dawson. Miss Glory with her sudden intolerable coyness, the elusive Vincent Moretti, Jeremy, no, his qualities had still to be tested.

Arabia looked round her cluttered room. Did she want any more uproarious evenings of telling tales about her old friend the sheik, of dressing in her Turkish clothes and singing clever, naughty songs to the accompaniment of the zither, of teasing Ahmed with the stuffed parrot until he nearly brought the plaster roses on the ceiling down with his hysterical screeching.

No, all at once she wanted peace. And love. Particularly love. And who in all the world was there left to love her?

Men still liked her because, although she was old and now quite ugly, she still retained her majestic carriage and the glamor she had always had was indestructible. But they no longer fell madly in love with her, thank heaven for that at least.

Even the memory of that was now curiously wearying. And when she thought back the strange thing was that, for all the love she had enjoyed and for all the intoxicating satisfaction of the power she had over men, the thing that pleased her most was her remembered love for Lucy. It ran like a pure thread through those rich overflowing days, like the perfume of primroses in a room full of spices.

But now it was gone and she was so lonely. There was no way to bring back the spring.

Or was there? Arabia suddenly straightened herself among the crushed cushions. All at once she was erect, her old head held at its indomitable angle. She, Arabia Bolton, who had crooked her finger and the world had come to her, who all her life had got what she wanted, why could she not bring back the spring? Why, indeed, could she not?

Her old fingers trembling with excitement and impatience, she pulled out the drawers of her writing-desk and tumbled old letters and bills

on to the floor. She found some of her expensive engraved notepaper, unused for a long time. She wrote in her thick black writing:

WANTED TO LET GROUND FLOOR FLAT IN LARGE WEST END HOUSE RENT NOMINAL FOR ATTRACTIVE GIRL WHOSE NAMES MUST BE CRESSIDA LUCY APPLY IN PERSON.

Arabia breathed heavily, chuckling with excitement. What a brilliant idea! What a scintillatingly brilliant idea! Who said she could not bring back the spring. She who had power to do so much; she would have power over the seasons, too.

Cressida Lucy Cressida

Oh, Lucy, I loved you... "I hate you, I hate you..."

That voice, suddenly ringing in her head, thin and vicious, was not there, really. It was in her imagination, as so much else had been. There, it had gone already, the blackness it had brought over her had gone, too. She was rejuvenated, full of life and excitement. It was springtime, and she was going to have another Lucy, young, innocent, new. Another Lucy to love her and to be loved.

Cressida opened her eyes and saw the young man. She promptly shut them again, partly because she was extraordinarily tired and partly because she wanted to think in a comfortably anonymous darkness. Her open eyes would betray her utter bewilderment. Until she knew where she was, how she had got there, and who the strange young man was, it was better to remain composed and apparently sane.

It might still be a dream, of course. She sometimes had very vivid dreams. Once she had even walked downstairs in her sleep, and when her mother had told Tom the next morning he, quite unperturbed, had said comfortably: "I won't let

To page 66



Whether you're 15 or 50... you'll find

Aywon

separates

just right for you!

SAYANNAH... Gorgeous multi-striped Satin Gabardine teamed with plain royal, green or red. The overblouse in multi-stripes, 69/11.

The skirt, plain coloured, very flattering, 75/-.

Pedal pushers, 55/6; shorts, 42/11; crossover halter, 35/6;

elastic halter, 45/-; bra 19/11. Multiple fittings.

SUMMER DAYS... An adorable printed cotton blouse and skirt in blue, green, red and aqua tonings. The blouse, 29/11; the skirt, 39/11. Multiple fittings.

Try them on NOW... in your favourite stores EVERYWHERE

Aywon pronounced A.I... the most exciting name in Separates





ROBERT STACK, who plays the cynical rebel-hero in "Great Day in the Morning," which tells of the turbulent early days of the Colorado gold rush.

VIRGINIA MAYO is cast as a spirited girl from the East who discovers romance and adventure in the West.



RUTH ROMAN sings for the first time on the screen as the Western gambling hall entertainer of the new film.

GLAMOR GOES WEST

THREE good-looking Hollywood stars share the high adventure and romance of R.K.O.'s technicolor widescreen drama "Great Day in the Morning."

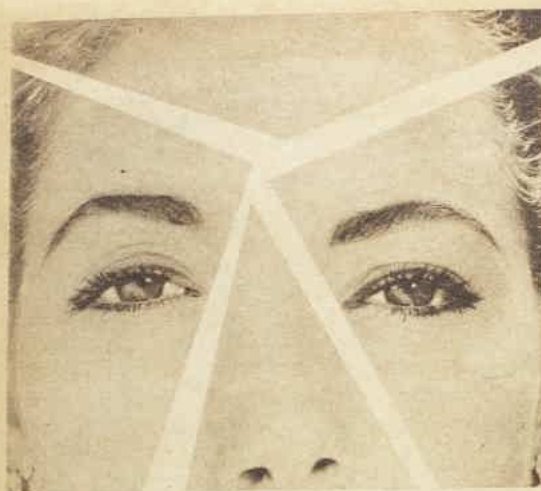
They are Virginia Mayo, Robert Stack, and Ruth Roman, all of them experienced Western players.

Versatile Alex Nicol co-stars, and main feature roles are played by Raymond Burr, Regis Toomey, and 12-year-old Donald MacDonald.

"Great Day in the Morning," from the novel by Robert Hardy Andrews, tells of gold-raiding in the State of Colorado in pre-Civil War days.

The conflict develops into an all-out struggle between North and South sympathisers to seize and control gold resources.

Denver, a scattered frontier settlement in the 1860s, is the main locale, and most of the film was shot against authentic backgrounds.



'Flu . . . pains go

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . .
acts rapidly

When you put a Disprin tablet into water, you see it foam at once and dissolve. This "soluble form" of aspirin naturally passes more rapidly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Pain, soreness and fever are therefore relieved in the shortest possible time.

FAR LESS ACID . . .
better for the stomach

Because of this solubility, and because it is far less acid than

ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., Disprin is far less likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation—which is particularly helpful when a dose of 'flu means taking tablets or powders several times a day.

PLEASANT . . . easy to take

Disprin is palatable. Both adults and children find that taking Disprin is the pleasantest way of relieving pain.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DISPRIN Regd.
dissolves pain
quickly and safely

DS/54

They're
GUARANTEED!

Three months' wear or a FREE pair!

Sanforized — won't shrink!

Sizes up to 50 in. waist and chest!



Khaki Drill or Grey Tweed

CANT-TEAR-EM

WORK SHIRTS • WORK TROUSERS

PAA

THE WORLD'S
MOST EXPERIENCED
AIRLINE

SKIN ITCH
Stops in 7 Minutes

Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Feling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

★ Summer Madness

MISTY-EYED romance with an undertone of laughter is the theme of "Summer Madness," London Films' smoothly made, handsomely mounted adaptation of "The Time of the Cuckoo."

It's a most appealing picture with stars Katharine Hepburn and Italian heart-throb Rossano Brazzi doing wonders with the slender thread of story.

But far more glamorous than either of them is the sun-drenched city of Venice, filmed in lovely color, where the story is set.

Ace cameraman Jack Hildyard does a superb job with the city's well-known beauty spots and colorful waterways.

Anyone who has ever been there knows that Venice is, in point of fact, a rather smelly place. But, fortunately, that's not important here.

"Summer Madness" is a study of an American tourist, a spinster secretary from Akron, Ohio, in real life, who is involved in Italian romance.

Hepburn, who can charm a bird off a bough whenever she feels like it, brings a touch of magic to the role of this naive woman who is not so young any more.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

Director David Lean has contrasted her most adroitly with the urbane Romeo of Rossano Brazzi's antique dealer.

Notable in the film company is Isa Miranda's pension landlady, and Gaetano Autiero, an Italian boy guide of urchin charm.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★ Alexander the Great

"ALEXANDER THE GREAT," a United Artists' release, makes a serious attempt to re-create the life and deeds of the young Macedonian conqueror who subjugated all the then-known world before he was 30 years of age.

It succeeds for part of the time, and thereby climbs a notch or two above some of the spectacle-type films built around historical themes that we've seen of late.

The ancient story of conquest, adventure, intrigue, and love, filmed in color on interesting Spanish locations, is thrown on the CinemaScope screen with what appears to

be a reasonable amount of attention to the original events.

The point of its action, however, is not always clear to the onlooker, and Alexander's campaign of conquest, often spectacular and valorous, makes for a very long war indeed.

As heroic Alexander, Richard Burton looks every bit the young conqueror, blond wig and all, and his concept of the role is commendable.

At the same time, his character, complex and devious,

frequently places considerable strain upon one's powers of understanding.

The same need not be said for Fredric March. His performance as Alexander's father, King Philip of Macedonia, who loves his son and is jealous of him, remains vividly in the memory.

French actress Danielle Darrieux has the role of Queen Olympia, wife of Philip, who ties Alexander to her apron strings.

Harry Andrews, Peter Cushing, and Barry Jones render stalwart support. Lovely Claire Bloom is unexpectedly negative.

In Sydney—Regent.

Baby will love these NEW

ACTIL

'Popular Quality'

NURSERY SQUARES

Popularly priced
to meet wider demand!



Baby's delicate skin needs these new, soft, super-absorbent, protective Actil Nursery Squares. You'll appreciate the extra wear in Actil's deep pile weave and non-fray hems.

Now you can choose Actil Nursery Squares in two qualities . . . "STANDARD" and "POPULAR" QUALITY

WEAR LONGER

—Strongly woven the careful Actil way.

EXTRA SOFT

—In caressing deep pile Terry towelling.

SUPER-ABSORBENT

—Thirsty towelling weave assures maximum absorption.

HYGIENICALLY PACKED



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

THIS PURE, SOOTHING OINTMENT CONTAINS THE PROVEN GERMICIDAL BENEFITS OF 'DETTOL'

NEW!

This soft, soothing cream combats germs by carrying the germicidal principle of Dettol antiseptic into the affected tissues. Actively antiseptic, Dettol Ointment cools, soothes and helps to prevent re-infection — while clean, safe healing goes on. Sold by all chemists.



DETTOL OINTMENT

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Artists and Models," technicolor Vista-Vision musical comedy, starring Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine. Plus "Immediate Disaster," science-fiction melodrama, starring Patricia Neal, Helmut Dantine, Derek Bond.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit," color CinemaScope drama, starring Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Summer Madness," technicolor romantic drama, starring Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Ulysses," technicolor adventure-classic, starring Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano, Rossana Podesta. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ "Invitation to the Dance," widescreen technicolor ballet-fantasy, starring Gene Kelly, Tamara Toumanova, Igor Youskevitch. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Special Delivery," comedy-drama, starring Joseph Cotten, Eva Bartok, Niall MacGinnis. Plus "Uranium Boom," adventure, starring Dennis Morgan, Patricia Medina, William Talman.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Man Who Never Was," color CinemaScope spy drama, starring Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame. Plus "Yacht on the High Sea," sea adventure, starring Gary Merrill, Nina Foch, Casey Adams.

PALACE.—"King Richard and the Crusaders," color CinemaScope historical drama, starring Rex Harrison, Virginia Mayo, Laurence Harvey. Plus featurettes.

PALLADIUM.—★★ "The Frogmen," World War II underwater adventure, starring Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill. Plus ★ "Rawhide," period Western, starring Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward. (Both re-releases.)

PARIS.—★ "The Littlest Outlaw," Walt Disney technicolor feature, starring Andres Velasquez, Pedro Armendariz, Joseph Calleja. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Man Who Knew Too Much," color Vista-Vision thriller, starring James Stewart, Doris Day. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Alexander the Great," widescreen color spectacle, starring Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Fredric March. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Guys and Dolls," color CinemaScope musical extravaganza, starring Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Rififi," French-language suspense drama with English sub-titles, starring Jean Servais, Carl Moller, Robert Manuel. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "A Town Like Alice," wartime drama, starring Peter Finch, Virginia McKenna. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "The Square Jungle," boxing drama, starring Tony Curtis, Pat Crowley. Plus ★ "Raw Edge," technicolor period Western, starring Rory Calhoun, Yvonne De Carlo, Mara Corday.

Not yet reviewed

PLAZA.—"The Proud Ones," color CinemaScope period Western drama, starring Robert Ryan, Virginia Mayo, Jeffrey Hunter. Plus "Laura," psychological thriller, starring George Sanders, Dana Wynter, Robert Stack.

LYRIC.—"Earth Versus the Flying Saucers," science-fiction adventure, starring Hugh Marlowe, Joan Taylor, Donald Curtis. Plus "1001 Nights," comedy-fantasy, starring Cornel Wilde, Evelyn Keyes, Adele Jergens. (Re-release; review unavailable.)

New Hope comedy

★ In Paramount's new comedy "That Certain Feeling," Bob Hope plays the role of a "ghost" cartoonist who, on the advice of his psychoanalyst, takes a job with an egotistical and overbearing comic-strip artist in order to cure himself of a habit of losing jobs.

The artist is George Sanders, who, for the purposes of the comedy, happens to be the fiance of Hope's ex-wife, Eva Marie Saint. It goes without saying that the ensuing events are bewildering.

Special castings include entertainer Pearl Bailey and cartoonist Al Capp, creator of "Li'l Abner," who makes his film debut playing himself. Bob Hope's four children, Linda, 16; Tony, 15; and Nora and Kelly, both nine years old, also appear.



1 MEDICAL check-up shows that Francis Dignan (Bob Hope), a cartoonist reduced to ghosting comic strips, cannot keep a job because domineering bosses make him sick. It's an awkward reunion when his ex-wife Dunreath engages Dignan to work for her new fiance, comic-strip artist Larkin.

★ **2 WAITING** in Larkin's apartment, Dignan chums up with Dunreath's newly adopted son Norman (Jerry Mathers) and Gussie, the housekeeper (Pearl Bailey). The boy likes Dignan, abhors Larkin. Dignan's neurosis recurs at the sight of Larkin.



3 LEFT. Sight of an elaborately embroidered set of pyjamas for honeymoon wear, a gift from friends, shown her by Larkin (George Sanders) makes Dunreath (Eva Marie Saint) feel queasy, too.

★ **4 RIGHT.** Day out with Norman at Coney Island almost causes Dignan to resign, but then he realises the boy has been accepted by Larkin merely for publicity, and remains. Next time Larkin is away Dignan and Dunreath, still in love, arrange a reunion.



5 NEXT MORNING Larkin returns to find the remnants of a champagne party in his city apartment and Dignan still there and wearing Dunreath's nuptial pyjamas.

6 CONFUSION is complete and so is the comedy when Dunreath arrives, bristling with contempt for the egotistical Larkin, whom she was to marry that evening. This touches off a big scene.

7 DIGNAN, his neurosis under firm control at last, flabbergasts everyone by denouncing Larkin and walking out of the apartment with Dunreath and Norman as well as Happy, their dog.



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a 1/-
bubble!

See for yourself how
RICHARD HUDNUT
egg creme shampoo
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... the glamour nylons
that just won't run ...

16/11

Prices vary slightly
in some States

HILTON make glamorous lingerie too!

Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

[from page 62]

her do that when we're married."

Tom! Now she remembered. She had run away!

She sat up in a flurry and the room swam. It was a large room with a raftered ceiling, rather sparsely furnished, but with a fire burning cheerfully. The largest piece of furniture was a desk. It was extremely littered with papers, and on one side of it, on top of the scattered papers, sat a square and dour-looking yellow cat. Behind it was the young man. He had his head bent and seemed to be sketching.

He was real, Cressida told herself. He was not only not Tom, who until recently had dominated her life, but was not in the least like Tom, having rather shaggy dark hair that hung forward over his brow, a bony jawline and a quick, nervous hand that moved absently over the drawing-board.

What on earth would Tom say if he knew that she had been sleeping, however innocently, on the couch in the room of a complete stranger? Moreover, a stranger who was not, apparently, the least interested in her. Indeed, he was proceeding with his work as if she were either a piece of furniture or not there at all.

It was becoming increasingly evident to Cressida that she was there and that she had a very odd and rather unpleasant feeling in her stomach.

"Hi!" she said feebly.

The young man's head shot up, displaying a face as bony as the jaw-line, with slightly crooked black brows and very bright eyes.

"Well, there," he said triumphantly, "I knew you weren't dead. But just keep still a moment longer, will you."

"Keep still!" Cressida repeated bewilderedly. But before her muzzy mind could work that out she was aware that she was clutching something in one hand. It was a crumpled piece of paper. She spread it out and read what was written on it in large, scrawling writing. It said briefly, "You're too late!"

Then she began to remember. The little woman in the very large horn-rimmed glasses, whose fingers kept constantly and mysteriously pointing to her mouth, flitted across her vision like a noontime owl. She remembered the piece of paper being thrust in her hand, and her mingled relief and despair on reading the words. She had had a curiously urgent desire to get out of the house and yet where was she to go?

The slippery marble steps had stretched before her, the big door with its shining dragon knocker had banged behind her. She had had the most curious feeling that the silent little woman in the too-large glasses had enjoyed banging the door. And that had fitted in with her intuition that she should never have come into the house, anyway. But it was her tiredness that had made her slip.

She remembered seeing the shine of rain on the steps as she fell. And that was all.

Sudden urgent curiosity stirred life in her. She sat up straight and said imperiously, "Do, for heaven's sake, stop what you are doing and tell me where I am."

The yellow cat turned its head and gave her an inquiring stare out of champagne-colored eyes. The man, after a last deliberate movement of his pencil, looked up and smiled. One of his eyebrows lifted a little higher than the other. His face, when he smiled, went into deep lines, but his eyes

had a twinkling brightness that seemed amused at her and her plight.

"At the moment you're on my couch," he said. "Ten minutes ago you were lying at the foot of the front steps. It was raining, so I brought you in."

"Thank you," said Cressida inadequately. Now she was beginning to feel sundry aches and bruises. There seemed to be a painful lump on the back of her head. And her stomach felt definitely peculiar.

Presently, since the young man seemed to be staring at her so pointedly, she said diffidently, "You didn't think a doctor was necessary?"

"You didn't seem to have broken anything. I thought I'd wait a little while and see." He got up and came over to her in a leisurely manner. He was very tall. "Do you feel all right now?"

"Yes," Cressida said uncertainly. Her head was beginning to ache furiously, and her inside—"I think there's nothing that—"

"A small spot of brandy won't cure," her host pronounced.

He disappeared at once, and Cressida heard glasses clinking in the adjoining room. The cat on the desk stood up, stretched himself, and, for all his bulk, gave a surprisingly light spring on to the couch. There he rubbed his head ingratiatingly against Cressida's hand, and began to purr.

Cressida permitted herself a tremulous smile. Here was someone who was friendly and unassuming, anyway. The young man, coming back with a tray, smiled too, and said, "Oh, that's splendid. Mimosa is extremely fussy about his friends. Now Arabia he won't allow to touch him."

"Arabia? Who's he?" "She. And you'll meet her presently if you stay. By the way, my name is Jeremy Winter."

"Mine's Cressida Barclay." "Ah-h-h!" The exclamation was long-drawn-out and interested. "So that explains it."

"Explains what?" "Why you came here. You're answering Arabia's crazy advertisement."

"I was," Cressida said confusedly, "but I didn't really mean to. I got scared when I saw the house."

"So you ran away and fell down the steps. Drink this and tell me about it."

Cressida looked at the brandy doubtfully. She didn't want to admit that if she drank it she would probably be sick. She knew now what was wrong with her stomach. She hadn't had anything to eat for quite a long time. Well, perhaps the brandy would do her good. At least it might make her feel more optimistic about the future.

Recklessly she took the glass from Jeremy Winter and swallowed the contents.

As was to be expected, the room swam again, but this time in rather a pleasant way. The firelight seemed to get mixed up with the brightness of Jeremy's eyes and Mimosa's hair shone like sunlight. The sunlight and the firelight got into her stomach, too. They made it feel much better.

"I'm not going back," she pronounced definitely.

"Good for you."

"Tom would be so superior."

"I suppose he would."

Cressida blinked a little at the agreeable, unsurprised

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voice. She was beginning to feel very hazy indeed.

"Do you know Tom?"

"Not your Tom. But I know superior types. Are you married to him?"

"Oh, no. We're only engaged. We're going to be married on the twelfth of June in 1958."

"A long-term plan?" Jeremy put down his glass and picked up a pipe. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"Not in the least." Pipe smoke, drifting fragrantly about, would add to this pleasant illusory sensation that she had. "Tom's very cautious," she said.

"I gather he must be. How old is he?"

"Thirty, but I'm only twenty-two. He says twenty-four is a better age for me to marry, and by that time, of course, he'll have paid for the house and furniture. We bought a bedroom suite the other day."

"Did you?"

"Yes. In oak. Tom liked it."

"And you?"

"I ran away," Cressida said simply.

The room was a warm darkness studded here and there with light. She was dimly aware of one of Jeremy Winter's eyebrows lifting startlingly. She knew that he was laughing, but politely, inside himself. He wouldn't have laughed, she told herself grimly, if he had been her, and had seen that bedroom suite, heavy and dark and solid, seeming to weigh her down like a nightmare.

She couldn't have explained to anybody, even to herself, the panic that had filled her, as if all the years ahead with Tom had pressed themselves into one suffocating moment.

"I love Tom," she heard herself saying carefully, "but it's a great pity that we have very dissimilar tastes. He really belongs to the Victorian period, he likes solid things that last forever, and I—"

"And you?"

"I could imagine all my babies being born in that awful great bed," Cressida was very hot now, and a little light-headed. Mimosa curled up at

Continuing Remember the Last One

from page 66

her side, and settled down with a heavy purr of contentment.

Jeremy, at the side of the couch, continued to laugh silently at her. She was in a dream, but at least it was not the dream that she was suffocating in that bed with Tom, with curtains drawn round it, as in the days of their great-grandparents, and a stuffy breathless darkness around them.

"I like pretty things," she said. "Fragile things. I know they don't last and they're extravagant, but who wants things to last forever? I like to buy flowers, and I like to give money to beggars. I like mending old china, and I like Dresden Cupids. I can't cook and I'm not practical, but Tom doesn't mind that. He says I'll learn. This time he has to learn."

"To cook?" Jeremy inquired politely.

"That he can't change me completely. A little, perhaps. But not completely. I'm not going back until then."

"Tom, if you will allow me to say so, doesn't sound like the learning kind."

Cressida smiled, suddenly tender about Tom and his stubbornness.

"Oh, yes, he will be. He loves me too much not to be."

She lay back, remembering Tom's kisses, trying in retrospect to invest them with all the tenderness and passion that she dreamed about.

Suddenly her brief optimism and light-heartedness left her, and she wanted to cry because they had quarrelled so irretrievably, and now, although she was in this mess, her pride would not allow her to go back.

"You aren't Tom's type," she heard Jeremy Winter, who after all was a complete stranger, and could have no way of knowing her or Tom, saying.

She struggled up.

"How can you possibly say that? You don't know either of us. After all, we ought to know whether we are each other's type or not. We've known each other for fifteen years."

"The cradle to the grave?"

That eyebrow was up at its irritating angle. "Very well, you're made for each other, but in the meantime you're here in my room. What is Tom going to say about that?"

"Oh, he mustn't know!"

"Well, I don't propose to tell him. What about you?"

"I won't tell him, either, and now I must go."

She got safely to her feet in one quick movement. The yellow cat, at being disturbed, gave a grumble of protest.



Cressida said, "He's a very spoiled cat," and sat shakily down. "You've made me drunk," she accused.

She was aware of his hand supporting her. The room spun crazily. She wanted to laugh and ended by crying. It was all so humiliating and so different from what she had expected on her sanguine departure from home three days ago.

"You can't go yet, Cressida. I want to draw you. I've only just begun." He stood over her, dominating her as Tom had done, but in a different way. She was tired of being dominated by men. She would do as she herself wished for once. If her ridiculously weak legs would let her

"You have just the face I have been looking for," Jeremy Winter was saying thoughtfully. "It's full of innocence and yet it has sophistication and intelligence. An intriguing combination for a twenty-two-year-old. I'd like to rearrange your hair slightly, but we can do that at the next sitting."

"The next sitting?" Cressida gasped.

"Tomorrow, if you like. When you're feeling stronger."

"But—but where am I to stay?"

"In Arabia's flat, of course. You're just the person she has been looking for. I know. My dear child, of course you couldn't sleep with Tom in that horrible bed."

"What?"

"At least, not until he's learnt his lesson. And I shall have great pleasure in helping you to teach it to him. I promise you." The dark bright eyes twinkled, the eyebrow raised startlingly.

Cressida blinked. She said, "Mim—Mimosa! What a ridiculous name for a cat."

"Mimosa, I might tell you, is a celebrity. He appears in fifteen different advertisements and is the star in a comic strip. So he has cultivated a temperament. What would you like to eat?"

"To eat?"

"I rather think that is your immediate concern. When did you last eat?"

"Yesterday. I think it was yesterday. About six o'clock. I had a ham roll and a glass of milk. I didn't think I could get so hungry again so quickly. You see, the trouble was that when I left home I hadn't much money and money goes awfully quickly in London. And I thought it would be much easier than it is to get a job. I'm sure I could sell things. I do know quite a lot about antiques. But nobody—"

Her lips quivered. She tried to make the dark shadow of yesterday and the day before leave her mind. "One thing I was determined I wasn't going to let Tom know."

"Naturally."

"And then this morning I gave my last sixpence to a beggar. Well, he was blind, and I at least could see."

She looked at Jeremy defensively. She expected him to pity her illogical soft-heartedness, but he merely nodded as if he had known she was going to confess to a thing like that.

"So then, although I'd come before to this house and been frightened somehow and gone away—that advertisement was a little odd, after all, and one should be careful of those things—I knew I'd either have to come back here or send for Tom. And I decided at least I could see what happened here. No one was going to eat me, after all."

"Not even Mimosa," said Jeremy. "Why were you frightened?"

"I don't know. I had the most curious feeling as if I were someone else and something awful would happen to me. I actually ran down the street, but today I came back and the woman with the glasses said it was too late, and I slipped on the steps as I was leaving and that's all I remember."

"Do you like bacon and eggs?" Jeremy asked practically. "Of course I'll pay you for the sittings and Arabia will be delighted—why, here she is now!"

And that was when Cressida had the odd feeling of the net, both fascinating and frightening, closing round her.

She heard the rich, delighted voice behind her. "Why, Jeremy, you naughty boy! You've got a woman here."

"That serves you right for coming in without knocking. Mrs. Bolton, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Miss Cressida Barclay."

"Cress—"

The deep voice died away in astonished pleasure and disbelief. "But I thought—you mean, she actually came!"

"She's here," Jeremy said briefly.

Cressida put out a tentative hand. "How do you do, Mrs. Bolton. I'm afraid—" She couldn't yet take in the over-

powering figure before her, and she sank down again on the sofa, still dazed.

"But it's unbelievable! It isn't true!" the fantastic old woman was exclaiming delightedly. "She's—Jeremy, where did you find her?"

"At the bottom of your front steps, to be quite accurate. They are a deathtrap, as I've always said."

"My husband liked them," Arabia Bolton said. "He said marble steps gave one a certain distinction. But this girl, Jeremy. She's exactly—tell me, child, what is your name?"

It was no use trying to take in the woman in front of her. Her vision was too uncertain. Surely this Mrs. Bolton, whoever she was, was not wearing a sparkling tiara at a slightly tipsy angle!

"Cressida Barclay," she replied obediently.

"What else?" the imperious voice demanded.

"Cressida Lucy. The same as the advertisement."

And then, most astonishing of all, she was wrapped in a suffocating embrace.

"My dear child! You're the answer to a prayer. If only you knew!"

The excited voice went on over her head. "Do you know, Jeremy, I've had a dozen applicants, impostors all!"

"How do you know they were impostors?" Jeremy inquired mildly.

"Because they didn't look the part. Cressida Lucy is young, fair, innocent. She's this girl. It's amazing. It's—oh, dear, I don't think I can stand it. Poor Lucy! Poor, poor Lucy!"

The surprising old woman was actually shedding tears. After a moment she wiped them impatiently away. Then she was smiling again, a most compelling warmth filling her face so that one no longer saw its age and bony ugliness.

"Away with the past!" she exclaimed dramatically. "We're concerned with the present, it's so full of promise. Once I thought I could not live without camels and sand and heat and vultures, but there

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The Australian Women's Weekly — September 5, 1956

Page 67

Again! Kelvinator

Spring . . . and again Kelvinator, Australia's most popular refrigerator, leads the Spring Parade. This Spring you can choose from a big, wide, wonderful range of six models. Now you can choose a Kelvinator of a size

and style that is exactly right for your family's needs. Every feature you could want is in this range. Prices from only £146/10/-. Lowest deposit—easiest terms. A 5-year Protection Plan on every Kelvinator model.

Below—Kelvinator "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting.



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...6 beautiful Kelvinators give you the greatest value!



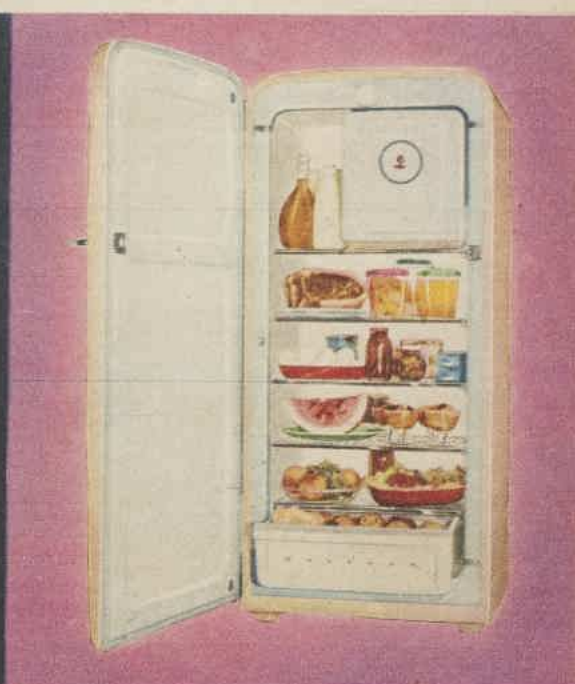
You'll never have to defrost again!

Nothing to turn on or off — with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost! No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty — it is evaporated for you! This is the greatest de-frosting system of all time. There are no electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! The refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed — automatically. "Cold-making" refrigerant becomes "warm-making". "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes—so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting.

And apart from the sensational "Magic Cycle", the new Kelvinator range gives you all the other features you have ever wanted. New low prices, too. Amazing value from Australia's most beautiful and biggest selling range of refrigerators.



Kelvinator "Space-saver-80 De-luxe"



Kelvinator "Space-saver-75"

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- 1 "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" (illustrated at left) with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. This beautiful, impressive model offers you 10 cu. ft. of refrigerator space. Full-width Frozen Food chest which holds 34 lbs. of food; big meat keeper; fruit and vegetable crisper; special bottle space; roll-out shelves; three special quick-release ice trays. **£225**
- 2 Kelvinator "Space-saver-10" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting, 10 cu. ft. capacity. **£215**
- 3 Kelvinator "Space-saver-10" . . . the same as above, but with normal defrosting. **£195/10/-**
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956

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are other things, many other things. Come, my dear, and I'll show you the flat."

Cressida made a final protest.

"But I can't stay here, really. I've no job and I've spent my last penny."

"Then, my dear child, we must find you a job. What do you say, Jeremy?"

"First she needs food," Jeremy said briefly.

"Ah, yes, of course. What are you giving her?"

"Bacon and eggs."

"Very good. If you will invite me, I will share them with you. While you are busy I will look at this pretty child."

Cressida's alarm, vague at first because of the lingering fumes of brandy, increased. When she had first come to look at this house two days ago, some instinct had made her leave without lifting the heavy, dragon-shaped knocker on the front door. She had been filled with some indefinable fear that later, as her straits grew more desperate, she had dismissed with determined scorn.

HAIR HINTS

CURLYSNIP PERM

No need to tell you much about Curlysnip. No permanent wave in the world is so natural, so fitting, so easy to manage as Curlysnip. An amazing feature of Curlysnip is that it's rejuvenated with cutting; when Curlysnip is trimmed new, springy curls appear. For a perm that's longer lasting, more natural, there's none to equal Curlysnip. Furthermore, Curlysnip is just right for all ages, teenagers to matron. Elizabeth French, 6th Floor, McDowell's, 45 Market St. Enquiries RM4567.

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Do you know there are two beautiful salons at Parramatta? So, Parramatta ladies, no need to travel to the city for your Curlysnip. You receive the same expert style cutting and permanent waving specialists under the personal supervision of Mr. Victor Newstead, Director of Elizabeth French. No need to book. 356 and 325 Church Street, Parramatta. VY1369.

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Body Wave is simple as sounds. Just add Body Wave to your hair. Designed to last only 3 to 10 weeks. Ideal for the client who dislikes the regular permanent wave because it makes her hair too curly. Produced by a new kind of lotion that gives full-bodied waves. Exclusive to the Australia Hotel, priced at £3/3/-, 2nd Floor, Australia Hotel, Castlereagh St. RW5088.

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At any of the Salons you will find expert male style-cutters, many with overseas experience. Professor Max, Superintendent of the British Hairdressers' Academy and Professor of the French Hairdressers' Academy, personally directing the hair styling at 142b King Street, just near Elizabeth St. No appointment necessary.

ELIZABETH FRENCH

6th Floor McDowell's, 45 Market Street, RM4567.
5th Floor, Gowing's Bldg., 45 Market Street, RM4567.
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142b King Street (near Elizabeth Street), RW4471.
224 Church Street, Parramatta (opp. P.O.), ZY1485.
356 Church St. (just over the bridge), VY1369.

Continuing Remember the Last One

[from page 67]

Now she was sure that that fear had been justified. There was nothing at the moment that she wanted more than to be out of the house and in the streets, homeless perhaps and penniless, but free.

It was as if Jeremy Winter read her thoughts. From behind her his voice came reassuringly, as if everything, even the strange old woman fixing her large, compelling eyes on her, were completely normal.

"Don't let Arabia upset you, Cressida. All you do is remind her of her daughter who died."

It was astonishing how food brought the odd situation into an almost normal perspective. Cressida suddenly found herself thinking quite sanely. The circumstances were quite simple, and more pathetic than anything else. Arabia Bolton had had a beautiful daughter, Cressida Lucy, who had died at the pitiful age of only twenty-one. For years Arabia had cherished her grief, but now, in her old age, she had suddenly decided that life must be made to give back to her what it had taken away.

In all her seventy-five years she had done a great many odd and fantastic things, and had a lot of desires granted her. But this, she said, with tears gleaming again in her great hooded eyes, was the most unexpected and perfectly fulfilled wish of them all.

For Cressida was astonishingly like her long-dead daughter. She was fair and young, she had that look of innocence and sweetness.

"My dear, you will stay, won't you? I'll find you a job, and I'll charge you just a little rent for the flat, so that you can keep your pride. For I know you have pride, just as my darling Lucy had. All I want is to see you now and then, to have youth in the house, to tell myself that Lucy didn't really die."

"She must write to Tom," came Jeremy Winter's voice from behind them.

Arabia's head shot up suspiciously. "Tom?"

"He's my fiancé," Cressida explained, with dignity.

"And do you intend to marry him?"

"Of course."

A shadow passed across Arabia's face. Briefly her heavy eyelids drooped. Then she said firmly, "But not for some time. You're much too young."

"In June, 1958," Jeremy put in. "Tom is a patient man."

"He—he plans things," Cressida said defensively.

Arabia's face suddenly sparkled with humor. It made Cressida think of sunlight on a wrinkled and sun-faded leaf. She had an unwilling feeling of magnetism.

But with food comfortably inside her she was no longer foolishly superstitious and afraid. After those two past dreadful days she had fallen on her feet. She had found a temporary haven, and, most important of all, she didn't need to go humbly back to Tom confessing that he had been right and she wrong. He would have been so unbearably smug. Somehow, before she married him, she had to prove to him that she, too, had a mind and taste and discrimination.

She would do this and at the same time make a lonely old woman happy. It seemed very simple and straightforward and all at once she was very happy about it.

Arabia was leaning forward, her tiara threatening to fall over her eyes, her face alight with interest.

"Tell me about this Tom."

"He's an accountant."

Arabia nodded wisely. "Ah, yes. Figures. Totting up

columns. That explains the planning. A methodical mind. Will you be good at balancing your housekeeping money?"

"I shouldn't think so. I'm forgetful."

"Tut, tut. That's one difficulty you will have to overcome. Marriage is a series of overcoming difficulties. Did you know that? My first husband used to expect me to jump fences every morning at the crack of dawn. I just couldn't stand it, especially liking camels so much better than horses. Now it never worried me to mount my camel and set off over the sand dunes in the fresh morning air—oh, how wonderful that was. But I don't suppose camels will come into your marriage, my dear."

"Mrs. Bolton was married to an explorer," came Jeremy's calm voice in the background.

"How interesting," Cressida said, in some bewilderment.

"That was my third husband," Arabia said. Her eyes began to brood. "We went everywhere: Egypt, the Arabian desert, Tibet, Mongolia, the old silk route to China. Ah, life was rich. You must come upstairs and see my relics. But first let us dispose of this methodical Tom."

Cressida, who had thought her sanity and clear-headedness

had come back, was now floundering again. She had a bewildering feeling that Tom, sensible, matter-of-fact, level-headed Tom, was going to become one of this fantastic old woman's relics, which no doubt already included camels and dead husbands.

"She must write to him," said Jeremy again. "That is, of course, provided she has decided to stay."

"But of course she is going to stay. We are going to find her a job. What can you do, my dear?"

"I write a little," said Cressida. "I'm good with flowers. I can make my own clothes if I have to. I know quite a lot about antiques. I'm afraid this all sounds very ineffectual. Everyone I went to in London thought so. They expected me to be at least a debutante or to have a university degree."

The old lady's hand, which was surprisingly strong and broad, and the thick, square fingers of which were covered with rings, came down triumphantly on Cressida's knee.

"Mr. Mullins! The very man."

"Is he?" said Jeremy doubtfully.

"But of course. I've been his best customer for years. When I'm not buying from him I'm selling to him, and, of course, he cheats me right and left, the old scoundrel. But I adore him. He's the very man."

"What is he?" Cressida asked uncertainly.

"An antique dealer. He has the dustiest thing in London. I've been telling him for years that he must employ someone to brighten things up. Cressida is exactly the person he wants. And if she likes antiques, how she'll adore his collection. Now for the letter."

"The letter?" Cressida's mind was struggling once more in the backwash of Arabia's volubility.

"To the methodical Tom. What shall she say, Jeremy? Shall she say she has another interest of the heart?"

Jeremy's eyebrow lifted into its crescent shape.

"That, I fear, is not strictly true. As yet."

"No, but I think this Tom deserves a fright. He sounds too smug, like my first husband."

Abruptly Cressida gave a smothered laugh. She found herself liking this strange and unpredictable old woman very much.

"Actually he is, a little. But I never tell him lies, Mrs. Bolton."

"Call me Arabia, dear child. Lucy always did, although I was her mother. You're quite right, you shouldn't tell lies unless absolutely necessary, and then only white ones. Never mind, we shall think of something to say to Tom. Now I am going to take her from you, Jeremy. She is mine, not yours."

Jeremy Winter smiled.

"She is mine to draw. That's why I brought her in."

Cressida had a flash of temper. "Otherwise you would have left me lying in the street?"

"Perhaps I would have called a taxi."



Arabia patted Cressida's arm. "He thinks of nothing but his wicked pencil. If he annoys you or makes you fall in love with him I will give him notice."

Cressida took a quick, backward look at the dark, laughing face of Jeremy Winter.

"I am already in love," she said with dignity.

"Ah, yes, my dear. To your balance-sheet. Very wise, very safe. You hear that, Jeremy. You have her on paper only. And Tom has her in envelopes with postage-stamps. At present she really belongs to me. And Lucy."

It was much later that Cressida actually began the letter to Tom. She had meant to write him a polite but cool and reserved letter, but it was not long before the reserve vanished, and her excited thoughts came pouring on to the paper.

"My dear Tom,

"I promised to write when I was safely settled in London, and now I am able to do so. I have had the extraordinarily good luck to find both a job and a place to live, all within the last few hours. So I am afraid I will not be coming home for a while. Please don't be too disappointed and angry with me. I have to do this, as I told you. It is to prove something to us both. I am not quite sure what, but it has to be the same thing to us both, if you understand what I mean. I do love you, but—"

Her thoughts drifted back to that heavy, ugly, unimaginative bed—"I think you don't entirely respect my tastes and even my abilities. Anyway, I start work tomorrow in an antique shop which is owned by a Mr. Mullins. I adore antiques, and, darling, please, you must

learn to like them a little, too. Arabia telephoned him tonight, and he said I could come in the morning. He is an old friend of Arabia's. But perhaps I had better start at the beginning."

Soon her pen was running on fluently. She gave an exact account of everything that had happened, with vivid word-pictures of the occupants of Dragon House, Arabia in particular.

"Tom, I swear there are no strings attached," she assured him at length. "How could there be? I am merely going to be a little comfort to a lonely old woman, and I will most sincerely keep my side of the bargain. Actually, Arabia doesn't need to let rooms at all, as she is quite wealthy, but she likes to have people in the house."

"Arabia has promised to tell me all of Lucy's story, and, do you know, I think I am going to write it. It is so sweet and sad. There is this lovely young girl, full of gaiety and charm, going to balls, having lots of admirers, petted and pampered by her mother, wearing the most exquisite clothes, always laughing, and then suddenly falling sick and dying. All within two days. Invitations to dances and parties were coming in after she was dead. So they dressed her in her new ball-gown and pinned on a corsage of flowers as if she were really going to a ball."

"And then Arabia kept her room exactly as it was when she died, with invitation-cards and photographs on the dressing-table, her bed turned down, her nightgown and slippers put out, all her cosmetics the way she had left them, her clothes hanging in the wardrobe. It is all as if she is going to be back from a party at any moment."

"Arabia says I am to go in this room whenever I feel like it, and look at anything I want to. You know that I have always wanted to write. It would make such a beautiful, sad story. I am not being morbid. It is just that Lucy's life runs through this house like a remembered perfume, or a snatch of song."

"My love and a thousand kisses."

"Your Cressida."

In the middle of the night Cressida woke. Already she had slept only from exhaustion. Her excitement was stirring just beneath her consciousness, and the two hours' sleep that took away the acuteness of her tiredness brought her intense awareness of her whereabouts back.

She lay for a little while listening to the quiet house. The music and the footsteps had ceased. First there had been Vincent Moretti's violin, as he had practised in his room at the back of the house before leaving for the night-club from which he did not return until almost dawn.

There had been some giggling in the passage as he stopped to chat to Miss Glory, and then, as if cheered by Mr. Moretti's passing remarks, a rollicking polka had come from the ballroom. That would be Miss Glory performing on the grand piano.

When the music had stopped there had been the sound of Mimosa's miaows as he prowled about the stairway. He was a vociferous cat and used his voice more than was usual for his species.

Later the front door had banged, and with swift, firm footsteps had gone down the hall and towards the basement stairs. That was Jeremy coming in. Cressida had wondered idly if he had been taking a girl out, but if he had, he had left her very early. She was not interested in Jeremy Winter's night life, she told herself

drowsily. She was only grateful to him for picking her up off the street and carrying her inside. Otherwise she would have run away from Dragon House and never have known about this pretty flat that Arabia was so delighted for her to have.

It was unbelievable luck. It would be no hardship to spend most of her spare time with Arabia, who was so fascinating and interesting a person, anyway, and to be rewarded with a delightful flat as well as too good to be true.

Arabia had said that after the last tenant had departed she had redone the rooms in preparation for the arrival of a young girl. The paint was gay and fresh, the chintzes new, the carpets a warm, deep red. The bedroom had been done in yellow because that had been Lucy's favorite color. But it had not been a deliberate copy of Lucy's room on the top floor of the house. Lucy was not to steal all the new Cressida Lucy's personality.

Had Cressida felt a faint shiver of apprehension at that remark of Arabia's? Of course she had not. She was herself, and not even required to play a part.

Nevertheless, as she lay in the dark, she kept thinking about that room at the top of the house, in its petrified state of awaiting the return of its owner from a ball.

She fell asleep thinking of it, and when she awoke it was still in her mind, compellingly. The turned-down bed, the little feathery slippers set demurely on the floor, the strewn and discarded jewellery on the dressing-table, nothing valuable, a young girl's seed-pearls, a clip shaped like a bird, a comb studded with brilliants.

Arabia had taken her up there and had said she was to go up at any time she liked. No one else ever went there. Cressida could use Lucy's little walnut writing-table if she liked. Anything in that room was for her use.

There was nothing morbid about it, Arabia said. It was a sweet and happy room that made Lucy still alive. "She's just terribly late coming home," she said.

Arabia, standing there in her long, formal dinner-gown, the incongruous tiara perched rakishly on her white hair, was, indeed, a stranger figure than any charming little ghost coming home late from a ball. Cressida had known then that she had to come to this room alone.

Already Lucy's story was beginning to obsess her, and she knew that she had to write it. It might not have any great depth or drama, but it was so human, so charming, so pitiful. The young girl dancing her way unknowingly to death.

She wanted to sit in that room alone, to imagine herself into the dead Lucy, and then to write.

There had been a diary lying on the writing-desk. As Cressida awoke in the middle of the night she was suddenly seeing that diary, unopened, tantalisingly unread. What was in it? No secrets, or it would not be there so innocently. But perhaps one would be able to read between the lines. Being Arabia's daughter, Lucy could not lack color.

Cressida sat up in bed. The excitement, mounting tumultuously within her, would not let her sleep again. All at once she knew that she must go up to Lucy's room now, in the middle of the night, and learn her secrets.

As Tom constantly deplored, Cressida always acted on impulse. After all, it was impulse (and Tom's unendurable stubbornness) that had brought her to Dragon House and this rich.

To page 75

Four O'Clock

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food
and Cookery
Expert

● Afternoon-tea, with tables laden with good things to eat, has always been a favorite method of entertaining.

THE afternoon-tea illustrated on this page combines rich cakes, a simple loaf, and piquant savories. All the cake recipes are from a recent publication, "Cakes For All Occasions," by Zelmear Deutsch.

All spoon measurements are level.

VIENNESE MERINGUE SHORTBREAD

Pastry: 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 8oz. butter (chilled), 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon ground almonds, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated rind.

Sift flours on to a pastry-slab, mix in sugar and ground almonds. Chop butter and rub well into dry ingredients. Beat the egg-yolks a little, add lemon juice and rind and stir into mixture. Knead lightly, then pat to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness to cover the bases of baking-trays, using those which have rims. Prick with fork; bake in a moderately hot oven until the pastry is half-cooked. Set aside to cool in trays, then spread with black-currant or raspberry jam.

Meringue: 4 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar, 2oz. ground almonds, 1oz. walnut pieces, 1oz. dark sweet chocolate (chopped), scant $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Whip egg-whites with a pinch of salt until it holds its shape, then gradually beat in sugar, beating until mixture is stiff. Lightly fold in the other ingredients, then spoon over top of prepared pastry-base. Complete cooking in a moderate oven, approximately 30 minutes. When almost cold, so as not to break meringue, cut into finger-pieces.

Note: Take care not to overcook the meringue.

VIENNESE YEAST CAKE

One pound plain flour, 1oz. yeast, 3oz. sugar, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 4oz. butter, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon rum or brandy, melted butter.

Filling: Six ounces sweetened dark chocolate (grated) or 3oz. cocoa and 3oz. icing sugar sifted together as a substitute (chocolate gives a better result), 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1oz. butter, grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 3 tablespoons sultanas.

To Make Dough: Cream butter and sugar a little, stir in egg-yolks, beat a little, then sprinkle the flour over, crumble the yeast in, add lemon rind, and rum or brandy. Heat milk, which should only be tepid. Then pour milk around edges, stir all together; then, using a long-handled wooden spoon, beat up until the dough is springy and looks smooth and shiny and will leave the spoon cleanly. This takes about 20 minutes. Cover with cheesecloth and set aside in a warm place to double in bulk, about 3 hours.

Note: A warm cupboard or the plate-rack above the stove or the basin on a plate over a large pan of warm water over a very slow heat are suitable places to raise dough.

To Prepare Filling: Sift all dry ingredients together, add walnuts, lemon rind, and sultanas. Sprinkle as directed, dot with small pieces of the butter.

Butter and lightly flour a deep baking-dish or two loaf-tins. Roll out dough to approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, sprinkle thickly with the prepared filling, allowing a good inch margin without filling. Roll dough up, tucking ends in, then turn dough over again, pinch ends under, and place roll into baking-dish, the smooth side downwards. Brush generously with melted butter. Set in warm place to rise for another 30 minutes, then bake in a hot oven for 45 to 55 minutes. The yeast cake should be well done and richly browned, otherwise it may sink when removed from oven. Turn out to cool on rack.

ALMOND JAPONAISE TORTE

Four egg-whites, 4oz. castor sugar, small pinch cream of tartar, 4oz. ground almonds mixed with 4oz. castor sugar, extra chocolate filling, toasted coconut.



Place egg-whites with cream of tartar into a scalded, dry bowl, and whip until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in 4oz. of castor sugar until meringue will hold its shape. Mix the ground almonds with the remaining 4oz. of sugar. Blend gently but thoroughly into meringue mixture. Draw three 8 in. circles, using an 8 in. cake-pan as a guide, on grease-proof paper. Pipe mixture through a large plain tube and cover each circle to a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Smooth over, using the back of a spoon. Bake in a slow oven 35 minutes.

Cool, carefully remove from paper. Sandwich layers together with chocolate filling, then coat all over sides and top with the same filling cream. Roll in toasted coconut, pressing on firmly and leaving a 2 in. circle without coconut on centre top. This is then

filled with a thin circle of melted chocolate. Allow to ripen for several hours, then chill before serving.

Note: If nuts are preferred to coconut, roast either almonds (blanched) or hazelnuts until golden color; cool, then grind in almond-grinder and use on Torte.

CHOCOLATE FILLING

Two eggs, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 2oz. chocolate.

Grate and slowly soften chocolate over a "water-bath." Whisk egg and sugar in a basin over a saucepan of hot water until as thick as custard. Remove from heat and continue whisking until cool. Cream butter until soft, mix with melted chocolate, then gradually beat in the egg mixture. Use one or two quantities of this filling as desired.

AFTERNOON - TEA SPECIALS.
Viennese meringue shortbread, almond japonaise torte, prawn savories, and Viennese yeast cake (to be served sliced and buttered) are illustrated above.

PRAWN SAVORIES

Savory biscuits, 2oz. butter, 6oz. cottage cheese, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup finely minced prawns, salt and cayenne, shelled prawns, lemon, parsley.

Cream the butter and cottage cheese together until smooth, add lemon juice, minced prawns, and salt and cayenne. Spread on to savory biscuits and top with a shelled prawn, split lengthwise. Garnish with lemon wedges, parsley, and whole prawns or prawn heads.



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**Snow-Capped
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Place unopened 12-oz. tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk in refrigerator overnight. 20 minutes before making set control at maximum. When ready to make, add one tablespoonful of cold water to one teaspoonful of gelatine and allow to swell, then heat until dissolved, cool.

Melt 1 packet Nestlé's Choc Bits over double boiler. Pour Ideal Milk into bowl, add 2 oz. sugar and the melted Choc Bits. Add dissolved and cooled gelatine, one packet chopped mixed nuts and whip until thick and creamy (only seconds). Place in freezing trays and freeze.

To make SNOWCAP. Chill one 6-oz. tin Ideal Milk and a bowl overnight in the refrigerator. Pour contents of tin into bowl and whip—takes only seconds for a glamour topping!

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Prize recipes

A delicious summer sweet and an appetising luncheon savory win prizes for readers in this week's contest.

FRUIT-SALAD cream mould, flavoured with lime jelly, bananas, and pineapple, wins the main prize of £5. Any prepared fruit-salad, drained free of syrup, may be used instead of the banana and pineapple.

For best results in jellied sweets use pre-cooked or tinned pineapple, because raw pineapple prevents gelatine mixture setting.

Baked cauliflower and corn, which wins a consolation prize of £1, is made with whole kernel corn, but cream-style corn may be used if preferred.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FRUIT SALAD CREAM MOULD

Three-quarters pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 eggs, 1 pkt. lime jelly crystals, few drops of almond essence, 1

cup diced bananas, 1 cup shredded cooked pineapple.

Heat all but 1 cup of the milk in a saucepan with the sugar, stirring until sugar is dissolved, but not allowing milk to come to the boil. Add lightly beaten egg-yolks, stirring over low heat until thickened to a custard consistency. Allow to cool for 15 minutes. Dissolve jelly crystals in the 1 cup of milk and add to the custard. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and fruits, and almond essence. Pour into a wetted mould and chill until set. Unmould and decorate with blanched almonds, glace cherries and angelica strips.

First prize of £5 to Miss A. Perks, 106 Lime St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

BAKED CAULIFLOWER AND CORN

Half a medium-sized cauliflower, broken into chunky



flowerets, 1 10oz. tin whole kernel corn, 1 cup dried breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper to taste.

Cook cauliflower until tender (do not overcook); drain and place in greased ovenproof dish. Add drained sweet corn and sprinkle 1 cup of the breadcrumbs into mixture. Beat egg with milk, salt, pepper, and 1 cup of sweet corn liquid. Fold this into cauliflower and corn mixture, sprinkle remainder of breadcrumbs on top and bake in

FOR A DELICIOUS topping on hot, freshly made scones, brush the tops with melted butter and dip in equal quantities cinnamon and sugar mixed together.

fairly hot oven until set. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and serve piping hot. If desired, grated cheese or thin slices of tomato may be placed on top of breadcrumbs for added flavor.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Andrews, 14 Orchid St., Joondanna Heights, W.A.

Tony's Luxury Dish.

Vanilla cream tart

"THIS smooth, creamy vanilla filling is delicious in an unsweetened pastry-case," says Tony Clerici, well-known Sydney restaurateur.

To make the tart you will need:

For the pastry: Two cups flour, 1 cup butter, 1 teaspoon salt, about 1 cup water.

For the filling: One cup cream, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon butter.

Prepare pastry: Heap flour on a smooth surface or in bowl. Make a well in the centre and place the other ingredients in it. Work with fingertips until blended. Wrap the pastry in a towel and place in refrigerator for two hours. Then place pastry in the centre of a lightly floured surface. Dust the rolling-pin with flour and roll pastry out to a round sheet, moving it in a circular fashion as it is rolled. Place a shallow 8in. flan-ring or sandwich-tin in centre of pastry and cut around it, leaving a 1in. margin all round. Place lightly greased flan-ring on scone-tray, place pastry inside the ring, pressing the edges up along the rim until it projects about 1in. all round. Crimp this margin between thumb and forefinger or flute the edge with a pastry-pincher. If a sandwich-tin is used, line it in the same way. Prick base with a fork. Line with greaseproof paper weighted with dried beans or rice and bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cold fill with vanilla cream.

Filling: Heat all ingredients except vanilla and butter in top of double boiler. Stir constantly over low heat until thick and glossy. Remove from heat, add vanilla and butter. Stir occasionally while cooling. When cold fill into pastry-case.



Rose bowl by Warwick.

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Restores natural lustre to all silver

£6000 COOKERY CONTEST from page 15

CHEESE CHEESE PUFFIT

One cup coarsely chopped cooked ham, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 half-inch slices soft bread, 1lb. cheese, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 1/3 cups hot milk, 1 additional tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Put ham and onion through mincer. Pan-fry gently 3 minutes with the 2 tablespoons butter. Arrange in a deep greased ovenware dish. Break bread and crusts into small pieces. Cut cheese into small slices. Combine bread, cheese, beaten egg-yolks, heated milk. Add additional melted butter, salt, paprika. Let stand 20 minutes. Add parsley. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into prepared dish with ham. Bake in slow oven 45 minutes. Serve hot.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Mulhall, Box 23, Port Augusta, S.A.

CHEESE, CORN, AND ASPARAGUS SAVORY

Three-quarters pint medium-thickness melted-butter sauce, 1 tin (16oz.) whole kernel corn, 1 tin (16oz.) asparagus cuts, 1 green pepper, chopped and seeded, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

TOPPING: Mix 1 cup breadcrumbs with 4 to 6oz. grated tasty cheese and 1 cup desiccated coconut.

Make the sauce with half milk, half asparagus liquor. Stir in other ingredients, divide into 6 individual dishes, add topping. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, serve hot with a garnish of parsley.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. O. Jakins, 248 John St., Singleton, N.S.W.



for BABY'S tender SKIN

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Cuticura

House built on two levels

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

Mrs. M. Patterson, of Melbourne, has sent me a sketch-plan of the site for her proposed home. The site is very small (58ft. by 76ft.), but has a wonderful view to the north-east.

ABOUT halfway down the length of the site there is a six-foot drop, which made it difficult for Mr. and Mrs. Patterson to plan a large house that takes advantage of sun and view.

Mrs. Patterson would like the design to feature an outdoor living-area. Other requirements include three bedrooms and a big room to serve both as sunroom and guest's bedroom.

As a solution to the problem I have suggested a split-level design with the bedrooms and sunroom in a straight line on the upper level, all having an easterly aspect and taking advantage of the view.

The living-area has been planned on the lower level and placed at right angles to the bedroom wing, so that it makes a division in the site. On one side of this division is

the yard, and on the other is the outdoor living-area.

The retaining wall at the western end of the terrace shelters it from the westerly wind and gives privacy from the street.

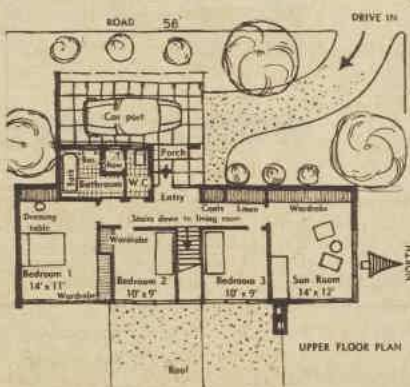
The bathroom has been included in a projecting wing on the south side of the bedroom wall. This wing incorporates a carport. The west wall of the upper floor has no openings. Instead there

Each week Mr. McMurray will answer readers' problems of general interest from his mail.

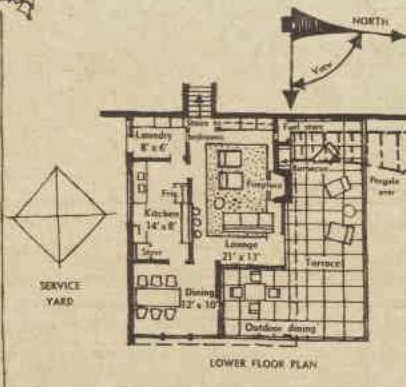
are long banks of built-in cupboards and other fittings.

A bluestone fireplace, barbecue, and fuel storage space have been grouped at the western end of the living-area. The remainder of the external wall has large panels of plate glass that can be opened, thus permitting the indoor living

RIGHT: The sketch shows the exterior of house designed on two floor levels to make the most of the view and fall of the land.



BELOW: The upper and lower floor plans show the cross-shaped layout of the house. Note the wide view from the lower living-area.



space to be combined with the outdoor terrace and dining area. There is a fitting for a television screen placed high at the western end of the lounge. This will allow a large group of people to watch television together.

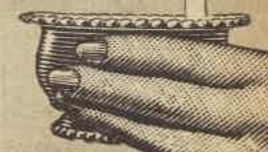
A large buffet between kitchen and lounge, furnished with stools, provides servery space for suppers and other informal meals and can also be used as a bar.

For building materials I

would suggest face-brick walls and a bituminous felt roof with a panel of natural timber for the north and east walls of the bedroom wing. This wall cantilevers over the terrace, which has a pergola above the barbecue.



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says young Mrs. CALLAGHAN, of State School, Sassafras, Victoria.



MEET THE PRETTY CALLAGHANS. There's a little bit of Ireland about these laughing-eyed Callaghan girls. "And about their high spirit, too," adds their mother. "They're often in mischief . . . and their clothes are always in the wash. I'm certainly glad of Velvet's extra-soapy suds for those extra grimy parts! And Velvet makes their clothes last so well they can be handed down to the younger ones."



OUTSIZE WASH-UP. "We all help when washing-up's on, Aunt Jenny," says Mrs. Callaghan. "With Velvet's lovely soapy suds we clean up in no time and good, pure Velvet is so gentle for the skin—it keeps my hands nice and smooth."



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they'll love -



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WHOLE WHEAT BREAKFAST BISCUITS

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CHEESE

No more eating worries when you serve your kiddies tasty snacks — the Vita-Brits way! All children love golden-crisp Vita-Brits any time of day. Get a packet at your grocer's today!



DELICIOUS WITH MILK OR FRUIT, TOO!

PV83FP.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956

unstopped stream of material. She had the urge to explore that room upstairs at once, so she would do so.

Putting on her dressing-gown and slippers she set cautiously forth.

The marble steps that led to the front door of Dragon House continued in a broad, imposing staircase to the first floor, where Arabia strewed her possessions in profusion through the large rooms overlooking the street, and the little dumb woman, Mrs. Stanhope, and her son Dawson occupied the two smaller rooms at the back.

The top floor, which was semi-attic, had all been Lucy's. Two of the rooms were filled to overflowing with more of Arabia's vast and miscellaneous collection of furniture and outlandish trophies. The long, low-ceilinged room at the back, with the balcony overlooking the narrow garden, was Lucy's bedroom.

The marble stairs stopped at the first floor. After that the steps were wooden, and covered with a thin, dusty carpet. Cressida's footsteps sounded through the carpet, and the stairs were inclined to creak. She went very quietly because she didn't want to disturb anyone.

She had to pass directly by Mrs. Stanhope's door, but she felt sure that, even disturbed, that timid little woman with the whispering voice wouldn't venture out. Neither would the gangling boy Dawson, who had thrust out a bony hand to her when Arabia had introduced them, and afterwards had eyed her furtively, as if suspicious of her sudden arrival.

Cressida, who liked almost everybody, found it difficult to like Dawson, because he seemed such a shy, plain boy. But she was sorry for him, having to live this rather unnatural life with his voiceless little mother, and sorrier still for

Continuing Remember the Last One

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Mrs. Stanhope, who seemed as nervous as a caught bird. She would be nice to those two, as well as to Arabia. After all, what would it cost her, she who suddenly had so much?

Life was so exciting. Cressida was reflecting on that, as she groped her way up the last few steps and went along the passage to Lucy's room. Then, as she softly opened the door and switched on the light, pity overcame her once more.

Why did Arabia torment herself with this room that looked so lived-in? There were even fresh flowers on the dressing-table.

Cressida stopped to look again at the photograph of Lucy taken at her coming of age. The young face had nothing of Arabia's hawk-like arrogance in it. It was soft and round, with its smiling mouth and halo of fine, fair hair. The eyes were far-off, almost empty, as if dwelling on scenes far different from a photographer's studio. In the loosely clasped hands was a small bouquet of roses. Red roses had been Lucy's favorite flowers, Arabia had said.

It seemed to Cressida that their perfume was in the room, and all at once it made her think of death. She had to repress a shiver as he crossed to the writing-table and took up the diary which lay open at the last written page, as if waiting for the next entry.

The writing was neat and feminine. The last words were, tragically, "Dinner with Larry tonight and we talked about the wedding. Almost everything arranged now. Tomorrow must order the flowers..."

And that was all. The flowers had had to be ordered, indeed. But they had not been flowers for a wedding.

Cressida turned back the pages and read the light-hearted comments of a gay and popular girl. Dinners, dances, trips on the river, shopping, fittings for dresses, references to young men, Larry's name, of course, figuring predominantly. Only one entry had been



scratched out. Cressida had to peer close to decipher it. Was it "Saw Monty tonight?"

Who was Monty and why had his name been scratched out? The diary, which covered six months, bore no other reference to him. Was he too unimportant to be worthy of a permanent record, or had his behaviour been so unpleasant that Lucy had decided to forget it?

Apart from that one cryptic entry the diary told no secrets at all. Cressida put it down, resolving to ask Arabia tomorrow about the mysterious Monty.

Her curiosity took her to the wardrobe, and she began

fingering the dresses hanging within. They were twenty years old, but their prettiness and expensiveness were still apparent. She took out a ball dress in filmy green tulle, and was holding it against herself when she heard the faint sound at the door. Or had it been a sound?

As she listened there was nothing more. The pretty room, with its rose-shaded lights, remained petrified, waiting for the return of the owner.

But suddenly Cressida had lost her taste for being there. All at once she felt morbid and lonely and sad. She had a sudden longing for Tom, and his solid, kindly face and reassuring smile. It was foolish of her to have come up here in the middle of the night. If she lingered, perhaps even her first unfounded fears about Dragon House would come back.

She would hurry back to bed and the sanity that a sound sleep would bring.

She paused at the door to switch out lights. Then turned the knob and found that the door was locked!

It couldn't be! After a moment, in which all her apprehensive fear invaded her so that she was abruptly shivering, she switched on the light again and examined the door calmly. The lock must have caught. With a little manipulation it would open.

But it did not open. It really was locked. Cressida remembered now the faint sound she had heard. It must have been someone turning the key — someone who had crept silently up the stairs, knowing she was there.

This was absurd, of course. What possible satisfaction could anyone get from locking her in

a dead girl's room? It must be a mistake.

But Cressida, remembering the furtive sound at the door, knew soberly that it was not a mistake. Someone, either mischievously or maliciously, had decided to lock her into Lucy's room.

It was not a joke to be appreciated, and she did not intend to take it calmly. She began without hesitation to bang on the door and call out.

"Whoever is out there—come and open this door! I don't intend to stay here all night. Come along, please!"

Then she waited. There was no sound. It might have been that she was the only person in the whole house. Here she stood in this charming, petrified room, the only thing alive...

Impatiently, and trying to control her panic, Cressida banged on the door again. Then she tried rapping with her heel on the floor, but the thick carpet muffled this sound. She went to the window and threw it open, and stepped on to the narrow balcony with its elaborate wrought-iron railing intertwined into the shape of vine leaves. It was a long way down to the narrow strip of garden. Leaning over, she could see that all the windows of the house were dark. No one on this side kept a solitary vigil, chuckling at the thought of the girl locked in the room upstairs.

What lights would be showing on the other side? Arabia's? Miss Glory's, from her lonely splendor in the ballroom? Perhaps Jeremy Winter's, but they, deep in the basement, would not show.

The room directly under this was one of Arabia's large, cluttered ones. At this time Arabia would be in her bedroom, sleeping, no doubt, and probably deaf to any calls. Next to her rooms were those of Mrs. Stan-

hope and Dawson, but they, too, might possibly be out of earshot and sound asleep.

There was someone awake, of course. That was the person who had crept up the stairs and locked her in. It suddenly occurred to Cressida that what she was doing was probably exactly what that person had hoped for and, in a nasty, sadistic way, was enjoying. Probably whoever it was liked to scare a girl and hoped she would presently have hysterics.

Well that, she could have told the practical joker, was one thing she never had, and even a night alone in this room would not give them to her. If it came to that, what was so impossible about spending a night here? The room was comfortable, even luxurious.

By daylight she would have no difficulty in attracting anyone's attention. Miss Glory would be pottering in and out of the garden. Arabia or Mrs. Stanhope would hear her calling. It was only a matter of passing the hours until daylight, and those could best be passed in sleep.

Cressida hesitated only a moment before stretching out on the turned-down bed. She did not get between the sheets. Something—was it the thought of sacrilege?—stopped her from doing that. She lay rather stiffly on the coverlet, and switched off the rosy bedside light.

But then the darkness leapt on her. The silence was so deep it was terrifying. No, it wasn't completely silence. There was a creaking sound. Or was there? Had she imagined it? Listen! Was that a faint pounding? No—yes, what was that? A faint, far-off, crying sound.

Oh, a cat miaowing. Mimosa, of course. Why was Mimosa prowling about the house?

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YOUR HOME MEANS MORE WITH SUNRAY ON THE FLOOR

Continuing Remember the Last One

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Wasn't he shut in with his master at night?

Or was it that his master, too, prowled... What was that? It sounded like a voice hissing, "Usurper!" And then a faint choking sound, as if someone were sobbing...

Cressida sat upright. She was aware of that delicate lingering scent of roses. She felt the silk of the carefully laid-out robe beneath her fingers. Suddenly she sprang off the bed, rigid with distaste.

How could she lie there on Lucy's bed, which awaited only Lucy, who would never come again? Oh, it was not only sad and tragic, it was somehow unpleasant, as if her own warm blood were congealing, and she, too, was to be petrified into everlasting youth.

She couldn't stay in this room after all. It was too haunted. Somehow she had to get out, and not by way of the stairs, where her tormentor was no doubt waiting to further enjoy her distress. Surely there must be a way over the balcony.

She was not without resourcefulness. She was athletic enough even to shin down a drainpipe if need be.

But that feat, to her great delight, Cressida found to be unnecessary. For leading down from the side of the balcony was a fire-escape.

This was as easy as could be. Even with her long dressing-gown she had no difficulty in descending the iron rungs to the terrace far below. She was even chuckling with amusement. Whoever had played that humorless joke on her had come off worst, after all.

Or had they? For safely on the terrace Cressida found that she could not get back into the house. All the doors were locked, and when she rather timidly tapped on Vincent Meretti's window, which was the only one to face the garden, there was no answer. Apparently he was not yet home.

But thank goodness there was a crack of light showing from the basement windows. Cressida shrugged resignedly. Once more she had to depend on Jeremy Winter for succor.

A steep flight of stairs led down to the back door. Cressida went down them quickly and banged briskly on the door.

Presently it opened and Jeremy stood there. He was fully dressed, but his black hair was rumpled as if he had been running his hand feverishly through it, and he looked sleepy. Mimosa was twisting voluptuously round his ankles.

Cressida said apologetically, "Yours was the only light showing. That's why I knocked."

"Did you, indeed?" Jeremy's dark eyes were losing their sleepy look. They swept over her appraisingly.

"It was the only way I could get in," Cressida explained. "And why not the way you got out?"

"That was down the fire-escape." Abruptly Cressida, who was beginning to shiver, lost her politeness and said sharply, "Aren't you going to let me in? I've had enough practical jokes for one night. I suppose it was you who locked me in Lucy's room, too."

Suddenly she was remembering Mimosa's calling on the stairs, and her gaze took in Jeremy's fully dressed appearance. Why was he still up? It was after two o'clock.

But now she had his interested attention.

"You don't mean you've been locked in that room?"

"And what do you think I would be doing here dressed like this if I hadn't?"

He gave her tart question serious consideration.

"Actually I don't know you very well."

"Oh, don't be idiotic. You know me well enough to know I wouldn't be climbing down fire-escapes in my dressing-gown from preference." "But why should anyone lock you in? The door must have jammed. Look here, I'll just sprint upstairs and see. Come and sit by my fire. You're cold."

Cressida wrapped her arms round herself. "I'm not cold. It's just that room at night. I shouldn't have gone up alone. I felt as if someone were walking over my grave."

But she was talking to herself, for Jeremy had already gone. As she walked into his living-room, brightly lighted, and with his drawing-board prominently placed, she could hear his quick footsteps, growing more muffled as he reached the top of the house. In a very short time he was down again.

He looked at Cressida a moment, the expressive eyebrow almost in his hair. Then he said quite calmly, "The door wasn't locked. There isn't even a key."

"Oh, but it was! I swear—" She was aware of his completely sceptical gaze. Her quick temper sprang out. "Jeremy Winter, do you stand there thinking I made that excuse to come down the fire-escape in

my dressing-gown just to see you! Oh, no, surely you couldn't flatter yourself that much."

"Too bad," Jeremy murmured.

"I won't stand it!" Cressida cried. "I expect the truth is that you went up just now and unlocked the door. After all, I did hear Mimosa on the stairs when I was in Lucy's room."

"Mimosa!" Jeremy said accusingly. "Did you lock the lady in? Naughty creature!"

"Don't be idiotic!" Cressida was nearly beside herself with anger and that humiliating, lingering fear. "I was locked in the room tonight, and if I hadn't come down the fire-escape I would have had to spend the night there. Somebody pretended not to hear me calling, and then, I suppose, seeing or hearing me go down the fire-escape, rushed upstairs to unlock the door and pretend nothing had happened."

"Sit down," said Jeremy. "You're still shivering."

"No, I won't sit down. This isn't a social call. Thank you for letting me in, and now I'll go."

Jeremy made no move to go and open the door.

"You're very attractive when you're angry. Does Tom think so?"

"Please leave Tom's name out of this."

"I can't very well, because at this moment I'm wondering if you wouldn't be wise to go home to him after all, pride or no pride."

Mimosa suddenly rubbed insistently round Cressida's ankles. Cressida looked down at his broad, golden back, and then up at the tall young man in front of her. He was not laughing now. He was looking at her quizzically, even with something like seriousness. She found her anger leaving her.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because here, whatever else you may be, I'm afraid you're going to be someone come back from the grave. And already, you see, it isn't particularly healthy."

"You don't mean—Arabia?" Cressida was almost whispering. She had a sudden vision of being a prisoner forever in that charming lifeless room, her only visitor the old woman in her outlandish clothes.

Jeremy looked genuinely puzzled. "Actually I can't believe she would do a crazy thing like that. I know she

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thoroughly enjoys romancing, and being amusing, and shocking, if possible, but I always thought she was quite sane. Look here, you'd better go to bed and convince yourself you dreamed the thing. I'll take you upstairs."

"I didn't dream it," Cressida said soberly. "And I don't intend to go home to Tom either. At least, not yet. Getting locked in either accidentally or on purpose doesn't frighten me. Lucy's story is just the kind of thing I have been looking for, and I intend to find out more of it. I'm sure there's more to find out. Who was Monty in her diary, for instance?"

"Just debutante stuff," Jeremy said.

"Perhaps. But Arabia gets a look in her eye. I don't think she's telling me everything. And as for you—" she turned on him suddenly, "what are you doing up at this hour of night?"

"Working," said Jeremy mildly. "I do a strip cartoon featuring Mimosa. Like to see it?"

He indicated his drawing-board, and Cressida looked with amusement at the rows of plump cats, walking stiffly on their hind legs, holding animated conversations.

"Mimosa is a bit slow in providing me with a plot sometimes," Jeremy complained. "He's a lazy brute."

Cressida laughed involuntarily. Then suddenly she was remembering again Mimosa's mallow on the stairs and the furtive sound at the door. Had this all been an elaborate scheme to stimulate a jaded imagination? No, that was foolish. Unless Jeremy had thought it would be amusing to have her come to his door so late at night, knowing she would inevitably come down the fire-escape.

Continuing Remember the Last One

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"They're supposed to be funny," Jeremy observed. "Oh, they are, too. I like them."

"Well, don't scowl like that. Come and I'll take you to your room. There's Mimosa gone ahead. He's skittish enough at two o'clock in the morning."

Indeed, Mimosa had darted ahead, surprisingly fleet and silent for so large a cat. When they reached Cressida's door he was there first, and as Jeremy leaned forward to open it, whispering, "Not a sound or your reputation has gone, the house is full of old women," Mimosa darted into the room.

"Blast that animal!" Jeremy exclaimed.

"Oh, come in and catch him," Cressida laughed. She switched on the light, and had a sensation of renewed pleasure at the sight of the bright, attractively furnished room. "There he is under the couch. If I go on this side—what are you looking at?"

Jeremy was standing at the table. He was looking at a key, large, old-fashioned, and a little rusted. Under it was a sheet of paper, and on the paper was printed cryptically: "But the grave has no need of a key."

"You put it there!" Cressida burst out.

Jeremy lifted his brows. "You think so?" he said. That was all.

Why had he this way, with his quiet amusement, of making her feel young and foolish, particularly foolish? He annoyed her extremely, and it was unfortunate indeed that she had been so dependent on him.

"Who else could it be? Everyone else is in bed asleep?"

"How do you know? Have you looked?"

"Don't be absurd! One

can't go unceremoniously into other people's rooms."

"Someone has had no qualms about coming unceremoniously into yours."

Then Jeremy patted her shoulder in a paternal way, and said, "Don't worry any more about it tonight. It's an unpleasant joke, but harmless. Go to bed and get some sleep. All right?"

Cressida nodded reluctantly. She should have been glad to see him go, but that lurking intuitive fear had come back, and suddenly she dreaded being alone.

"At least you know now that I didn't imagine the door was locked."

"Your reputation is unblemished, my dear. I'll do some snooping tomorrow. Now get some sleep or you'll be useless to me as a model. I'm not accustomed to drawing circles under beautiful eyes."

She suspected then that he was not so much being impatient as joking to cheer her up. But when he had gone all her apprehension returned. Someone didn't like her being in this house. And it was someone who was jealous of Lucy's memory. Who could it be, after all, but Arabia?

Surprisingly enough, Cressida did sleep soundly for the remainder of the night, and woke only to the peremptory tap of Miss Glory on her door.

"You still asleep," she said in her abrupt way. "I thought you might like a cup of tea, as I don't expect you've had time to get in any provisions yet."

Cressida sat up, welcoming the tall angular woman with the sallowness, dragged-back

hair, and slightly forbidding manner. She was being very kind, and the abruptness of her voice probably hid shyness.

"Thank you very much," she was beginning, when a voice down the hall called, "Where are you, rosebud, my own?"

Miss Glory giggled suddenly and surprisingly. Her brown eyes grown soft.

"That's Mr. Moretti. Isn't he absurd? Rosebud, indeed! He does it because he knows it makes me angry."

But Miss Glory wasn't angry. She was soft-eyed and faintly blushing.

"Will you be going out this morning, Miss Barclay?"

"Yes, I have to see about a job."

"Then I'll do you while you're out."

"But I don't think I can afford to pay—"

Miss Glory jerked her head towards the ceiling. "Say no more. Orders from above. You're the pet."

"Oh, but—"

"I shouldn't worry. Take all you can. You'll pay in another way, just as I do." Miss Glory's voice was cryptic. "Did you sleep well?"

Cressida hesitated. She looked at the sallowness, angular face, and instantly dismissed the thought that Miss Glory could have had any interest in prowling about the house at night.

"Yes, thank you," she said politely. "And thank you very much for the tea."

"You're welcome." The softness momentarily came back into the brown eyes. "It's nice to see a young face about."

As the result of Miss Glory's thoughtful visit, Cressida's mercurial spirits soared again. "But the grave has no need of a key..." Those words did

not belong to this fine morning. They were part of last night's nightmare, and to be forgotten as a nightmare was on waking. She drank her tea, then sang as she bathed and dressed.

The clatter of bottles announced the arrival of the milkman, and she went out to get her milk just as Mrs. Stanhope was saying goodbye to Dawson at the front door. Dawson, the tall, gangling boy, stooped to kiss his mother, then saw Cressida and gave her a shy nod, not looking at her.

He was at the awkward stage, Cressida thought, and couldn't be criticised for his somewhat off-hand manners, but she still could find nothing to like about him. He had a long, narrow head covered with spiky hair, his skin was pale, and his eyes behind thick glasses were myopic.

Poor boy, he hadn't been endowed with much physical beauty, but obviously his mother doted on him, and obviously also he was a devoted son.

As Dawson went down the steps Mrs. Stanhope turned to come back indoors and saw Cressida. She smiled with all the friendliness that her son had lacked. Her hand, with its instinctive movement, went to her throat. She whispered something inaudible.

She was very thin and small, and looked underfed. Dawson's skin was pale, but it did not have the unhealthy pallor of his mother's. Mrs. Stanhope could not have been more than perhaps forty, but her fine, straight hair was faded to an indeterminate color, and her narrow, pointed face set in deep lines. The large glasses, out of proportion to the size of her face, took away whatever personality she might have had.

Cressida's ready sympathy was becoming involved once

more. She wanted to know all about Mrs. Stanhope, and why she seemed so poor and ill.

Doubtless she had a history of bad luck. Probably her husband had died young and she had been left with a son to feed and educate. As she was definitely the helpless type, this would have been a severe struggle.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stanhope. Will you come in and see my flat?" Cressida asked.

Mrs. Stanhope nodded eagerly.

"That's very kind of you," she whispered. "I'm so glad Mrs. Bolton didn't let it to that other woman yesterday, as I thought she had. You're so young and pretty. It's nice for all of us."

Inside the flat she nodded and smiled as Cressida showed her things. Then, clutching her throat in her automatic gesture, she whispered, "I'm not supposed to talk much," and bringing out her pad and pencil she wrote: "I hope you will let Dawson and me be your friends."

Cressida was moved by her kindness. Why had she ever thought Dragon House was a sinister and unfriendly place? Everyone was making particular efforts to be kind. Except the person who had played that morbid joke on her last night.

"Mrs. Stanhope," she said impulsively, "did you hear anything last night some time after midnight? Like someone prowling on the stairs?"

The little woman looked

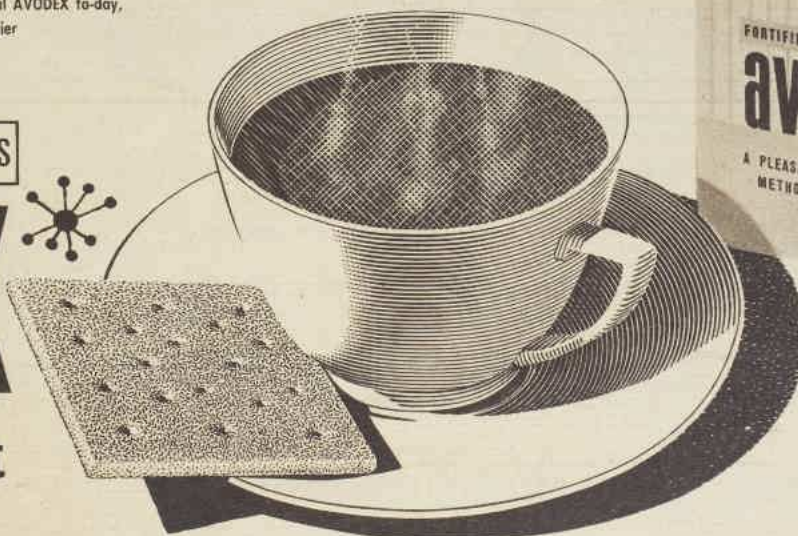
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Continuing . . . Remember the Last One

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alarmed, her eyes huge behind the heavy glasses.

"Burglars?" she whispered.

"No, not burglars. Someone snooping." Suddenly she decided to tell the whole story. "I went up to Lucy's room, and while I was there someone locked me in."

Mrs. Stanhope gasped, her hand at her throat. Then she took her pencil and pad and wrote very decisively: "It would be Arabia."

"Arabia?" Cressida said unbelievably.

Mrs. Stanhope wrote furiously: "Arabia is kind and charming, but she is unbalanced where Lucy is concerned. I think you should be careful."

"Careful of what?" Cressida exclaimed.

"Her eccentric ways," Mrs. Stanhope wrote. "She may begin to hate you because you are alive and Lucy is dead."

Then she smiled apologetically and whispered, "Perhaps I imagine this. But I'm in the house all day and I notice things."

"I don't believe Arabia would hurt a fly," Cressida said warmly.

Mrs. Stanhope gave her her myopic stare. Then she shrugged her thin shoulders and wrote: "Who else would do a thing like that?" After a pause she continued: "If I were you I wouldn't dabble too much in Lucy's story."

There was a great deal of sense in what Mrs. Stanhope suggested, and she had been living here long enough to be aware of Arabia's ways. Cressida didn't know why she found the thought of Arabia being the practical joker so hurtful and distasteful. She had liked the old lady so much the previous evening. She had been captivated by her warmth and color and vitality.

Would a silly joke like that spoil her liking? Cressida was afraid it would, but she was wrong, for the instant Arabia appeared at her door half an hour later she was swept into the spell of that unique personality.

Ahmed, the grey and rose-colored parrot, was perched on her shoulder. Arabia wore, not the very elaborate velvet of the previous evening, but a very old and worn tweed suit and a battered felt hat perched rakishly on her very erect head. She looked like an eccentric duchess setting out for some village gathering, except that Ahmed did not fit into any conventional picture.

"Good morning, my love," she said to Cressida in her rich, warm voice. "Did you sleep well in your new surroundings?"

"Yes, I—"

"Excellent, excellent. So did I. That is one blessing that is left to me. The ability to sleep soundly. I fear I won't even wake on the Day of Judgment. My dear, you look so fresh and pretty. But then at your age one does. Even after dancing all night Lucy could look like a freshly opened buttercup in the morning. Now we're on our way to Mr. Mullins. Are you ready?"

Had Arabia crept about the house in the night, locking doors furtively, and chuckling and sobbing? Or had she truly slept soundly, as she said? There was no guile in those handsome, heavy-lidded eyes. Cressida was sure that she was speaking what she believed to be the truth. It could be, however, that she had lapses of memory, or even that she sleepwalked. If the joke had been played unconsciously it was not so unpleasant.

Cressida decided abruptly to

put it out of her mind, and to plunge whole-heartedly into this exciting new day.

Arabia suggested walking, as Mr. Mullins' shop was not more than two blocks away. She tucked her arm in Cressida's. "Now, my dear, as we go along you must tell me your life story. Where are your parents, where do you live, how did you come to meet this balance-sheet Tom?"

Cressida obediently related briefly that she lived in a Cotswold town, that she had known Tom since she was a child, that her parents were both dead, her father just recently, after which she had stayed on in the family home, letting half of it to the resident schoolmistress.

She had thought that after her father's death Tom would want to marry her at once, but he had cautiously kept to the original plan of buying and furnishing their home first.

To earn money, of which there was very little, Cressida worked on a small local newspaper, reporting weddings and social gatherings, which she found intensely boring, and which gave her no outlet at all for her creative talent. She was always poor. She didn't know where money went. It slipped away, just as her life had been slipping away in that quiet town, with only Tom to give it his masterful direction.

"I was really suffering from frustration when we quarrelled," she confessed.

"And, my dear, do I wonder at it! Why, that was the life for an octogenarian. You must discover the world. Ah, we'll have fun together. I shall start going to theatres again. And museums. Life! That's what we shall have."

"Arabia," Cressida asked abruptly, "who was Monty?"

She felt the old lady stiffen. Or had she just been bracing herself against a sudden sharp breeze, for her voice, when she replied, was as bland as ever.

"Monty? Never heard of him?"

"He was in Lucy's diary. The entry had been crossed out, but I could just read the name."

"Then your eyes must be better than mine. I have never seen or heard of the name before. Lucy knew a lot of boys, of course. She was a very popular girl. If you look right through the diary you will find other names besides Larry's. Let me see, there was John and Martin and Hamish—"

"Then if there were others, how are you so certain there was no Monty?"

"Because that's a most unlikely name for one of Lucy's friends to have had," Arabia snapped. "It might have been the name of one of her friend's dogs. That's what it sounds like."

"Yes, of course," Cressida agreed politely, knowing now that there had been a Monty, and that he had been someone whom Arabia had not liked. Perhaps he had been Lucy's one slip from perfection. At least that made her more human.

Cressida's conviction that there was a story behind Lucy grew. The next time she went up to that empty bedroom she would take the precaution of removing the key from the door. In no other way would the practical joker intimidate her.

To be continued

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956

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THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE

Our complete novel
By **MICHAEL DRURY**

IT'S easy to know everything when you haven't learned much, but once you understand a little something it's scary how little it turns out you know.

It took me three years of association—rather intimate association, to put it mercifully—with Hugo Bennett to find that out, and now I've got it through my head I don't quite know what to do about it. Just go on being scared and not knowing much, I guess.

Hugo Bennett is the last person in the world anyone would expect to learn wisdom from, of course, but I was so—oh, I don't know—just plain unhatched; when I went to work for him I could have acquired basic intelligence from a tree-stump.

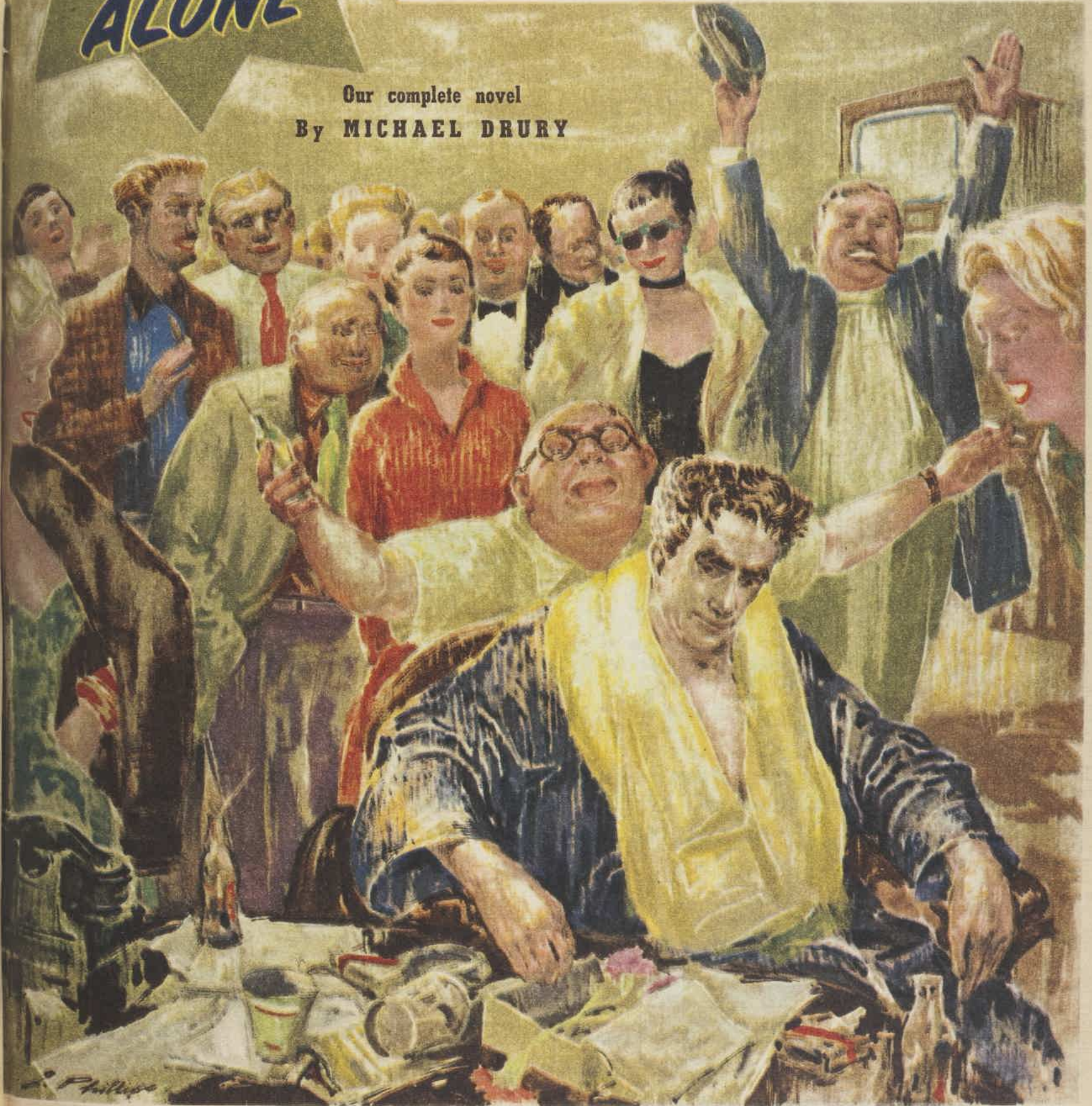
Believe me, Hugo Bennett's no tree-stump; he's a five-alarm fire. I hardly need to explain that he's a comedian, and if you've ever been in show business that's enough said; in case you haven't, let me tell you about comedians.

They're split personalities. Split? They're as chopped up as those brooms in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," only there's no magic word that can stop them.

They just keep going, hump-de-hump, de-hump, wilder and madder, flattening everything that gets in their way, or sweeping it along with them.

I was—and am, heaven help me—Hugo Bennett's secretary. The first time I saw him it was snowing, and I was, as they say in this business, dead. Money, warmth, and some understanding of what life is all

Continued overleaf



"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE," by Michael Drury

about were three things I could have used in large, corrupting quantities. I rushed along Broadway, trying hopelessly to keep my feet dry and getting slush splattered over the backs of my stockings.

It was about four o'clock, and darkness was edging up on the city. New York had begun to work its nightly witchcraft with man-made stars and colored lights, and somewhere a man was playing a trumpet with a window open.

My appointment with Hugo Bennett was at four o'clock at the TV studio where he does a show every Friday night, and I knew I was going to be a few minutes late. That worried me. I was a meticulous soul in those days. Now it's different: a different life, different world, different me.

I opened the heavy stage door—it was covered with tin and painted bright blue—and was instantly confronted by another door, also tin-covered but painted grey, with a long, narrow pane of glass set into it sideways like the opening in a tank. A man looked out through the glass and shook his head at me.

"But I've got an appointment," I wailed, feeling silly because I knew he couldn't hear me.

His lips said soundlessly, "What?"

"Hugo Bennett," I said, doing a goldfish bit, the way you talk to a deaf person.

He scowled and disappeared for a second. Then he plastered a piece of paper against the glass, on which he'd scribbled, "What name?"

I didn't know whether he meant mine or Bennett's, and the minutes were ticking away and I was sure I'd already lost the job, but I took off my gloves, got out a pen, and wrote on the back of my cheque-book, which was the only paper I had, "Reed Evans, Appt. with Hugo Bennett."

He stuck out his lower lip,

nodded, held up a forefinger, and went away.

I waited. It was cold in the little hall, and I shivered, getting madder all the time. Finally the man opened the door, and the warm air that engulfed me felt so good that my anger melted, but I said with a remnant of it, "My goodness, you'd think this was Buckingham Palace!"

"It is," he replied, making sure the door was closed. I looked at him sharply and saw he was perfectly serious. "You'll find Hugo's dressing-room at the top of the stairs to the left."

He turned away.

I hesitated. Impressions were pouring over me too fast. I couldn't decide whether I ought to go to a strange man's dressing-room or not; I wondered why the doorman called the occupant of Buckingham Palace by his first name; I was puzzled by the doorman's caution about me.

Three dancers went by in spangles and feathers and the briefest possible panties. Some men dressed in overalls shouted back and forth, and a tall, lean, bald man stood at a wooden shelf with a finger plugging one ear and a telephone glued to the other.

"I'm dead, I'm dead," he said into the phone. He seemed to mean it.

I looked at the doorman—Charlie Hess, but I didn't know his name then—who seemed almost like an old friend in this strange world, and he grinned.

"Go on," he said, gesturing up the iron stairs. "He won't eat you. What are you, a dancer?"

"No," I answered, flattered, but I couldn't tell him what. After those spangles and legs that had just gone by, secretary sounded flat-headed and flat-chested, although I'm neither. Somehow I found myself at the head of the stairs, facing a door with a gold star painted on it. I took a breath and knocked.

Nothing. Absolutely, completely nothing.

After a long wait, I rapped again. Still nothing. My watch said four fifteen, and I was getting a little frantic. A little? I was losing my alleged mind, but having lost it I did a reckless thing. I turned the doorknob and pushed the door open far enough to see into the room.

There were five men in various stages of undress sitting around an oak table, all staring at me suspiciously through a thick puer of silence and cigarette smoke.

"Yes?" one of them finally inquired.

I swallowed. "I have an appointment with Mr. Bennett," I explained, and my voice sounded like grated raw potatoes.

A man in a blue bathrobe with a tremendous amount of rumpled brown hair and beautiful hands—I could see them because he was holding a script—waggled his head and said archly, "Well, come in, Tallulah, and we'll see if we can find him."

None of the men got up or made a place for me to sit, so I just stood there with something about their combined stares making me feel lumpy and gawky.

"You sing or what, honey?" asked the first man who had spoken. He was a short, broad man, and his hair was all gone except for a single streak of it down the top of his head, which gave him a weird, Oriental look.

"What's your name?" demanded another man before I could reply.

"Reed Evans," I answered.

"Reed?" echoed a man in a green bathrobe, laughing.

"What'd you do, grow up in a swamp?"

"Well, I—"

"Chlo-ee," sang a big, heavy-set man with horn-rimmed glasses. He was bald. Television seemed to be hard on

hair. "I'll roam through the dismal swampland, sur-r-r-ching for you—"

"Shut up." The man with the blue bathrobe and the rumpled hair got up and put both hands on the table, like a company president about to make a speech at the annual office party. "I'm Hugo Bennett, honey," he announced. "What can I do for you?"

"Hugo," said the short, Oriental-looking man instantly. "I've told you and told you to stop saying that. People keep takin' you up on it. Now, get rid of the chick and let's get back to work."

HUGO BENNETT ignored him. He kept his eyes on me. "You're my new secretary, right?"

"Well, I—" I started to answer.

"Honey, you need a new writer," the man in the green bathrobe put it. "Them there lines is repetitive."

I smiled a little, because he was grinning at me, but I was too mixed up to know what I felt. Hugo Bennett walked over to me. He was about six feet two and powerful, and I saw that his brown hair was salted with grey. He stopped about five feet from me, and I got the feeling he had some kind of Geiger counter inside that kept him from getting too close to people.

"I assume you can type and all that, or you wouldn't be here," he said, and he wasn't asking me; he was telling me. He waved a long, graceful hand. "You're hired." He turned away and went back to his place at the round table. "Well, go, go," he said when he saw me still standing there.

"Well, I—" I began for the third time.

"Ah-ah," cautioned the green-robed man quickly, shak-

ing a reproving finger at me slowly.

I smiled again, uncertainly. "When Hugo says you can go you can go," the short man snapped. Bennett was reading his script, apparently having forgotten I was alive.

"But there ought to be—"

"Don't haggle with Hugo about money," the little man interrupted. "Anybody works for him gets paid plenty. He's got trouble enough. You know where the office is. Be there Monday morning. Now—out." When I still stood there he added, "Oh, you want to see the show tonight? Martin, give her a couple of tickets."

"You know I haven't got any tickets," replied the heavy-set man, the one who sang "Chloe." "I never get tickets. I've been working here four years, and I've never even seen any tickets."

"Please," I said firmly. "I don't want tickets—I mean, just tell me where the office is, please, and I'll go."

They all looked at me as if I'd just been thawed out of a pre-Cambrian ice cube, all except Hugo, who was reading. It was plain that any dim-brain this side of Mars knew where the great Hugo Bennett's office was. The little man gave me a number on Fifth Avenue just below Central Park, and as I left I heard him saying to my new boss in a despondent voice, "Hugo, Hugo, Hugo."

I went down Broadway and got myself some coffee and an omelet. I hadn't eaten since morning, and now I had a job I could afford to eat. I could even afford to think a little bit. Television appeared to be tempestuous, confusing, and nervous. That suited me right down to my feet.

I had never laid eyes on Hugo Bennett before because I was too preoccupied with my own unfunny comedy to bother with the overnight miracles of television. I had no illusions about his being an easy man

to work for. Even what little I had seen of him told me he was a man of abrupt moods and sharp demands, but he would probably pay well, and the more time the job took out of my life the better I would like it. I wanted to be absorbed, immersed in any kind of work that would keep me from thinking too much about myself. I was the world's greatest flop at the moment.

To make it as brief as possible, I had grown up in a small Vermont town, attended a local college that was no great shakes, though it wasn't bad, and should have married my best beau and settled down on a hillside with lots of dogs, sheep, black Angus cattle, and children. But there was this other side of me—or maybe it's just that there have always been wars ever since I can remember, and marriageable Vermont males kept going off to them—or maybe I wanted to find out for myself what a juvenile delinquent was.

Anyway, I took myself off to New York. I couldn't have explained to anyone what I thought I was going to find, and I wasn't exactly loaded with talent, but I got a pretty good job right away as a secretary in an advertising agency. I will never know whether I found what I was looking for or it found me, but sometime during the third week of my employ with Lincoln and Stewart, Inc., I fell in love with my boss, a married man with two children and a house on Long Island.

A smart girl would have run for her life, or looked for another job, or jumped in the river, but who said I was smart? I not only knew nothing, I had bad luck: The guy I loved loved me, too.

Well, it's too messy, and I'm not going into a big long thing about it. After a couple of agonising years of meeting in obscure restaurants and neighborhood movies and



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"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE," by Michael Drury

knowing in my heart it was all wrong. His wife's cousin saw us one night and made a big scene. I did the only thing left to do: I quit my job and told Paul I couldn't see him any more. I was going to stick to that if it killed me, and it very nearly did.

I went to Bermuda for a week on my last couple of hundred dollars and then returned to New York, because I thought of it as where I came from if not exactly home. I didn't want to think about anything so I needed a crazy job. When I heard from a man at the ad. agency that Hugo Bennett was looking for a secretary, I pounced.

The office I reported to on Monday morning was on the fourteenth floor of what used to be a Fifth Avenue hotel. I found out after I'd been there a while that half the hotel rooms in New York had been sound-proofed, cork-floored, and, as they say, "bugged" for broadcasting purposes. You never knew whether a clothes closet was going to turn out to be a clothes closet or an engineer's booth.

I rang the buzzer and waited. Nobody came, but I half expected that; apparently I was to spend my life waiting in halls for Hugo Bennett. I tried the door, but this one was locked. I went downstairs and had a cup of coffee and came back.

At ten fifteen a wisp of humanity with spike heels and a black cap of hair got off the elevator and came towards me. She was chewing gum. She couldn't have been more than a year out of high school. Her hair was coiffed, her nails were professionally manicured, and she wore a fur coat.

"Hiya," she said to me, looking me up and down. "I heard Hugo had a new secretary. You it?"

"Yes," I said, getting that country-bumpkin feeling again. She unlocked the door, and I trailed her, uninvited, into a whole suite of rooms decorated peculiarly in an odd mixture of modern office equipment and a bizarre period you might call twenty-first-century Byzantine. It gave me the creeps.

"I kinda early, aren't you?" the girl asked, as if she didn't care much one way or the other, while hanging her coat lovingly in a closet. There was a kind of hall with black-and-white rubber-tile flooring where she had a desk. "Per-haps!" I said. "What time does Mr. Bennett usually get to the office?"

"Mr. Bennett doesn't usually do anything, sister," the girl replied with heavy emphasis on the "Mr." "And if you want to get thrown out on your ear, fast, just try that Mr. Bennett stuff on him. Everybody calls him Hugo."

"So it seems. My name is Reed Evans."

She flipped her hand at me. "Hiya. Mine's Lindy. I'm the receptionist."

"Where is the secretary's office?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Who knows? Hugo's never had a secretary before, no one special, I mean. We girls in the office have handled his mail and like that."

There was a discreet buzz, and she sighed. "Oh, brother, here we go." She picked up the phone and said, "Hugo Bennett Productions. Oh, it's you. What do you want?"

I said, "I'll look around if you don't mind."

Lindy said, "Hold it," and then she looked up at me. "What'd you say?"

"I said I'd look around. Do you mind?"

"Nah," she answered good-naturedly, "look around."

I walked around, trying with my mind's eye to create some order out of the circus color that greeted me and not succeeding. It was just a jumble of ill-assorted furniture in red and green and orange and blue, with black-and-white striped wallpaper. One room had charcoal-grey carpeting and two desks very far apart, each as clean as a windswept lake. One desk had a double fountain-pen set and a telephone on it. The other desk was totally bare. I figured it was new and was to be mine. The one with the pens was probably Bennett's.

I found a place to hang my coat, sat down at the desk, and tried to look busy with nothing.

Lindy came in soundlessly on the thick carpet and scared me to death by asking harmlessly, "Want coffee?" I'm ordering some. Here's the mail. I been yakking my head off to Hugo about getting somebody to handle it; now he's got you you might as well begin."

I was glad to have something to do, and I said I did want coffee. To my amazement a waiter rolled it up on a table complete with a white cloth and cinnamon toast. He gave me a bill and asked me to sign it.

"Well—" I hesitated. "Are you sure I'm supposed to?"

"Somebody has to, Miss," he said. "Mr. Harris likes a record kept."

I signed it.

I opened the mail and read it. Most of it didn't make sense. Plainly I was out in inter-planetary space, and would have to learn the language. Lindy had brought me a copy of "Variety," so I began reading that for a primer. It was like trying to learn Russian, but I kept going, feeling triumphant when I could make out a sentence.

"What the devil are you doing in here?" roared a voice behind me, and I was so startled I stood up.

Hugo Bennett stood in the doorway, loaded with newspapers and very mad.

"You hired me on Friday, don't you remember? I'm Reed Evans, your secretary."

"I know that," he said, pounding past me to his desk. "But that's Jake's desk. If he finds you in here he'll throw a fit, and Jake's fits are one thing I haven't got time for this morning. Or stomach. Out you go. And order me some coffee, will you, honey?"

"Mr. Bennett—" I began, bewildered.

"Now, that's a thing you gotta learn," he said instantly, dropping the papers and pointing a finger at me accusingly. "The name is Hugo. Got it?"

"All right."

"Say it."

I took a breath. "Hugo," I said.

Suddenly he grinned and crossed the room in a few big strides. "Say it again."

"Hugo."

"Don't forget." He began to pace tightly, as if he were in a cage or a cell. "Let's see. I gotta get you some space." He rubbed his chin. Then he walked out of the room and yelled, "Come out here."

Hugo's office opened off the conference-room. Another door in the conference-room led to a small area currently being used as a store-room, and I found Hugo in there. It would accommodate a desk, and it had a window.

"I'll do," I said in response to Hugo's inquisitive look. "I'll need a desk and a four-drawer file to start with, and I want a decent chair—oh, and a typewriter, of course."

"It's yours," he snapped. "I'll tell Jake Harris to get it set

up. Why don't you go get some coffee or something?"

I laughed. I'd had about 20 cups of coffee since breakfast, it seemed to me, but I said all right because I was beginning to see that the way to get along in this crazy world of television and actors was to behave the way everybody else did: Demand and ye shall get.

I asked the elevator girl if there was a beauty salon in the hotel, and she said there was. I went there and told the man to do something drastic to my hair.

"Cut it, dye it, bleach it, cover it with rhinestones—I don't care what you do, but make it so people will turn around and look at me."

I was taking an awful chance, but I was tired of being made to feel woolly by little snippets with no brains, and fortunately he had amazingly good taste. He cut it very short, dampened it, pushed it into some loose curves you couldn't call a wave, and stuck me under a heat lamp to dry.

While he was doing it, I ordered a double-chocolate soda and a manicure. I sat there with my head hot and my throat cooled by the soda, feeling waited on and regal and pampered and expensive.

After the body-repair job I went out and bought a simple red wool-jersey dress with push-up sleeves and had my



skirt and blouse sent home. In the triple mirror in the department store I hardly knew it was I. Neither did Lindy when I got back to the office.

"Y'know," she said, when my identity dawned on her, "y'got possibilities." She meant it from the bottom of her little tin-foil heart. I bowed slightly and walked into my office. Jake Harris also didn't know me. He turned out to be the Oriental-looking number from that horrible routine in the dressing-room the previous Friday. He hunched himself in my doorway and began, "Hey, you're not—"

"Oh, yes, I am," I corrected.

He looked at me for a moment, then shrugged.

"What's your name now? Chloe, Cotton, something to do with swamps?"

"Reed, Reed Evans."

"Oh, yeah. Well, Reed, you learn fast, that's all I gotta say, and in this business that's good. Hugo wants to see you."

Hugo had something on his mind, but after 20 minutes of pacing, corny exchanges with Jake, reading items from the gossip columns, and addressing no remarks to me while he kept me sitting there. I still didn't know what it was. Finally he walked over to a window and looked down at Fifth Avenue.

"You know how to write letters?" he asked, his back to me. We were alone. Jake had disappeared.

"Yes," I said tentatively, not too sure what he meant.

"Well, you write 'em. Like—uh—I'll tell you what to say, and then you say it. That be all right?"

"Yes," I said, amused. Obviously he didn't know how to dictate. "It's quite customary where the boss trusts his secretary and she knows her job."

He turned swiftly and grinned. "You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

"No, but I know my job. I'll have to learn the technicalities, but a good secretary is a good secretary—to an oil-man or an actor."

I knew at once I had said the wrong thing.

"You'll find out different, maybe," he growled. "Today at four I got a recording session. You come. And take those letters offa my desk. And give your address and private phone number to Lindy, so she can put 'em in the office directory. And buy something for Martin Colby; tomorrow's his birthday."

Colby, I knew by then, was the big, heavy-set man who had sung "Chloe" at me. But how was I to buy him a present? I knew nothing about him.

"I can't buy Mr. Colby a gift," I objected.

"If I can think it, you can do it," he said flatly. "Don't worry about money. See my lawyer. He'll fix it up so you can sign cheques."



The man must be mad, I thought. Of all the stupid, fool-hardy things to do.

"Mr. Bennett, that's absurd," I cried. "Except for the fact that I happen to be an extremely reliable girl, you're taking a crazy chance."

"Except for the fact that I happen to be the world's best judge of character," he cut in.

It still seemed crazy to me, but he was right about one thing. He could trust me, and, maybe, he really was sharp enough to be sure of that. Anyway, I said meekly, "Yes, Hugo."

I collected the letters off his desk and departed to my own quarters. If Hugo noticed my change in hair-do and dress, he did not comment. I learned eventually that he would not comment if I came in wearing marble from Mount Vesuvius, but he noticed everything, and that's the understatement of this or any other year.

I cornered Jake Harris alone enough to ask him what I was supposed to buy for Martin Colby's birthday and how much it ought to cost.

"Hugo give you the dough?"

"No. He said I could fix it up with his lawyer to sign cheques."

"Oh—my—gosh," Jake said softly. "Well, praise be, you're honest about it."

"Is he always so reckless?"

Jake shook his head. "Hugo doesn't know what he's doing. He's an artist. Don't worry about it. He lives under a friendly star. He's always doing

things other guys'd get hung for, and on him it looks good, and comes out right. He's a genius. Let's see, I'd say about a hundred bucks for Martin, and he's got a silver lighter. Besides, he quit smoking two months ago, so don't give him a lighter."

"Logical," I murmured, and Jake looked at me coldly. It was curious: These people seemed to force an intimacy on me that I hadn't sought, and yet when I tried to play by the rules of their game, they didn't like it.

At eight o'clock next morning my phone rang.

"Honey," said a voice that sounded as if its pipes had corroded. "I want you to come up here before you go out to buy Colby's present."

"Where is here?" I asked cautiously.

"My apartment," Hugo said. "Central Park South."

By the simple expedient of calling Lindy, I found out just where Hugo lived and went there. The first thing he wanted to know, as I stood on a kind of foamy sea-green carpet that ran everywhere and seemed to undulate under my eyes, was whether I had come in a cab.

"No," I said, "a bus."

He paced around in that curious cell-like pattern he had. He was wearing a beautiful grey linen robe with a pink towel around his neck. In one hand he held a complicated sandwich. I wondered if it was what he ate for breakfast. It was.

"Listen," he said, "learn to ride in taxis. When I want you to do something, I don't want it done two hours from now. If your time isn't more valuable than the price of a taxi, mine is. Understand? Don't I pay you enough money? You got an expense account, you know?"

"No, I didn't know," I replied, "and I haven't the slightest idea what you're paying me."

"Well, ask for the love of Mike. Nobody's a mind-reader, you know. Tell Jake. He'll read you out of the book. What're you gonna get Colby?"

"I don't know."

"Whatever it is, have his name put on it in gold. If they want extra to do it in one day, pay extra. My gosh! it's not enough I got to manage a show, act in it, run an office full of temperamental geniuses, now I got to educate my secretary. This is the twentieth century. Look, honey, there's a system, see, and it operates. If you don't run it, it'll run you."

There had to be something wrong with that argument, but I couldn't at the moment think what it was, so I grinned a little, and said I would try to remember.

"You may go," Hugo said archly, "to the head of the class. Take this jacket to a tailor on Forty-Fifth Street named Luke Lawry, and tell him I want it copied exactly in—uh—oh, make it blue, a bright blue, something nice. You pick it out."

I started to protest, but there were so many crazy angles that I couldn't decide where to start, and I gave up the whole thing. I decided to try it his way.

I ordered the jacket in a soft, handloomed tweed in a blue that looked like a field of heather, bought Martin Colby a cowhide travel-bag, and settled for his initials in gold (which Hugo later objected to as not lavish enough, though he subsided when he found out how much the bag cost, and Martin turned out to be very pleased). Then I went to the office. It was almost noon.

While I was looking over the mail at my desk, someone cleared his throat, and I

looked up to see two weird shapes standing in the doorway.

"One thing I'm going to do around here is bell everybody," I said. "These carpets are conducive to all kinds of intrigue, even murder. Who are you?"

"Well, well," said the short, tubby character on the left.

"Hugo's really gone and done it," said the other, a taller but equally rotund man with bushy eyebrows. Whatever they did, it obviously paid well. "We're the writers," he intoned solemnly.

The short one held up an instructive finger. "We're funny," he explained. "We're the engine," he pronounced it engine—"the machinery. We make everything go."

"Well, make yourself go, will you? I'm busy."

"Har, har, har," said a third male voice. "You gentlemen have just been brushed. Get lost."

There was a brief scuffle, and then the tubby writers went away, leaving in my doorway the third voice, wrapped up in a long, narrow body and emanating from behind watchful eyes that made me wary.

"That goes for you, too," I said, "unless you're the hotel management or the F.B.I."

He was unexpectedly wounded by that remark. He drew himself up. "I also write. In fact I have been writing around here longer than those two beer kegs who just left. You might say I'm the dean of Hugo's writers."

We eyed each other belligerently for a second. "Really?" I asked coolly and was amazed at myself for being so nasty. Was I already getting a TV complex? "How many writers does Hugo have?"

He pretended to count on his fingers. "Seven—up till fifteen minutes ago. With Hugo you can never be quite sure. They come and go. Except me."

"You're the dean?"

"Yes. My name is Duff Whitney, and don't be nasty to me because I came to take you to lunch."

"Thanks, but no, thanks," I said instantly.

"I know your name," he went on imperturbably, "so you don't have to introduce yourself, and I am going to take you someplace exotic, and you'd better come because after another week at this job you'll eat at your desk the way everybody else does. Come on, weaken, as we say."

I couldn't help laughing, and after that of course I couldn't help going out to lunch with him. He took me to a place called the Russian Gulch, where they brought up shashlik on flaming swords and I got my ears full of facts, most of them bewildering.

"I hate him," Duff Whitney answered without heat when I asked him how he liked working for Hugo. "He's a big, unfeeling oaf. He makes trouble for himself and everybody else because he thinks that's what geniuses do. He screams about crises that don't exist. He's a crazy idiot, a very funny man, and someday he will wake up—or the rest of the world will—to find he's jumped out of a window several hundred feet off the street."

I never expected to hear myself defending Hugo Bennett, but I was furious. "If you feel like that, it's dishonest to work for him," I cried.

"Moralist," he chided gently. "Could be you're right, but there are several items to consider. Item one: money. I like to eat. Item two: talent. I am gifted with a relatively unsalable commodity, the ability to write comedy. I have to go where the market is. Item three:

Continued overleaf

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television. It's the phenomenon of our age, the zany, crackpot, ultimate outcome of civilisation. It may get blown to breakfast tomorrow afternoon by a bomb or an intellectual revolution, but until that happens it's the biggest single element in the world, the only world I've got, and I like being part of it. And how do you like working for Hugo?"

I didn't have an answer. Later, when we were walking back to the office, Duff Whitney said, "I will dole out some gratuitous advice. Don't fall for Hugo."

"Fall for him?" I echoed, astounded. "Good heavens, that's impossible."

"Is it? He's got immense charm."

"Oh? Well, I've yet to see any of it." "Take it from me, he's got it. He pours it indiscriminately over men and women. He works it on different people in different directions. Me, I work for him. You, you're a woman, so you fall for him—unless you're smarter than most."

I shook my head. "I told him loftily, 'am not a woman, not in that sense.'"

"What are you, then?" he asked softly.

I didn't have an answer to that, either.

For the next few days I made secretarial noises and gestures and gradually began to turn into the real thing. Hugo, for all his high-flown lectures about teaching me the system, had a great deal to learn himself about what a secretary was or should be. He thought nothing of phoning me at 3 a.m. to complain that he could not find a letter he had received from a Hollywood producer, or to insist that I make a note of his latest brilliant idea for the show.

At first I resented being awakened in the middle of the night, but I got used to it.

I learned who all the people in the place were, and somewhere in the private-file drawer in the back of my head I began to make categories for their varying relationships to Hugo.

Jake Harris was Hugo's personal manager. I asked Hugo, in Jake's presence, what a personal manager did.

"He gets the kind of money I think I'm worth," Hugo said seriously. "He tells me which offers I should take. He judges what's good for me and what isn't."

Jake chuckled. "Yeah, I didn't want you to go into 'Paint the Town Purple'; I didn't want you to make recordings; I was the one who warned you to stay away from those space suits for kids." Then he added to me, "Oh, I've got influence, I have. I'm a very big man around here."

He was joking, of course, and yet his words had a certain undertone, a suspicion I couldn't pin down or attribute to the slightest word or look of fear. Lurking somewhere in his idle banter were the question of his usefulness and the even greater question of whether or not the first question would ever occur to Hugo.

Martin Colby was called executive producer. His duties were similar to Jake's, but there was a subtle difference, a matter of rank and prestige that I have never figured out. Jake had more rank, but Martin had more prestige.

Martin had three assistants—Greg, Jerry, and Betsy—who helped him put the show on the air every Friday.

I liked Betsy Taggart. She was about twenty-six, tall, ash blond, smart, and brittle. Betsy had humor, and for that I would forgive her almost anything. That first week I

went into the production office and asked her where one got a drink of water.

"I doubt," she replied, "if anybody around here ever heard of it."

Then she gave me a paper cup and waved her hand at one of the three bathrooms in the suite. "You get it out of the faucet. It may be rusty and lukewarm, but it's wet. And it's water. Or so I've been told."

Betsy could talk your arm off, and her addiction to cascades of noisy jewellery stemmed, she once told me, "from a violent reaction to one solid hour of having to keep still every Friday night."

Dick Delaney was Hugo's music director. He and a secretary named Nonny Beecham occupied a niche set off by itself at the end of a little hall.

Nonny was a brown mouse and wholly sane, which made her completely out of place in that loony bin. She was in love with Hugo Bennett Productions, en masse and indiscriminate of sex, and possessed of an appalling school spirit about her job. How she got hired I'll never know, but nobody ever fired anybody around Hugo Bennett Productions; that was one of the things wrong with it.

DICK DELANEY, Nonny's boss, was something of a brown mouse himself, with rimless glasses and an uncanny grasp of music. Betsy used to make unkind, ribald, and very funny remarks about the two of them shut away in their little cubicle.

I had lunch with Nonny early in my career.

"For the love of heaven, why?" Betsy asked bluntly when I mentioned this to her.

"I want to get acquainted with everybody in the office," I explained virtuously.

"Nonny you can get acquainted with in three seconds. You say, 'How do you do, Nonny,' and she says with a giggle, 'Oh, I'm so glad to meet you, Miss Evans. Mr. Bennett needs a good secretary, and it's high time he got one.' Sister, you're acquainted."

I confessed more honestly, "Well, I guess I feel a little sorry for her."

Betsy threw up her hands in stage-type horror. "Don't waste the emotion, pet. She doesn't deserve it."

"That's cruel," I said. She shook her head, clanking her beads. "You'll learn. Out. Go eat your silly sandwich at the silly tea-room. You'll wish you were dead."

It wasn't quite so bad, but a more contrived and futile conversation you never heard in your life.

There was a raft of other people attached to the show who didn't, thank heaven, maintain offices in our suite—people like the choreographer, the costumer, the lighting engineer, the musicians and dancers, and so on. They were what Hugo referred to as the "day shift"; they called themselves the "Expendables."

In point of fact, everybody was expendable, partly because all contracts carried one or two week options, partly because nobody, least of all Hugo, knew from one minute to the next what Hugo would do, and he liked it that way.

Hugo ordered me to go to the rehearsals and broadcasts on Fridays in case he needed me, and then he didn't acknowledge my presence in the place by even speaking to me. It was just as well; the whole thing was so confusing.

There were about a hundred and fifty people in the theatre where the show was done, most of whom never

appeared on camera at all—production staff, stagehands, lighting crew, musicians, advertising-agency people. Some of them I don't know yet. I sat in the sixth row during rehearsal amid a lot of coats and scripts, and I watched and listened. Much of the talk was like a foreign language.

"Unless you can get the whole picture in a zoomer, and if you can get the whole picture, you don't need the extra camera."

"Give me one, three, and five Dog, two Baker, and six Baker."

"How you doin'?"

"Not bad. I gotta soap."

"Hold it a minute, Pete," said a voice from a loudspeaker. "We want to look at Herb."

Herb, an actor, stared into the camera and said cheerfully, "Sickening, isn't it?" Then he began to sing unevenly. "Up the lazy river in the noon-day sun . . ."

"Very good, Groucho," said the loudspeaker.

"Let's go!" yelled a voice I recognised as Greg's. "Girls, for Pete's sake, don't eat in those costumes. If you want to eat, take 'em off."

"Well, really, Gregory!"

"Aw, you know what I mean. Here's a dime. Somebody get me an apple."

A stagehand in a red plaid shirt sauntered across the stage dragging a limp mop behind him.

"Buddy, Bobby, Joe, Marx. Cameras and audio, please."

"Listen, Greg, if one joke's wrong, they're all wrong. What's the matter with that screwy network? It's not bad taste."

"Look, I got nothing to do with it. I don't make the decisions. I only carry 'em out."

"If they hack this script the way they did last week, I'm through. I mean it. I can't put my stomach through that again."

That was my beer-keg writing friend Jim Barnes, the short one. The taller was Ford Barclay. They were referred to solely as Barnum and Bailey, and they were never apart. Jim Barnes was married and had twin daughters about five, so he must have eluded Ford sometime or other, but nobody was ever really sure.

Somebody sat down beside me. It was Duff Whitney.

"Getting your sea legs?"

"I'm a little mixed up."

"I'll let you in on a secret: So is everybody else."

I laughed. "Who are Dog and Baker?"

He scowled. "Like I said, who knows? Oh, you mean Alex? That's lighting lingo." He pointed to the grid over the stage on which was strung a network of lights. "Each row has a letter, A, B, C, D, and so forth, and each light has a number. When Alex wants a certain combination of lights, he sings out a number and a letter, only he says words like Dog and Baker because D and B sound so much alike. They do the same thing in the Navy."

"Do they? Well, thanks," I said. He poked my chin gently and went away.

"I wish I were dead," said someone standing in the aisle.

"Why? Bad night?"

"Nah. Not really. We went to the movies. I dunno, I can't get with movies any more. It's canned somehow. Compared to live broadcast—nuthin'."

"Take five!" yelled the loudspeaker.

Dancers spewed down off the stage and filtered on to seats around me to drink coffee and eat sandwiches they bought from a lunch counter set up near the exit doors. They were

like wax, and I had an impulse to touch them to see if they were real.

About two o'clock Hugo came into the studio, surrounded inevitably by Jake, Martin, Pepe, his Puerto Rican valet, who had eyes like stewed prunes and was the best-looking man I have ever seen, Ricky Ronson, his dresser, and a couple of the stage crew. As Hugo burst out of the wings on to the stage, four or five of the musicians spontaneously began to plunk out "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!" in a lazy, ragged rhythm. Hugo bowed regally and they stopped.

Greg exclaimed, "There he is, that genial genius of witty repartee. How're you, Mr. B?"

"Great," said Hugo, rubbing his hands together, "just great." Then he put his head back and roared. "Let's go!"

And go we did for another two hours. I tried to understand. Tried? The whole thing seemed to me loud, raucous, consistently unfunny. What I knew about television you could have put down on the unprinted part of a postage stamp, but I knew craftsmanship when I saw it, and what that show had in it you could also describe on a postage stamp—the same postage stamp, to be exact.

A tall, black-haired man sat down beside me and said, "You're new here, aren't you?"

"Yes," I assented, and waited. I disliked him instantly, but that was nothing new; I had disliked instantly most of the people connected with Hugo Bennett Productions, including Hugo Bennett.

"You'll notice how Hugo runs everything," he said, whispering in my ear with un-called-for conspiracy, since the orchestra was blaring so loud he could have hollered from 10 feet away and I alone would have heard him. "He really is the motivating force here. He directs, produces, casts, everything. The man's a genius, of course, unquestionably a genius." He relaxed in the seat.

"These two-bit people he has around don't mean a thing. Buncha hangers-on, you know. Every great man's got 'em, even the President of the United States." Suddenly he slapped his leg and roared, "Huh-hah! Did you see that? Boy, that was funny! That guy is the greatest." On stage Hugo had just jumped on a chair and been enveloped in a big cloud of dust. "By the way, I'm Murchison, Hugo's Press agent."

"Are you?" I asked. "I'm Reed Evans, his secretary."

I knew from the inter-office directory that Hugo had five Press agents, all carefully stratified and compartmentalised as to gossip columns, magazine and newspaper publicity, stunts, extra radio-TV coverage, and one man who handled all "outside" publicity. Murchison was the radio-TV man, which meant he did practically nothing to justify his salary, since Hugo, just by being alive, was his own best radio-TV publicity.

Somebody went by in the aisle and said, "Hiya, Murch." and to my relief Murchison left in hot pursuit.

At four o'clock Hugo disappeared into the wings, someone said over a loudspeaker, "That's it," and the entire company began to disappear.

Greg shouted from the stage, "Six o'clock for the cast in Hugo's dressing-room!"

People came and took their coats away; a chubby man in a dark-green uniform collected the coffee cartons, discarded pages of script, paper napkins. He nodded a little to me and said nothing. I kept sitting.

One of the cameramen looked down at me from the stage and said, "Hey, hon, you gonna sit there all day?"

I said I was comfortable, and he shrugged and wandered off. The great pale blue stage curtains were closed, and gradually, except for the distant ringing of a phone and the faint hum of the TV monitors scattered around the studio, I was alone in silence, waiting as the studio itself waited.

All the electronic equipment, the cameras and the microphones, the loudspeakers and the headsets, all the machinery and ropes to raise and lower sets, all the musical instruments were just so much complicated junk without human beings to animate them. I felt a kind of excitement edging up on me. Maybe, as Duff Whitney had said, there was a kind of entity in all this.

I lost and regained that notion a hundred times during the next few weeks as I worked and learned, watching the show each week from a different vantage point, being impressed and then appalled and then impressed again by all the effort that went into it.

One week I watched from the video booth, another from the audio booth, another from the balcony, another from backstage, where, during the opening dance number, I squatted at Hugo's heels as he waited in the wings for his first entrance.

The only sign of nervousness that came from him was the occasional wiping of the palms of his hands on his pockets. I didn't know whether he minded my being there or not; I was pretty sure he knew I was there, although he still had never spoken to me at the studio.

The seven writers stood around him in a semi-circle, allegedly telling him funny stories to make him laugh so he would go on camera with sparks coming off him; actually they were more nervous than he was, and he would snap his fingers at them and say, "Come on, come on, let's rip!" But Hugo alone ripped, and he did it without flagging for the next hour.

On stage he yelled and roared and threw himself around on the furniture, paced, pounded his fists on tables, tripped, fell, registered 20 emotions, and left 'em laughing.

Backstage he flashed around like a drunken humming bird, pommeling the other actors, assuring them they were great, listening solemnly to Greg's warning that they were running 55 seconds behind schedule, cutting speeches to make it up, urging everybody to do his best by insisting, "We can do it! We can do anything!"

AT last he came pounding off-stage as if driven by a pile-driver. Ricky Ronson, standing carefully to one side, handed him a lighted cigarette; he took it without breaking his stride, and both of them plunged into a waiting elevator and rose to the dressing-room.

I went home, exhausted.

Little by little I became a cog in this involved machine. One morning my telephone rang as I walked through the door.

"Miss Evans?"

"Yes?"

"I hear you're Hugo's gal Friday?"

"Depends where you heard it." I now knew the first law of survival in this business was circumlocution. "Who is this?"

"Oh—Wilkinson, 'The Dispatch'."

A card with holes in it fell into place on my private calculator: gossip, communist, arch-rival of Hugo's close friend Farnsworth on another paper; be nice to him; don't tell him anything.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Wilkinson," I said. "I'm Reed

Evans, Hugo's secretary. What can I do for you?"

"Well!" he exclaimed. "I hear Hugo's bust with Deirdre. True or false?"

Never having heard of the girl in question I could truthfully reply, "I haven't any idea what you mean."

"Oh?" There was a pause. "You must be from out West."

"I'm from Vermont," I said.

"Are you now? Does Hugo know? I'll charge up there some day and see this phenomenon."

"That'll be charming," I told him. "Good day!"

He whistled. "Good day, Vermont."

Later on Hugo called me into his office. He was, as usual, pacing around in the confines of his invisible cell. He wore the heather-blue jacket I had ordered for him, navy-blue slacks, and loafers with Kelly-green socks. Sometimes I wondered if he owned a whole suit, except for his working clothes on stage.

"Siddown, siddown," he said. We were alone. Jake's barren desk was unoccupied. "The—uh—papers may be in touch with you. Columnists, the ratface fringe. They'll want to know about my split with Deirdre."

"It's none of their business," I said. "I can handle them."

Hugo stopped in his tracks and looked at me as if I were something in a bottle, utterly puzzling to him.

"It's their business," he said flatly, without emotion but also without allowing room for contradiction. "Anything I do is their business. That's a fact. It may be ugly and uncomfortable at times, but it's a fact. Nobody in this business quarrels with that if he's got any sense. Privacy is for mail clerks. You wanna be a mail clerk, you got privacy; you wanna be a top TV star, you got newspapermen watching your every move. It's simple."

It was simple, clear, concise, and I was filled with reluctant admiration for his ability to see it and accept it.

"About Deirdre—Yes. We're washed up; no hard feelings. She's leaving the show. She's got a good job in Hollywood, and I wish her the best of everything. Did Martin tell you to slap a hold on 'The Gringos for May?' he demanded, turning an abrupt corner and no longer pacing. "Their latest record sold 200,000. Dick tells me."

The Gringos were four singers from New Mexico who had, partly by way of an appearance on Hugo's programme about four weeks before, become very hot property with a combination of Mexican and American techniques the paying customers found effective and new. One could, in television, do a sort of stock-market bit, like speculating in cotton futures: You could put a hold on some performer you thought was going to be big, and he would work for you two months from now at today's prices, although his price to others might by that time have doubled.

I told Hugo it had already been looked after, and remembering my cavalier treatment of Wilkinson, drew dismaying circles on my note pad. I did not know who Deirdre was, but I could find out. It was typical of Hugo that, whoever she was and whatever she might have meant to him, he could instruct me concerning her and sail into whatever was next on the agenda with uninterrupted aplomb. He was, I thought, really quite heartless. He loved one thing—that television show. Well, two things—if you included himself, but he was the show and the show was Hugo

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to such an extent that it amounted to one love.

The idea of Hugo's having a girl intrigued me. He was as impersonal with me, and with nearly everybody except Jake and Martin, as a G-man on some surveillance job. What about this Geiger counter? Did he turn it off? If Deirdre was going to Hollywood, I would never find out, but purely as an academic question it interested me.

It was Betsy Taggart who told me.

"Deirdre's an actress—she plays Hugo's secretary on the show. He's been going with her, to use a quaint old phrase of my aunt's, for about two years. I'll admit it sounds unlikely, but Hugo's always had a girl. He's usually pretty faithful, too. It lasts a year, maybe two, then he's through and that's it."

"Doesn't he ever want to marry any of them?" I asked.

Betsy shrugged. "He was married once, when he was about 19. In fact, he's got a little boy around some place, but he's been divorced for years."

"Have you ever seen his wife?"

"No. Nobody around here has, except, maybe, Jake. But I've seen his girls, and Deirdre's the first nice girl he's ever had. My opinion is that she got tired of him first, for a change. This Hollywood offer is legit, I know. Greg says I'm nuts, that the whole thing's been on the wane for months."

"But what will this do to the show?" I asked. "The part of Hugo's secretary is pretty important, isn't it?"

"Nobody is really important on that programme except Hugo, pet. He's the brains, the talent, the driving spirit."

"Maybe, but he'd look awfully silly playing the part of his own secretary."

"Don't be reasonable with me," Betsy said, "and don't say Hugo would look silly

doing anything if you like your job. Hugo's a genius. There's some truth in that legend, too. Stick around and you'll find out. Actually, this whole deal will please the writers no end, because it gives them a ready-made plot for the next show. Talent scout comes in and lures Deirdre into Hollywood contract, and Hugo loses her and thinks he lost his right arm, searches for new girl, can't find her, big crisis—they may even parlay it into two or three scripts. Hold a national contest for Hugo's new secretary, big publicity bit, people talking about it in night-clubs, gossip columns pick it up, beautiful mystery girl applies in the flesh—and I mean the flesh—at Hugo's apartment, late at night. Why, it's good for several days in the tabloids. It's business, pet. Whatever happens around here is business—catastrophes, operations, heartbreaks, lost old mothers."

I shook my head in wonder. Late one afternoon a week or so later Hugo, who had been at home all day with a bad cold, phoned me to ask me to bring him a stack of new recordings that had just come in. It was about five thirty, and I knew if I went to Hugo's I could go directly home, probably a good hour earlier than usual. I said I'd do it.

Pepe let me in. "Hello, Pepe," I said. "Where's Hugo?"

He jerked his beautiful head. "In there. The study. I don't know should you better go in or not."

Good, I thought. If I don't have to see him, I'll be getting home an hour and a half ahead of schedule. "Well, he wants these records. Will you see that he gets them right away?"

I turned to go, but Hugo burst out of the study, fully dressed and no more sick than I was, grinning like a kid.

"Hey, Reed!" he called, and for the first time I had a feel-

ing he was glad to see me. He had never called me by my first name before. "You wanna see something?" he asked in a conspiratorial whisper.

I followed him into the study. He had a toy airport laid out on the floor. It had several runways, a little control tower, a couple of radio towers, a wind cone, refuelling trucks, hangars, and a whole fleet of perfect-scale model aeroplanes: transports, private planes, even a couple of police helicopters. Rigged up over this layout was a web of small wires dotted with tiny electric bulbs.



"I just got caught up in the do-it-yourself craze. I never thought of it as counterfeiting."

From a remote-control switchboard on his desk, Hugo could light the bulbs in sequence, creating a sort of dotted line in the air that represented a plane's flight path as it came in for a landing. He was practising air-traffic control, talking planes down to the ground in presumably bad weather.

It wasn't really a toy; it was an elaborate gadget the Air Force had invented to train ground-control crews. "Watch!" exclaimed Hugo, very excited, and he perched on one corner of the desk. Holding the switchboard on his

knee, his eyes squinting against the cigarette smoke that poured from his mouth, he proceeded to demonstrate the thing. It gave me a chance to recover what I am pleased to call my poise. I was embarrassed, enchanted, annoyed, sympathetic.

It was a fascinating thing to watch, and Hugo was remarkably good at it. It was ridiculous for a full-grown man to lie about his health just so he could stay at home and play games, but I half envied him his ability to do so.

I had a crazy impulse to reach out and touch the thick mop of disordered brown hair.

The phone rang, interrupting my idle impulse and Hugo's game. I could tell from his opening remarks that it was long distance.

"Yeah, yeah, put him on . . . Hi, Hap. How's the weather in Beverly? . . . Listen, I just wanted to thank you for the deal . . . Of course she accepted. Like a bunny . . . Well, it made it a lot easier all around . . . She's a nice kid, Hap, and she's a looker. You won't go wrong . . . Sure, legs and a great face to go with 'em." He laughed gleefully.

I turned away, cold and furious. Deirdre's name had not been mentioned, but I knew with certainty that Hugo had manipulated the Hollywood offer to get rid of her. I suppose there are worse ways of brushing off a girl, but there was something so mean about making her believe that her own talent and ability had attracted Hollywood's attention.

I wanted to run screaming into the street. I wanted to kick his toy airport into a million pieces. I thought about my momentary yen to touch him, and I wanted to hit him hard just to see the surprised look on his face.

I walked out of the room, leaving him on the phone. If he was at all puzzled or mad,

he didn't show it. Pepe let me out, and I went angrily down in the elevator.

That night I had a date with Duff Whitney. He and Barnum and Bailey had bought me dinner on several Friday nights after the show—I let them do it after I discovered that writers' salaries on comedy programmes sometimes run to four figures a week—but, except for that first day when we had lunch, Duff and I had never been out alone.

I liked Duff and I didn't. I had the wobbly feeling he was intellectually dangerous. He was what is known as a premise man—a television label for a writer who thinks up plots and situations on which scripts are based—and I didn't want him working his premises on me. He kept asking me questions I couldn't answer.

Finally, though, I had agreed to see a play with him, hoping I wasn't being strictly selfish because I love the stage.

Duff telephoned at about seven and said, "I forgot we had to eat before we go to this thing. How about a quick hamburger?"

I said it would be all right. I put on a new blue silk dress made like a Chinese sheath and met him at Hamburg Heaven. He whistled appropriately as he took my coat, we ordered, and then—nothing. I couldn't think of anything to talk about that didn't have to do with television or Hugo, mostly the latter, and I was tired of having every thought I owned taken over by my job. It was unhealthy.

Finally we went off to the theatre in a taxi.

The show was a musical, it was opening night, and the theatre was jammed to the gills with people, excitement, color, superb music, and the mounting conviction that the whole thing was a solid hit. It was, too. By the time it was over,

I was so elated I agreed without hesitation when Duff suggested a stop at one of those rooftop cocktail lounges.

He looked at me over some sort of frozen green stuff and grinned. "Welcome back," he said. "I thought for a while you had gone off on a remote."

"What's a remote?"

"A remote broadcast, a pick-up outside the studio. The bit they handle with a big mobile unit; you've seen one."

"Oh, yes," I laughed. "I'm sorry about earlier. The show was so good I'm all over it."

"What was it about, to put it brazenly? That's like saying, 'Why were you in gaol?'"

I smiled and shrugged. "Hugo. What else?"

"Oh." It was the softest, gentlest sound.

"Don't say it like that. This was just Hugo, pure and simple."

Duff shook his head. "Unh-unh. Hugo is a great many things, but pure and simple he ain't."

"Well, you know what I mean. There is just no excuse for a human being to behave the way he does." I told him about Deirdre and the movie offer and how Hugo had set up the whole thing.

Suddenly Duff covered one of my hands with his. "Honey," he said, "you're the one who's not making sense. What's wrong with Hugo's saving face by sending the girl off to California? He's saving her face, too, isn't he?"

"But it's wrong!" I cried. "He has no business having all that power over people. If she's so talented she'll get there on her own sooner or later."

Duff let go of my hand. "Cheer up," he said. "Hugo's no worse than the rest of us."

"As long as Deirdre never finds out, what's the difference? Nothing ever happens deservedly or logically or reasonably in this business, or don't

Continued overleaf

she's happy .. she took

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"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE," by Michael Drury

you know that? Or in any other business, for that matter."

"Do you really believe that?"

He sat back and considered the green syrup in the bottom of his glass.

"I don't know," he said finally, and I had a feeling it was the first completely honest thing he's ever said to me. "I know this much: There isn't any good side or bad side to existence any more. That's for children and Victorians. You have to make your own side and you have to find out what you want to be; that's a lifetime occupation, so that by the time you've got it settled there's no place to go any more. I actually envy Hugo for one thing: He knows. Wrong, right, or half-and-half, he knows what he wants. So he gets it."

Duff looked up, and there was something in his eyes that astonished me. He flicked his glance, troubled and tender, over my face.

"He'll get you," he went on softly, "just the way he's got the rest of us, and I don't like it. I don't know whether it's because I resent Hugo or because I'm a little in love with you. I can see it coming and there isn't a single thing I can do about it—not just because Hugo's what he is, and powerful, but because I don't know what I ought to do about it."

I started to protest at the beginning of that speech, but by the time he got through I was wordless and cautiously elated and half wanting to cry.

"I don't know what to say to you," I said at last.

"Don't say anything. It's too soon to say anything. But don't jump any fences till you talk to me. All right?" He was looking at me; I knew it even though I wasn't watching him. I could feel those eyes like a caress.

I nodded. "All right."

He didn't touch me again except in the most impersonal kind of way, helping me put on my coat, assisting me into the cab. Outside my apartment door he said goodnight rather formally. I thanked him for the pleasant evening, and that was that. I certainly had no business being mad, but I was—for just a second. Woman, woman, I lectured myself, grow up. This is not a schoolboy who grabs kisses in the car or goes around necking in hallways. And then I stopped in my tracks with my dress half over my head. Who said I wanted him to kiss me, anyway?

I stayed angry with Hugo for several days. They did exactly what Betsy had said they would do—worked Deirdre's departure into the script. For ten days Martin Colby auditioned girls for replacements and the office was swarming with females draped over the furniture, leaning against file drawers, and sitting on the floor in a regular welter of tantalising humanity.

I was more or less intrigued with these goings on, and Hugo was bewitched. He would stand in the middle of the conference room with a red carnation in his lapel and beam.

"This is the most fantastic experience of my life. I'm going mad, mad, mad," he would pause—and I love every psychopathic second of it. Well, girls, let's take it from the top. Then he would turn on his heel and plunge into his office, leaving behind a burble of feminine chatter you had to shout over to hear yourself think, and woe unto any girl who fancied she could ride that beam into a safe landing on Hugo's chest!

"You," he said to the few who tried it, "are disqualified. Out." And he meant it. He would

leave them so abruptly they'd fall down if they weren't watching their balance.

"Holy smoke," he complained to Martin Colby behind his barricaded office door, "some of those dames ought to take lessons from Reed here on decor."

I choked, because he obviously meant decorum, and every ounce of sense I've got told me I had better not laugh at Hugo when he wasn't intending me to.

He and Colby both frowned at me.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

Hugo took a five-second beat and then decided to play it for laughs. "Nothing," she says, making like a fishbone in her throat. You know, you're a verve funnee girl. Maybe you could play Deirdre's part."

"Oh, no, you don't," I said quickly. I had no idea whether he was serious or not, but I wouldn't have put it past him. "Nothing in my contract says I have to play in your show. If you want this office run properly, you'll leave me to my plebeian chores."

"See what education does to a woman, Martin?" Hugo asked. "I picked up this little unwashed square—"

"I wasn't!"

"—out of the snow," he went on smoothly, "taught her everything she knows, gave her the first expense account she ever saw in her life, and when I want her to do me a favor, what does she do? She cries. 'No, no! Let me stay in my chimney corner.' Go get me a fake secretary, Martin. This one is for real."

Martin laughed uproariously and departed.

Hugo turned on me like a tiger and snapped, "Well, Cinderella, what the devil is 'plebeian'?"

I had a fierce struggle not to laugh. It was getting so I understood Hugo better than he understood himself. He had to be gruff about it so he could live with himself, but he was also paying me an inverse, cockeyed compliment: There weren't many people—I couldn't, offhand, name any—to whom he would reveal that he didn't know what plebeian meant.

CHOOSING words carefully, I said, "Oh, you know—ordinary, vulgar, routine. I think the plebs were lower-class Romans or something like a couple of thousand years ago. Hence plebeian means low-down."

Hugo was now standing with his back to me, staring out the window at Fifth Avenue traffic. He chuckled a little, timed a pause, and then turned around and said, "I was kidding about being in the show."

"I should hope so."

"But you like us, don't you?"

"I like it," I told him. "It's complicated and crazy but it's never dull."

He grinned.

The next evening workmen arrived at my apartment with a beautiful big TV set in a modern white cabinet. There was no card, nothing to indicate who had sent it, but I didn't have to guess very hard. I tried all the day after that to see Hugo and thank him, but he avoided me as if I had leprosy. It was plain he was determined to evade the whole thing, but I am equally determined at times. It took me two days, but when I finally cornered him long enough to make my manners, he was furious.

All I said was, "Hugo, the television set is beautiful. Thank you very much." I can't

think of a less dangerous comment, but Hugo's eyes were as hard and cold as steel. He didn't say a word, just looked at me, angry, and helpless, and I saw with amazement, with a kind of underlying terror, Why? Was the man afraid of ordinary feeling and simple human contact?

It was a question without an answer, and I shrugged my mind—you get good at that in this business—and dropped the subject. But I learned my lesson.

When the papers carried a story about a family in Brooklyn whose little boy was dying of some obscure disease, and the father a no-good drunk, and the rest of the kids ragged and undernourished, Hugo had me send a cheque made out to the wife, a TV set, and a personal letter to the child, telling him to stay well because Hugo would broadcast a special message to him on Friday.

I did it all without comment. No word of it leaked to the papers, either. Hugo just referred to the boy on the air as "Jimmy, a personal friend of mine."

Then next time Hugo gave me a present, which he did on my birthday—a beautiful handbag—I left a note on his desk saying, "You're the original," which was a line from the programme and had humorous connotations. He then left me a note with the stock reply, also from the show, "Oh, I don't know."

I understood then up to a point. Hugo loved to be thanked but real gratitude unnerved him. He could handle anything that smacked a gag, juggle it, and hand it back smoking hot, but honest emotion threw him into chaos, mostly because it threw him out of context.

As Duff said once, nobody in his right mind really likes to be laughed at, and a comedian, having made a deal with this fact, which is a little like selling your soul to the devil, is at ease only when he's being laughed at.

After I got the television set I used to stay home on alternate Fridays and watch the show from an audience-eye-view. The first time I did it, a funny thing happened, though.

I had heard the writers and production people talking about Hugo's brand of comedy—it was an endless and perennial topic—and they often said that sometimes it was very close to pathos, like Chaplin's early stuff where you laughed at the pathetic little clown and wanted to cry, too. I had never been able to see this about Hugo, though from sheer familiarity I found him funnier than I used to.

The central sketch that night was about a man who wasn't included in an office party, and suddenly my throat closed so that I couldn't swallow, and the beginnings of tears welled up back of my eyes.

"This is crazy!" I cried out loud, really astonished. "He can't do this to me." But he was doing it, and I suddenly knew what fifty million viewers saw in him.

Hugo called me later.

"Where were you?" he demanded.

"I stayed home to watch on my new TV set," I replied. "I told you. You said it was all right."

"I've changed my mind."

"You couldn't have missed me," I laughed. "You've never said one word to me in that place."

"Get dressed," he ordered.

"We're going out."

Talking to Hugo could be the world's most frustrating

experience; arguing with him was frequently impossible. I got dressed. He came for me in that long blue-and-white convertible that's famous all over town and looks more like something out of the Rose Parade than an automobile.

It was a curious evening. I had never really been alone with him before for any length of time. Pepe, Jake, and/or Martin were always within calling distance at least. Hugo sat demurely in his corner of the seat and drove; I sat properly in mine.

"You like Pablo's in the Village?" he asked.

"I don't know. I've never been there."

He shot me a quick glance, to see whether I was serious, I think, and said, "Well, you're going there now."

Pablo's is one of those shabby and expensive establishments in Greenwich Village given over primarily to the evolution of jazz.

The clientele included teenagers, society people who fancied they were slumming, song pluggers, show people, Village Bohemians in pony tails and black turtle-neck sweaters, other musicians on their day off, and a scattering of ordinary citizens.

I liked it. As such places go, Pablo's was far more genuine than the plushier places uptown, and jazz is peculiar stuff. It reached me, as they say.

"Jazz is like war and politics," I told Hugo, watching the piebald crowd. "It makes strange bedfellows—and it's a great leveller."

He looked at me speculatively. One of the things that intrigued me most about Pablo's was Hugo. I had never seen him like that, his buffoonery dormant, his eyes level and unguarded.

"I have never heard a girl talk the way you do," he said. "You go to college?"

"Yes. Not a very good college, although I guess any college is good if you want to study."

Hugo cocked his head at me and smiled faintly. "How come you're not a square?"

I laughed outright. "I don't know. Am I supposed to be a square just because I went to school?"

"That's something I don't know," Hugo confessed, a confession he did not often make in any direction. "I guess I never met any college girls before. You know, how it is in my business, you make fun of things you love or envy or don't understand. It's a cinch. I never knew a comedian who went to college, did you?"

I was astonished at his insight. "I never knew any comedians, period, till I met you," I said.

That pleased him. Somehow it equalled the footing. He sat up and looked proud of himself as though he'd said something witty, and I saw with startling clarity that the man could be played upon by a skilled hand like a complicated musical instrument. That could be dangerous for Hugo, and I almost blurted out my discovery, but I held my tongue instinctively. On second thought he probably already knew it, which was perhaps why he surrounded himself with Jake and Martin and Pepe and the rest of the menage. Maybe he didn't dare to be alone with other people for long.

Whenever anyone came to our table for autographs, which wasn't too often because the lights were dim, Hugo would revert to his usual tactics, like a man donning a mask. He would sign the paper with a flourish, waggling his shaggy head, either saying

not a word or making a wise-crack if he could think of one.

He went away, and Hugo spread his hands eloquently and said, "You want to dance?"

I walked into his arms without thinking, as unprepared for what happened as I was for being socked on the head.

He had never touched me before. Dancing with him in that undulating multitude was like being held by a bolt of lightning. Drums pounded in my ears till I felt lost in an African jungle. The floor rocked under my feet and I panicked.

"I want to go home," I said, half crying.

Hugo pushed me away a little, as much as he could in the mob, and made me look at him. His gay eyes were black as thunderclouds, with a smouldering ferocity I could not fathom.

He didn't say anything; just steered me to the edge of the floor, where he let me go and paid the check, and we left.

IN the car Hugo leaned against the left door as if he had been welded on to it, and I clung to my corner, clasping my hands tightly to keep them from shaking. Hugo drove like a madman. It was hard to start talking, but it was harder still to bear that violent silence.

"I'm sorry," I said, hesitating a little on the "s." "I—didn't mean to spoil the evening. It's just—I'm tired and a little mixed up."

"Forget it," he snapped, without glancing my way.

I gasped. Knowing him as I had come to do, I could see even in the midst of my own turmoil that he was hurt, outraged. I couldn't explain, but I couldn't let him think whatever he was thinking, either—that I had found him repulsive or something.

"Hugo, stop it," I said with all the authority I could command. It was strong enough to make him slow his mad speed a little and glance at me, but he said nothing.

"Don't act like a child," I went on. "You have no reason to get hurt and defensive. Don't you realise that you're an attractive, compelling man, and that I found myself completely off balance by being so close to you for the first time? Tonight I think I really understood you for the first time, and in all honesty you're one of the world's great people. I was swept along by that until I—I wasn't feeling very much like a secretary any more, and it scared me."

Suddenly Hugo pulled over to the kerb and stopped. Turning on the seat he put one arm along the back of it and took hold of my shoulder. For a second or two he just sat there looking at me. Then he spoke and his voice was soft, jagged as broken glass.

"Reed," he said, "no man in my position is ever liked or wanted—or loved—for himself. I'm always on the defensive. I have to be, to live. Can't you understand that?"

"Yes," I nodded. I did understand, and it filled me with awe and sadness and admiration.

Hugo pulled me toward him. His hands were gentle, but I could feel the implied power in them and I shivered. I said, "No—," softly, but it was a token resistance, and we both knew it.

He said, "Take it easy," in his husky ragged voice, and kissed me. The drums began to beat again.

In the week that followed, I sampled and discarded a hundred attitudes and approaches to my situation. None of the stock reactions I had learned in childhood, none of the ritual responses taught me by society, not even the one obvious lesson of my experience with Paul—telling myself, You crazy dim-brain, are you going to get mixed up in this again?—were of the slightest use, partly because Hugo didn't fit any of the categories for which such routines had been invented, partly because nothing and no one in my life had prepared me for the impact he had on me.

Loving Paul was light romance; it was colored lights and gay music, a carousel for kids, and because we were kids, both of us, in a way that had nothing to do with age, we worked it up into a holocaust that very nearly destroyed us.

Hugo was something quite different. He was legally divorced, and there were no rules against my loving him, but it never entered my head to marry him, and it certainly didn't enter his. That much I know. He gave me no soft talk, made me no promises, nor did I make him any. We could look at each other and rock like an earthquake. He could turn my bones to limp wet rags by touching me with those beautiful hands. It was a fact—call it physical, chemical, or what you will—it was tangible. We accepted it at that.

I felt strangely contented. Hugo helped. For a week he never betrayed by the slightest word or look that he had held me in his arms, or that he called me every night and morning, and sent me carloads of yellow roses and tiger-striped orchids, and anything else that took his fancy.

Then came the Friday show, and he did something I can only assume was calculated. I was backstage during the run-through, and as he came off after the final curtain he caught sight of me and halted in his tracks. Then he walked over and propped one arm on the wall above my head.

Looking down at me, he said softly, "You be here tonight. I want to see you after the show." His words were for me alone, but his whole attitude was unmistakable. The entire staff and cast knew that Hugo didn't get within five feet of most people. My heart pounded crazily, and I nodded, unable to take my eyes off his, although I knew everyone was watching us.

Suddenly Hugo grinned. "If I can think it, you can do it," he said archly in his normal voice, which could frequently be heard halfway to Jersey.

I went out with him again that night, and by Monday morning my relationship with him was public knowledge within the organisation.

Jake was the first to come to my office. He trod around my carpet in a fashion reminiscent of Hugo, and inside of me I smiled a little. He got all of us, one way or another.

"Listen, kid," Jake finally blurted, his hands spread out with a kind of pleading. "I don't care what you do with your private life, but take it easy on my boy, huh? I figure it's not my business, but you're something new in his book. You got a lot of things Hugo's never dreamed of coming close to—education, good family, background. Do what you gotta do, but don't marry him and, for the love of heaven, don't reform him."

I almost laughed, he was so serious.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956



Toasted cheese sandwiches make a wonderful weekend meal for the whole family — a midday snack for the busy housewife or a special treat for visitors.

“Boy, that’s what I call a toasted cheese sandwich!”

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"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE," by Michael Drury

"Jake," I said, "I will tell you, honestly, I'm not going to do anything about this one way or the other. Hugo runs the show always; you know that."

He pulled his lock of hair frantically, and his forehead was damp with effort. He said, "I don't know whether I'm getting to you or not. You scare me. You scared me the first day I ever set eyes on you. You got brains, kid, and brains always figure they can think their way outta anything." He took a breath, and his voice and hands very nearly shook.

"If Hugo ever learns to think or gets the idea he can be funny by thinking about it, we're sunk—you, me, him, the whole works. Do you understand?"

"I think so," I said, "but maybe you underestimate Hugo. He thinks pretty well, better than you know perhaps."

Jake rolled his eyes toward heaven for patience. "Holy cow, baby, I know that. But Hugo doesn't. There is a difference as big as the Grand Canyon between thinking and knowing you're doing it." He sighed and turned away. "Oh, well, I suppose it's useless."

"Jake," I called and he turned back. "The last thing in the world I want is to harm Hugo—or you. I'll watch it."

He grinned a little. "Thanks, kid. You're all right, considering you're handicapped with thoughts. If you'd had a break you mighta gone far in this business."

Betsy Taggart was next. She came in after lunch, arranged herself on my window-sill, and lighted a cigarette. Her bracelets chimed and tinkled companionably. I smiled. I trusted Betsy.

Suddenly she got up. "Oh, the dickens with it," she said. "There's nuttin' to say, and you know how I feel. I'm here if you need me."

"Betsy," I said. "You are a good friend. Thanks."

Duff Whitney came silently.

He shook his head, sadly, remotely. "Reed, Reed," he said in a curious voice I had never heard him use. "You weren't going to jump fences without telling me, remember?"

"I didn't—" I began. "I know," he said gently. "Believe me, I do know. This is no ordinary man. Besides, I saw it coming and I just stood by and let it happen."

"You couldn't have stopped it."

"Couldn't I? I'm not sure."

He grinned a little, a sad lost grin. "I'm the original." It was an expression with a thousand implications. Duff had coined it for Hugo's exclusive use on the show; it was one of the lines that helped to make him famous. It had started out as "You're the original sweetheart" or "I'm the original dope," or anything that suited the situation, good or bad; eventually it became simply "the original."

It could mean anything you wanted it to mean, and it had become part of the language, ours in the office and that of people on the streets, kids in baseball parks, truck-drivers on the highways. And now Duff turned it on himself. For some crazy reason I felt like crying. I shut my eyes and took a breath and when I looked up again Duff had gone.

In two weeks' time it was known and accepted that I was Hugo's girl, so much so that nobody made the least fuss about it.

It's not easy to explain what it was like, being Hugo's girl. He was a dozen men in one body with an active, restless, supercharged mind. He could be a child, a sophisticate, a roughneck; he could be tender and tough; and he had only to look at me and say, "Reed, baby," and I would turn to him swiftly, whatever his mood.

It never ceased to astonish him that I could cook. To Hugo a kitchen was a necessary and slightly unmentionable

appurtenance, a little like a bathroom. At best it was a place for servants. The first time I suggested cooking dinner in his kitchen he was sceptical and, I think, a little shocked.

"You mean you'll get dinner?"

"Yes. Let Pepe go and I will demonstrate my culinary skills. Don't worry, I won't poison you."

He floundered. "Well, I—do you think it's all right? I mean, do you know how to do this?"

I laughed. "Of course. We'll eat in the kitchen. Go on, tell Pepe he can go out with Consuela tonight."

Hugo did it, but his face bore a worried look all the time he sat nervously at the kitchen table watching me, his fingers drumming unhappily.

I MADE an omelet and corn muffins and coffee. For dessert we had wedges of fresh pineapple with rum and powdered sugar. Hugo began to be enchanted.

"You know, this is fun," he said wonderingly. "I guess I don't know much about this kind of fun."

"Why not? Didn't you ever hang around a kitchen while your mother cooked?"

"Ha," he snorted. "My old lady wouldn't have known a stove from a tuba. She was vaudeville; both my folks were. Didn't I ever tell you that? I was born in a trunk, as they say, and the only kitchens I ever saw there were in theatrical rooming-houses where the cook was usually bosomy and drunk, and beamed you with a skillet if you set foot on her linoleum."

"I thought vaudeville people were the greatest people on earth," I said.

"They are, baby, and in some ways my folks were, too. But they died when I was fourteen. I had about thirty-five cents to

my name, I had to eat, and I'd never been to school very much. The only thing I knew was vaudeville, and I stayed in it. Only I didn't really have an act; I was just a kid, for Pete's sake, and I had to work where I could. Honky-tonks, carnivals. I learned fast—and dirty." He chuckled a little, then was suddenly serious, wistful, in fact.

"I was six or seven," he went on. "We were doing one-night stands in a bunch of little towns, and it was spring. Near the boarding-house was a schoolyard, and at noontime I saw other kids playing games there, and I decided to run away and go to school. I walked right up to a bunch of them who were standing in a circle, and they made room for me. It was like having stagefright, and then everybody applauded, and you know you're going great after all. I was in heaven."

"Then the next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of the circle with all the other kids crowding me, clapping their hands over my head, and yelling, 'The cheese stands alone!' I was sick, literally, right there on the school ground."

"It was years and years before I knew that those were just words of the game. I thought I was different, and they were picking on me. Funny, the things kids think."

I couldn't speak for a few minutes. I took his hand and rubbed my cheek against it. How could anything ever make up to Hugo for what he hadn't had?

He told me about Marian, too, the girl he'd married when he was nineteen, and about the son they had who was now fifteen years old.

"Don't you ever see him?" I asked.

"No. His mother remarried a long time ago. The boy's part of a family now, with brothers

and sisters. I couldn't drag him into all this, and I don't really want to. They live in Wisconsin. Marian's a good wife and mother, I'm sure. She was a dancer when I met her, but she'd run away from home. She was just a kid having a fling. It never was part of her body and soul, the way it is with me."

I didn't tell him about Paul and my own childish mistakes. He had problems enough somehow.

The morning the Hugo Bennett Show hit the top of the various ratings, that measure of success in television, there was champagne for everybody. Hugo made a brief formal visit all around the office and then retired to his own office with Jake, Martin, Pepe, a manicurist, and a waiter from the hotel, who brought up a fantastic breakfast.

An hour or so later Jake appeared in my office looking morose and distraught.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You'd think we just hit the bottom instead of the top."

"There's only one thing I don't like about all this. From the top there's only one direction you can go."

"That's a nice cheery attitude."

"It's not an attitude, it's fact. I gotta figure something out."

"What do you mean?"

"I gotta keep Hugo from knowing it. Once he gets any gloomy ideas, we're lost."

"Jake," I said, "why not try treating Hugo like a human being for a change? He's a grown man; he can take responsibility. He's talented, and he can be a prodigious worker. Give him a chance and let him stand on his own feet. You act as if his whole success were concocted by you and Martin out of thin air."

Suddenly I stopped, realis-

ing what I had said. Inadvertently I had stumbled on the truth, as Jake and Martin saw it, and instantly I rejected it. Hugo's talent was real—and yet, if Jake's words troubled me, my own troubled me more, for I had been around the television world long enough to know that it was comprised of many elements not even remotely connected with talent. Becoming a big name was a matter not only of how good you were but of how bad your competition was.

Hugo's value to the network lay not only in the fifty million viewers he himself attracted but in those who tuned in early to the programme ahead of him, almost like ensuring themselves of a good seat, to be already on channel when Hugo came on. He told me this himself once.

"The show that follows mine," he also explained, "is like the guy who follows a good act in vaudeville. The good act gets the audience in such a ready mood they'll accept almost anything. You have to be so bad you just about drive 'em away to lose them. Same thing's true in TV. That's why the airtimes just ahead of and right after our show is valuable. It's why the network treats me like a vice-president."

Such were the forces that surged and swirled and kindled new stars in the television universe. The thought scared me. Next week or next month or next year the ratings could fall, and Hugo would fall with them, while Jake and Martin and the rest of them got themselves a new boy—unless somebody stopped it.

Jake must have been reading my mind, because he said, "Don't get ideas, baby. This is a big system, very big, and you are one very small cog in the machinery. I'm warning you. Love Hugo if you must, but leave his career alone."



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"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE," by Michael Drury

It is a tough dog-eat-dog world, and you don't know the first thing about it. I'm his personal manager no matter what you think."

"Whom are you trying to convince?"

"Don't 'whom' me," Jake snapped. "Just because you went to college, I know this man better than you ever will, and I don't forget it. This is three million dollars you're kicking around, so just watch your step."

I put a piece of paper in my pocket and began to pound the air furiously, hoping he would leave, and he did. I didn't want to scrap with him. I wanted to think.

The next three weeks I watched the broadcasts closely, either at home or from the office, and I tried to sort out my mind what it was I thought about them. It wasn't easy to do because I'm not a professional entertainer, and in a way Jake was right: I knew very little about the complicated ins and outs of show business.

Then a Friday came when I was in my usual place, about a row back in the theatre, during rehearsal. Hugo was sitting at the round table in a blue robe with a yellow towel around his neck, looking haggard. Greg, the director, an actor, and two Press agents sat at the table with him, trying to get his attention. Jake and Martin circulated through the crowd of 25 or 30 people. Pepe hovered anxiously behind Hugo. Ricky Ronson, the dresser, was hanging costumes away in a metal locker. Everyone was laughing and talking, partly in Hugo's direction, partly just to hear themselves.

One of the writers sat at a spinet piano and plunked forlornly at it with one finger. The rest of the writers, including Duff, were grouped around the soft drink machine, helping themselves freely. The 30-inch TV set in one corner of the room was turned off, its one eye lifeless and opaque.

The table in front of Hugo was littered with half-empty pop bottles, squashed paper cups, dog-eared scripts, tin-foil, cigarette wrappers, and an open box with three carnations in it, two pink and one red. Hugo had worn a red one on the air. He sat there, listening but not hearing. People kept telling him how terrific he was, and he nodded.

The phone on top of the piano rang, and the writer answered it. He handed it to Jake, who listened a second with a finger plugged in his other ear. Then he put the phone, base and all, on the round table and pushed it as far as he could toward Hugo.

"For you," Jake said. "It's Drake."

"Oh," Hugo took the phone. Drake was the sponsor—or, actually, one of them. As on most expensive TV shows, there were two. As a cold, hard business fact, the sponsor was the company of which Drake was president, a big chemical-and-pharmaceutical firm, but Drake took a more than commercial interest in the show because he'd been Hugo's first sponsor, on another network.

Watching Hugo's mobile face, I began to wonder how pleased Drake was.

"Sure," Hugo said. "I understand, but I don't see what you're so sore about; the ratings don't lie. What are you talking about? It was a great script, a beautiful script." Hugo had a reputation for loyalty to his people. The writers listened self-consciously. Silence had fallen over the room.

"Well, yeah, I was tired. I need a vacation. But the public loved it. . . . Listen, don't tell

me what the public likes. I been giving it to 'em for twenty-three years. . . . All right, don't get worried."

He slammed the receiver down, panting, and slowly looked up at the waiting-room, searching, measuring every face. His eyes grew hard as flint.

"All right," he snapped, "Drake's mad, mad enough to cancel his contract unless I get over there tomorrow and calm him down. What I want to know is why? Am I the nation's top comedian or not? You guys know me. Let me have it. What did I do wrong? Drake says the show's been going downhill for weeks."

For a second or two no one moved, no one spoke. Hugo snapped his fingers. "Come on, come on, let's have it."

"Hugo," said Barnum, and swallowed, "what's one sponsor more or less? You still got another."

"Sure."

"Of course."

"You're the greatest, you know that."

"You were sensational to-night."

"Terrific."

Hugo listened, pacing tightly. Then he turned to his immediate associates.

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"Jake?"

"You were great, just great. Never better."

"Martin?"

"Genius. Nobody can touch you."

He kept on picking people out by name, demanding answers, and the answers were all alike. Finally he came to me. I think it was the first time he had realised I was in the room.

"Reed? Honey."

I licked my lips.

"Reed," Jake cried, his voice full of dread. He was warning me.

I looked at Hugo standing there in that blue robe, his eyes watching me and somehow counting on me to clinch it, but trusting me to do it on conviction, not out of habit or fear. I thought about the last six months, about our moments together, about the many good things I had found in this man whom the world scarcely knew for all his fame, and I took a breath.

"I can't lie to you, Hugo," I said in that explosive silence, and I could feel the shock waves bounce off the walls. "Maybe they can, but I can't. Because they're killing you, physically and professionally. You can let them do it or you can listen to Drake and start building something nobody can take away from you. The stage work is sloppy; you won't learn lines; you won't

rehearse. You're so busy being a genius, you won't work."

Hugo reached out and hit me with his open hand, hard enough to spin me around. I saw the blur of startled faces as I reeled. Then I was caught in strong arms, Hugo's arms, and pulled tight against his chest.

The place went mad. Everyone began screaming and yelling at once, and over it all Hugo roared.

"Get out, get out!" he thundered. "Get out before I murder somebody! I mean it!"

"We gotta protect him."

"We'd better protect her."

"The devil with her. Get Hugo outta here."

"Listen, we gotta keep this outta the papers."

"Out!" Hugo shouted. "Shut up and get out! Go on, Pepe. You, too, Duff. So help me, I'll kill somebody! Out, OUT!"

After what seemed like a long time, there was silence, and I knew we were alone, although I hadn't opened my eyes. I wasn't afraid. I knew this man; I even understood why he had hit me, why he had had to.

We stood there, locked together by Hugo's fierce grip. He was mumbling something against my hair, something that sounded like "little fool," over and over again. Eventually I

talents aren't much good, that real geniuses worked and loved working. I talked for an hour, and I was exhausted.

After a long silence Hugo said, "It isn't that simple; nothing in life is. You're right, but you're wrong, too, and I'll prove to you how wrong." There was a faint hint, way back in his eyes, of the old glitter, and I knew that I had done the right thing—even if he didn't know it, even if he could never admit it to himself or anyone else—for I had given him something to fight against. He didn't have to prove things to himself any more, he could prove them to me.

I smiled at him. "I love you, Hugo," I said. I had never told him that before. "I always will. What I told you that night long ago when you first kissed me is true; you're one of the world's great people."

Then I walked out and left him sitting there—alone, but not for long. As I walked down the stairs like a somnambulist I saw, out of the corner of my eye, Pepe and Jake and Martin rush down from the landing above me toward Hugo's door.

Outside in the raw light over the stage door, a man waited, his hands in his pockets.

"Reed?" It was Duff.

I walked into his arms mutely. He said softly, "Come on; I've got a car."

I didn't ask him where we were going for a long while. I think I slept a little on the seat beside him. When I woke up we were tearing through the dark and could have been on the moon.

"Where are we?" I asked in a blurry voice.

"Connecticut. I'm taking you to some friends of mine. They've got a house just out of Westport."

I didn't argue about it; I was too tired. I let myself be pushed around like a sack of cement. We went into a house that seemed white in the moonlight, and I was aware of the scent of lilacs and some sort of shabby but homelike furniture. A big broad woman with red hair that, I could see even in my dopy state, was dyed put me to bed in a room with white curtains and I went to sleep as the curtains melted into the moonlight.

I was vaguely aware of some comings and goings, and then once I opened my eyes and the big redhead was standing there grinning at me. It was daylight.

"Don't you think you'd better wake up?" she asked in a voice so much like Hugo's I smiled. "It's three o'clock in the afternoon."

"That's not so late," I murmured, squirming.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked, laughing, and I sat up. I had a pair of white silk men's pajamas on, and I felt wonderful.

"You'd better tell me your name. I don't know what to call you."

"Georgina, honey," she said throatily. "You're too young to know about me, but Emery and I—that's my husband; you'll meet him—once had an act called Georgina and George. We were the biggest thing in the Keith-Orpheum circuit. Knife-throwing, trampolin, a little soft-shoe. We were a riot. One hour and fifteen minutes all by ourselves, and we brought the house down every time." She chuckled richly. "But I'm a housewife now, and a good one. You take a bath if you want to—the

bathroom's right across the hall—and come down to the kitchen. What d'you want, breakfast or dinner?"

"Breakfast," I said. "And thanks."

I stayed there a week—eating, sleeping, reading the musty old books I found on the shelves in my room, playing cribbage with Emery, a lean man in an undershirt and faded blue dungarees. I walked around the yard, and on the two warmest days I lay sunbaking among the lilac bushes.

At night I lay on my stomach in front of a small fire and listened to Emery play the piano, which he did very well. Whenever I asked questions, I got answers designed to keep me from thinking.

Once I said, "I can't stay here forever. When is Duff coming back?"

"On the weekend, honey. Just forget about it."

Another time I said, "I must be costing you money. Couldn't I buy some of the food or something?"

They snorted at that.

On Friday night I suggested, "Let's turn on the television set and watch Hugo Bennett."

"It's bust," said Emery tersely, and I knew he was lying. "You don't wanna see him when you got me."

I laughed. Maybe I didn't want to see Hugo at that.

Saturday about noon Duff came, loaded with steaks, wine, strawberries, French bread, and a huge striped beach towel, which he gave to Georgina.

Georgina loved that. She promptly tied the towel around her hips, put a d'ohley on her head, grabbed an egg-beater, and did a Carmen bit, singing the "Habanera."

By Sunday night I was ready to go back to the city and face what waited for me there. I hugged both Georgina and Emery, and Emery got red as a beet, but I think he liked it. He beamed.

"I don't know how to thank you," I said. Then I ran around the car and got in on the other side.

Duff started the engine. He put his hand over Georgina's on the car door.

"Thanks, friend," he said.

"Don't mention it. She's a doll, a real, living doll. Take care of her."

Duff picked her hand up and kissed it, like a European count, and Georgina boxed him playfully. We drove off, laughing.

"They're nice people," Duff said after a time.

"They are. You're pretty nice yourself. How did you know what I needed?"

He shrugged. "I, too, am a general. I, too, work for Hugo. One thing I learned the hard way: You've got to have a month's vacation. Get it written into your contract. Otherwise he'll never give it to you. He never understands that some people don't live exclusively for his television shows. I'm serious. Get it into your contract."

I looked at him in astonishment. "It's a little late for that, isn't it? You surely don't expect me to go back there?"

"Why not? Have you been fired?"

"No. I haven't been anything, but I couldn't go back

Continued overleaf

"THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE," by Michael Drury

now. I—it's all over between Hugo and me. It was inevitable, I think, because it wasn't ever real. He—well, he can't be loved; he doesn't know how, and if he did it would probably destroy him."

Duff nodded. "Now you know. We all had to find it out, and even though he can't accept it, you go on loving him, in a different way, in a good way."

"That's true. Why?"

"Because, baby, the guy's a genius—in his own zany, screwball way. I've said it before and I'll say it again: He is no ordinary man. Have you ever stopped to think what he could have been if he'd had an ounce of background or discipline or enlightenment? He might have been a general or a president, an inventor or a religious leader, and the world would have called him a hero. He's got it, Reed, only what with the way he grew up and the fact that he lives with his head in a carnival tent, he thinks show business is the whole world. Some day he'll find out it isn't and then he'll jump out of that window, maybe. I don't know now. Maybe he's got a chance—if you stick around. You're the only human being who has ever defied him and survived, and that's the first step, for Hugo, toward maturity. Don't walk out on him. Give him a break."

"Are you pleading for him?" I asked, puzzled.

"I'm pleading for all of us, for the whole world. Where will we be if all the people with decency and guts go back into their caves? You can't go back, baby; it isn't possible. You're no more a naive little girl from Vermont now than a full-grown oak tree is an acorn. If you run out now, you'll die some place inside. You'll lose every single thing that makes you what you are."

I shook my head. "It's a Roman circus. I don't like to stand around and see people eaten by lions."

He had no trouble following me. "You can't disinvest television, Reed, you can only tame it and teach it and make it serve people instead of devouring them. The lions will stay there forever unless you and people like you keep fighting. Is it moral to leave the world to the immoralists? You'll keep making mistakes and being wrong and it'll hurt, but you'll keep winning, too, as you've won Hugo, and you'll share your courage with a lot of people. Don't give up now!"

I put my head back against the seat and let the warm May night flood over me. "I won't," I said, more to myself than to him. "I won't, I won't, I won't."

Duff dropped one hand off the steering-wheel and took mine in his.

"Good girl," he said softly.

One thing worried me, and that was Hugo. I was not at all convinced he wouldn't throw me out on my ear when he saw me in the office, but he sent for me Monday morning and began his erratic dictation, his goofy jokes and laughter.

As I was about to leave, I said, "I just want to say this once, for the record. I'll quit my job if you want me to."

He stared down at the Fifth Avenue traffic. "I'll say this once, for the record," he said jerkily, and I knew it was hard for him. "Don't leave. You're good for me. I don't like it, but that's how it is."

And that's how it's been ever since. I was given a new title that convulses me—Executive Assistant to Hugo Bennett—and a raise. Jake and Martin made respectful room for me in the inner circle. I'll never know whether they really like it or

not, but they accept me as one of Hugo's idiosyncrasies. For my part, I'm learning to find the warm spots in even their cold little hearts.

My relationship with the big comedian is a crazy mixture of affection, professionalism, and false moves, for which I get my knuckles severely rapped. When I told him I thought his new record was corny but would sell, his face went black with anger and he hardly spoke to me for a week. Then some columnist in Pittsburgh gave it a terrific review, and Hugo had the clipping photostatted and blown up three times its normal size. He left the clipping on my desk without comment, and I felt good because it was progress. A few months before he would not have been able to resist crowing.

Once last fall I took Hugo home with me to Vermont. Not alone, of course. Jake, Martin, Pepe, Hugo's current girl, and Duff came, too. It was quite a mob, but I had my folks' approval, and it was the most incongruous weekend imaginable. My folks had never seen television—they have it in Ver-

mont, you understand, but my mother and father would rather look at scenery—and to them Hugo was just my boss. The rest were like any city people.

Pepe went complete native and milked cows and pitched hay and followed my father around. The girl turned out to be from Ohio and knew all about farms. Jake, Martin, and Hugo were as jumpy as cats for the first few hours. Then Dad served them cock-tails before dinner, and their spirits began to pick up. My father's never tasted a Martini in his life, but he makes them as if he'd been tending bar in a good men's club for years.

As for Hugo—my mother took one look at him and saw in a minute what it took me months to learn: The comedian, the actor, the complicated, ingrown man, the designer of space-suits for kids, the maker of records—all of that would have been strictly from Mars for her, but the motherless boy in him stuck out all over. She had popovers for him for breakfast, and once in passing I saw her pat his

head. I held my breath, but he didn't do a thing—just grinned at her.

I exchanged a glance with Duff and knew that he had seen it. We both began eating rapidly so that Hugo wouldn't catch us. Later we went for a walk, and Duff kissed me.

"You're pretty good at this," I said unevenly.

"You're not so bad yourself." That made me turn away from him so sharply that he cried, "Hey, what's wrong?"

"It's just that I—oh, I feel so—I don't know how to say it. A girl ought to be fresh and—and just beginning for the man she loves."

He shook me a little. "Get that out of your head, you dope. You're people, aren't you? I couldn't love you if you'd never got away from this farm. We wouldn't talk the same language; there couldn't be anything between us."

"There's something you don't know, though—not about Hugo." I told him about Paul then, and while I was doing it I realised what my relationship with Hugo had lacked: There hadn't been enough give and take. I had done most of the listening, because that was what Hugo had needed more than anything else.

When I finished, Duff said: "Do you know what all this proves to me?"

"No."

"That you're exactly what I thought you were from the beginning: a girl with spirit and courage, and not easily crushed."

That time I kissed him.

A week or so later during a broadcast I was standing in the wings watching Hugo alone on the stage—as alone as a man can be with six camera- and audio men and a flock of stagehands and announcers. He wore a dark navy suit and a

pale blue shirt with a red carnation in his lapel. He stood there, self-possessed, assured, holding that audience in his beautiful hands, playing them as a man plays a fish he is about to outwit, with skill and exultation. The blaze of lights poured down on his tumbled brown hair.

The audience kept punctuating his remarks with delighted applause, and I remembered Hugo the child standing in a schoolyard while other children clapped their hands around his head and cried, "The cheese stands alone."

Suddenly the gates were opened in my heart, and I was crying blindly for the first time since that awful night when Hugo and I sat on the sofa in his dressing-room and tore apart whatever there might some day have been between us. I cried for the child who would never grow up, and for the grown man who had never really been a child.

Duff appeared from nowhere and held me close.

"Darling, what is it?"

When I could talk I told him about the children playing farmer in the dell. "It's as if—as if he were still standing there, being the cheese and not knowing why. He wants so much to be a part of them, and he'll always be alone. He just doesn't know how to be anything else."

Duff smoothed my hair. "Don't cry, Reed. It's people who stand alone who are the lords of creation. What Hugo doesn't know yet is that the next time around the cheese gets to be the farmer. He didn't stay in the schoolyard long enough to find out, but maybe this time he will, and if he does, my darling, you will have helped."

Sometimes I'm not so sure of that, but I keep trying.

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NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL

"THE UNSEEN WITNESS," our complete novel which will appear in next week's issue, is a powerful and dramatic story set in Spain. The author, Mackinlay Kantor, one of America's foremost novelists, will be remembered for his best-seller "The Best Years of Our Lives." His short novel "The Daughter of Bugle Ann" was published by us a few months ago.

"The Unseen Witness" tells of a boy, Blanco Sanz, orphan and petty thief, who is serving a sentence in a reformatory.

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Easy as **A B C**

Boys and girls — we're giving away bikes . . . 17-jewelled wristwatches . . . SCORES of super prizes! Here's all you have to do to put yourself in line for these valuable gifts. Collect as many different transfers as you can from the complete set of 47 designs included in every packet of Sanitarium Weet-Bix, Corn Flakes, San-Bran, Bran-Bix and Cerix Puffed Wheat.

The wonderful prizes shown above will be awarded to the neatest and most original collection containing the greatest number of different transfers from this series. All must be different, but you do not need the full set of 47 to win a prize.

As few as 20 transfers attractively mounted may put you among the winners. 2 points will be awarded for each large transfer and 1 point for each small one.

Prize list
totals more
than
£ 2000

★ *Doesn't cost a penny to enter! All details and rules are clearly printed on all packets of the grand breakfast foods shown below. Start collecting NOW! Ask your family and friends to help. Swap the transfers with your mates at school.*

Full details and instructions included with all these Sanitarium products

554/56



You have as good a chance as anyone of collecting one of the valuable prizes.

Save this advertisement . . . and start saving the transfers **NOW**

This contest open only to residents of N.S.W., Victoria and Tasmania.

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Listen to the strange tale told by the castaway who claims to be Dr. Lake, the vanished scientist. He claims that he had



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 5, 1956

SEE YOUR SKIN TROUBLES GO in a few days



RUB ON — RASH GONE

Spots, pimples, eczema and rashes do not heal unless you get at their cause, the germs beneath your skin. Valderma, the new antiseptic balm gets right under the pores and gives rapid relief. Make this test. Rub a little Valderma on your skin where the trouble is, several times a day. In a few days your skin will be clear and healthy. Valderma is creamy, non-greasy, does not clog the pores, allows septic matter to escape. At chemists and stores: Jars 3/6d. Tubes 2/6d.

VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM



15 hairsets for 4/-

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 4/- from your chemist or store, QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

C.N.A.

ASTHMA COUGHS Go FIRST DAY

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks, Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendoaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to cleanse through the blood, quickly ending the attacks. The very first sign of the thick phlegm is dissolved, bringing free, easy breathing, and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendoaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day of money back.

Fly NOW ... pay later!

LONDON round trip
£44 down payment! ...
24 monthly payments of £25

on the new

PAA

"PAY-LATER" PLAN

TEST PROVES "STOPPERS" STOP ODOURS

Rub a piece of onion on your hand. Moistens a Stopper. Rub it over the spot. Onion odour disappears at once. Swallow one and all odours disappear from your breath the same way.

TEENA by Linda Terry

POOR EVELYN...SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE NEVER HAS ANY FUN... LET'S INVITE HER TO THE PARTY?

I'D LIKE TO...BUT YOU KNOW SHE'S ALWAYS MINDING THAT BABY. SHE'D PROBABLY BRING THE BABY TO THE PARTY WITH HER.



COULDN'T WE GET THE BABY OUT OF THE WAY SOMEHOW?

I KNOW WHAT! THE BON TON IS TAKING FREE PICTURES SATURDAY OF EVERY BABY WHO BUYS A CAGE OF ZWIEBACK! CAN'T WE USE OUR REFRESHMENT FUND TO BUY A CAGE — GET THE COUPON FOR EVELYN'S MOTHER — AND SELL TH' ZWIEBACK TO GET OUR MONEY BACK?

OH, SWEET! LET'S!!!



MRS. BIGELOW...WE THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO USE THIS COUPON.



ONLY—THE MOTHER HAS TO GO WITH THE BABY...SO COULD EVELYN COME TO OUR PARTY WHILE YOU'RE AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S



OH, WELL...ANYWAY, WE DID GET THE BABY OUT OF THE WAY, SO POOR EVELYN CAN ENJOY THE PARTY!



HAS THE PARTY STARTED YET? I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY BRINGING MY OTHER SISTERS...I HAVE TO MIND THEM WHILE MY MOTHER GOES TO HAVE TH' BABY'S PICTURE TAKEN...



Marilla

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MARILLA."—Graceful summer house-coat made in a flowered, easy-to-laundry cotton seersucker. The color choice includes lemon, rose, pink, and green, blue, rose, and grey, pink, green, and dark green, mauve, blue, and beige, all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 65/6, 36 and 38in. bust 69/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 43/9, 36 and 38in. bust 45/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"DORIAN."—Smartly tailored cross-over uniform made in British headcloth and sanforised poplin. The color choice includes headcloth in white, lemon, blue, pink, and green; the poplin in white only. Matching headbands 7/3 extra.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 58/9, 36 and 38in. bust 59/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36/6, 36 and 38in. bust 38/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 89. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 646 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



Dorian

"Cottontails"



BRIEFS for women and children from 5/11

Another Munsingwear (U.S.A.) design brought to you by

Here is a BRIEF that has been styled to give longer wear and more comfort. It has these exclusive features:

BOND'S

- Knitted of pure combed cotton.
- "Action gusset."
- Stretches with every movement.
- Every garment guaranteed.
- "NYLARIB" (nylon reinforced) leg bands.

See these cotton briefs at all good stores. In crisp white. Sizes 3 to 7 are 5/11; sizes 9 to 13 are 6/6; SSW to OS are 7/6. (Prices subject to control in each State.)

it's knit... it's nice... it's **BOND'S**

COTTONTAILS. Designed by Munsingwear Inc., U.S.A.



Loves this modern one!

CLEAR COUGHS TWICE AS FAST!

—tastes good, too!

No wonder mothers everywhere use Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup for their children's coughs! It tastes so good, little ones love it! And just wait until you see how fast it clears out a bad cough!

Cetamium is the secret! This new cough fighter carries medications deep into inflamed throat areas ordinary remedies can't reach! Then, Vicks

Cough Syrup works deep in your child's chest.

As proved in clinical tests, this 1-2 action relieves coughs twice as fast! For all your family's coughs, get new Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup.

AMERICAN DOCTORS REPORT:

New Vicks Cough Syrup relieves coughs up to 2 times faster than five leading mixtures tested!

VICKS CETAMIUM COUGH SYRUP

Munch them with
cheese,
Crunch them with
ham,
Spread them with
honey,
Or serve them with
jam.



*Often buttered
never bettered -*

Only
Arnott's make
Sao Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality.